TRIUMPHANT SONGS

Nos 1 & 2
COMBINED.

BY
E. O. EXCELL.

PRICE,
BY MAIL, B'DS. 55¢ EACH
BY EXPRESS NOT PREPAID
6.00 PER DOZ. $ 45.00 PER 100.
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PRELUDE.

I bespeak for "Triumphant Songs Nos. 1 and 2 Combined" your careful consideration, in the hope that it will sing its own praise.

Yours truly,

E. O. EXCELL,

Publisher

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TRIUMPHANT SONGS.

Nos. 1 and 2 Combined.

No. 1. Grace Saved Me.

JOHN NEWTON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. A-maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me;
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read-y come:
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
I shall pos - sess, with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

CHORUS.

Oh, won-drous grace! grace saved me;
Oh, 'twas grace, 'twas won - drous grace, 'twas grace saved me;

I was lost but now am found, was blind but now I see.

No. 2. My Goal is Christ.

Unknown. E. O. Excell.

1. Ah, tell me not of gold or treas-ure, Of pomp and beau-ty here on earth! There's not a thing that gives me pleasure Of all the world dis-plays for worth.
2. The world and her pur-suits will per-ish, Her beau-ty's fad-ing like a flower; The bright-est schemes the earth can cherish, Are but the pas-time of an hour.
3. A-gainst this tow'r there's no pre-vail-ing; His king-dom pass-es not a-way; His throne a-bides despite as-sail-ing, From hence-forth un-to end-less day.
4. And though a pil-grim I must wan-der, Still ab-sent from the one I love; He soon will have me with him yonder, In his own glo-ry-world a-bove.

Each heart will seek and love its own; My goal is Christ, and
4th v. Tri-umph-ant-ly I there-fore own; My goal is Christ, and
Christ a-lone, My goal is Christ, and Christ a-lone.

No. 3. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help him the lit - tle
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shep-herd's fold a - way. Bring them in,
Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
"Go find my lambs wher - e'er they be.

bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

By permission.

No. 4. We'll go up and Take the Land.

Selected. CHAS. DUNGAN.

1. Cheer, cheer up, my faint - ing broth-er, Fix your eyes up-
2. 'Tis a land where all are hap - py, For their hearts are
3. 'Tis a land of milk and hon - ey, 'Tis a land of

on the cross, God hath prom - ised us a king-dom, In ex-
free from care, 'Tis a land of sins for - giv - en, And we
joy and song, Naught un - ho - ly there shall en - ter, To dis-

change for earth - ly dross; Let us ral - ly round the standard,
all may en - ter there; Then have cour - age in the con - flict,
turb the blood-wash'd throng; There is peace with - in the king-dom,

There are sol - diers in de - mand, And with heart and hand u-
Nev - er stray - ing an - y more, For our Sav - ior will re-
Where earth's cares shall nev - er come, And our friends are there to

CHORUS.

nit - ed, We'll go up and take the land. A firm, de-ter-mined
ceive us, When we en - ter at the door.
meet us, They will bid us wel - come home.

We'll go up and Take the Land—Concluded.

band, We'll go up and take the land, God hath promised us the kingdom, We'll go

up and take the land, A firm, determined band, We'll go up and take the

land, God hath promised us the kingdom, We'll go up and take the land.

No. 5. The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

Fine.

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym-pa - thiz-ing Je - sus;
   He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus,
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
   I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
4. His name dispels my guilt, and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
   Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.

D. S. *Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

Chorus.

D. S.

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

No. 6. Follow, Follow Me.

L. A. Morrison. E. O. Excell.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing, Oh hear how he pleads, In
2. The Sav - ior still calls you, Why will you not come? He
3. The Sav - ior still calls you, Why will you de - lay? Your

love which he bears for your soul, He asks you to follow where-
saves by his won-der-ful grace, Your sins he will par-don, and
com - ing is sure - ly great gain, He of - fers you guid-ance, for

ev - er he leads, That you may be ful - ly made whole.
give you a home, Where light is the smile of his face.
he is "The Way," He's pleading for you, is it vain?

Chorus.

Oh, hear him still call - ing, "Come fol - low fol - low me," Oh,
3rd v. I hear thee, dear Sav - ior, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee; I

rit.

hear him still call - ing, "Come, fol - low. fol - low me."
hear thee, dear Sav - ior, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee.

No. 7. There's a Blessing for Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is per - fect cleansing in the prec-ious blood That flows for all so free; There is full sal-va-tion in its crimson flood, There's a
2. I am saved each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now, by faith, I see; I am sweet -ly rest-ing at the cross I love; There's a
3. Oh, the blood that keeps me from the pow'r of sin My con - stant theme shall be; I have laid my burden at the Savior's feet; There's a
4. There is life e - ter-nal in the pre - cious blood That still is flow-ing free, And my soul shall glory in the Savior's cross; There's a

CHORUS.

blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a blessing for me, A blessing from the Lord for me; There is full salvation in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

Hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 8. **Why Delay?**

G. F. R. Dr. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why de - lay to make your peace with heav'n's e-ter - nal King?
2. Why de - lay to leave the husks on which your soul has fed?
3. Why de - lay to turn your feet to - ward your Fa-ther's door?
4. Hear ye not his plead-ing, hear ye not his Spir - it's pow'r?

Why de - lay the par - don that the pray'r of faith will bring?
Why re - fuse the gra - cious hand that holds the heav'n-ly bread?
Why de - lay to en - er there and sor - row nev - er - more?
Broth - er, why not give your-self to him this ver - y hour?

Chorus.

Why de - lay, why de - lay? no bet - ter time will come;

Ac - cept his call and find in him A rest - ing place, a home.

No. 9.

At the Cross.

R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord I give my - self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a-way— It was there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

rolled a-way,

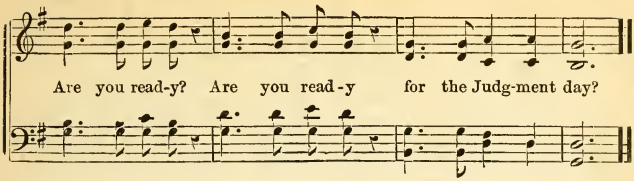
No. 10. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left; Are you read - y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by, But it's bright-ness shall on - ly come to those who love the Lord; Are you read - y for that day to came? Are you read - y?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De - part! I know ye not;" Are you read - y for that day to come?

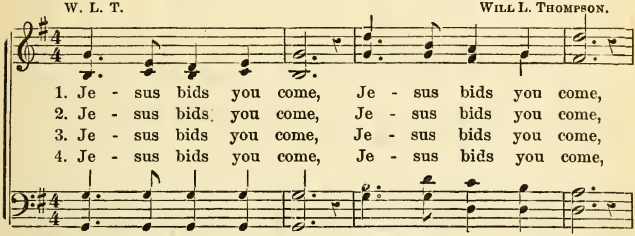
CHORUS.

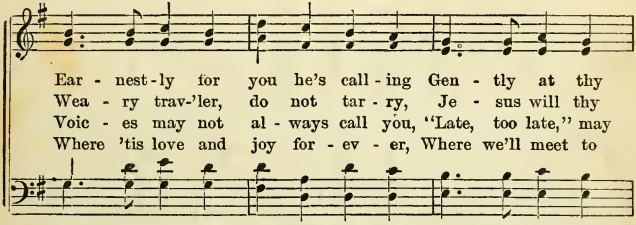
Are you read-y? Are you read - y for that Judg-ment day?

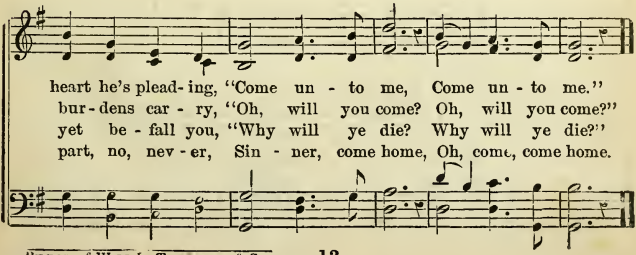


No. 11. Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.







No. 12. We shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the
2. Ring, ye bells of heav - en, ring, We shall
3. Wake, my soul, thy trib - ute bring, Thou shalt

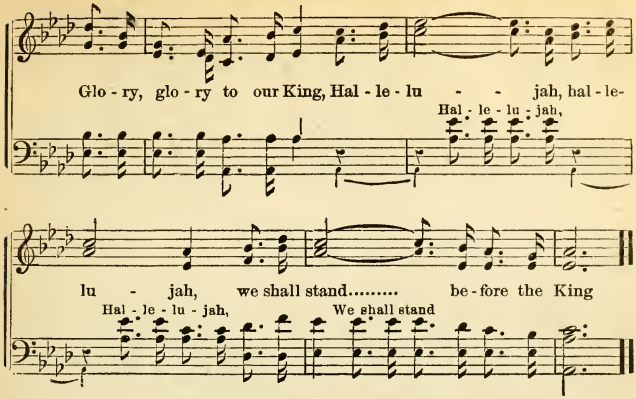
an - gels we shall sing, By and by,..... by and
stand be - fore the King, By and by,..... by and
stand be - fore the King, By and by,..... by and
By and by.

by. Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing
by. There our sor - rows will be o'er, There his
by! Lay thy tro - phies at His feet, In His
By and by.

Him for ev - er more, By and by,..... by and by.
name we will a - dore, By and by,..... by and by.
likeness stand complete, By and by,..... by and by.
By and by, by and by.

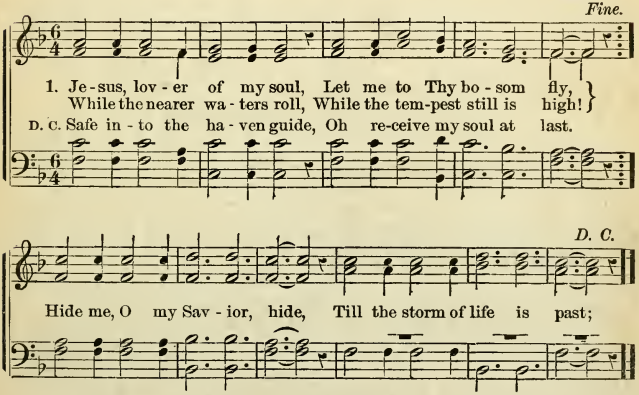
We shall stand..... before the King,..... With the angels we shall sing,
We shall stand before the King,

We shall Stand Before the King—Concluded.



No. 13. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am.
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 14. He Redeemed Me.

G. F. R.

Theme CH. H. CARROLL.
Dr. GEORGE F. ROOT.

1. Would you know why Christ, my Savior, Is my constant theme and song?
2. Oh, the days are full of glad-ness, That I spend in his em - ploy!
3. Come, be - lov - ed, bow be-fore him, Seek the par - don of your King,

Why to seek his lov - ing fa - vor Is my joy the whole day long?
I can ban - ish care and sad-ness In that song of heavenly joy.
That on earth you may a-dore him, And with saints in glo - ry sing.

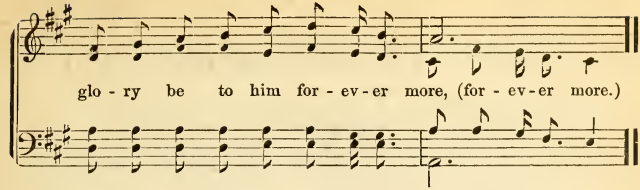
CHORUS.

He redeemed me, He redeemed me, How the
He redeemed me, He redeemed me,

ransomed choir re-peat it o'er and o'er; He re-
re-peat it o'er,

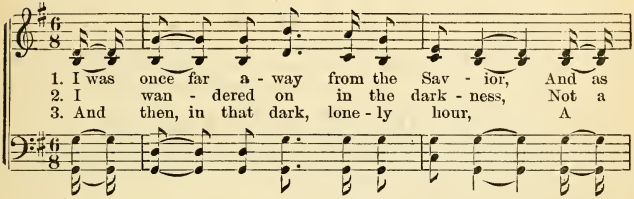
deemed me, He redeemed me, Glo - ry,
He redeemed me, He redeemed me,

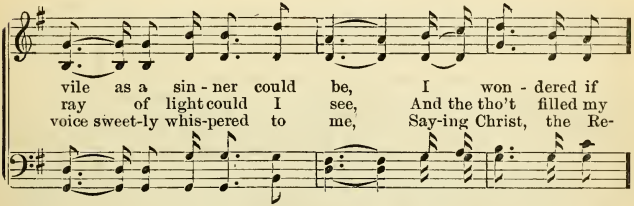
By per. of The JOHN CHURCH CO.

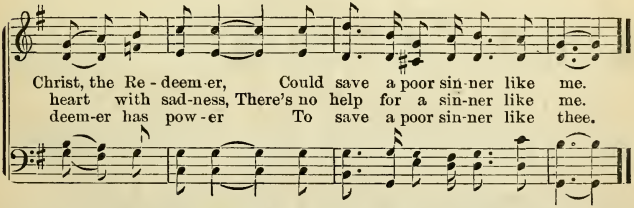


No. 15. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B — C. J. Butler







4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Oh, save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me:
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 16. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a stran-ger at the door, Let him in,
2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in,
4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,

Let the Savior in, let the Savior in

He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in:
If you wait he will de - part, Let him in,
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
He will make for you a feast, Let him in,

Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly one,
Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth ties all are riven,

Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let him in.

Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

No. 17. Oh, Hear the Savior's Voice.

G. H. R. Dedicated to Rev. Sam. P. Jones. Geo. H. Ryder.

1. Broth - er! hear the Sav - ior call - ing, See the sweat-drops
2. Broth - er! see the Sav - ior stand-ing, Mild com-pas - sion
3. Broth - er! has - ten thy re - pent-ing, He is read - y
4. Broth - er! has - ten his re - joic - ing, An - gels wait to

on his brow; Broth - er! see the tear-drops fall - ing,
in his eye, Lov - ing - ly his arms ex - tend - ing,
to for - give; Broth - er! has - ten thy re - lent - ing,
bless you now; They are list - 'ning for the voic - ing

Refrain.

Hark - en! he is call - ing now.
Broth - er! say why will you die? Oh, hear the Sav-ior's
While he gen - tly bids thee live.
Of your earn-est, sol - emn vow.

voice,..... In ac - cents sweet and clear,.....
oh, hear oh, hear,

He bids your heart re-joice,..... You need no lon - ger fear.
re - joice.

No. 18. At the Well-Side.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

1. At the well-side, worn and wea-ry, Sat the Sav-ior;
2. So to those who tread life's path-way, O'er its drear and
3. Sin-ful one, wouldst know for-give-ness? Of thy sin wouldst

thus one day, To the wo-man, who came hith-er,
des-ert lands, Thirst-ing for some cool-ing fount-ain,
cleans-ed be? Hear the bless-ed Je-sus say-ing,

Chorus.

In sweet ac-cents hear him say. "Who-so-e'er this
Now re-ceive at Je-sus' hands.
"Come and drink, O come to me."

wa-ter drink-eth, Shall not thirst, shall not thirst; Who-so-e'er this

wa-ter drink-eth, Shall not, shall not thirst a-gain.

No. 19. Not Far, Not Far from the Kingdom.

Words arr. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voices whisper and wait;
3. A - way in the dark and the danger, Far out in the night and the cold!
4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle space;

How ma-ny are coming and go - ing! How few there are enter-ing in!
Too tim - id to en - ter in bold - ly, So lin-ger still outside the gate.
There Je-sus is waiting to lead you So ten-der-ly in-to the fold.
But oh, you may still be for-ev - er Shut out from yon heavenly place.

REFRAIN.

How few there are en-ter - ing in, How few there are en-ter-ing in!

rit.

How many are coming and go-ing,—How few there are en-ter-ing in!

No. 20. Happy Rest.

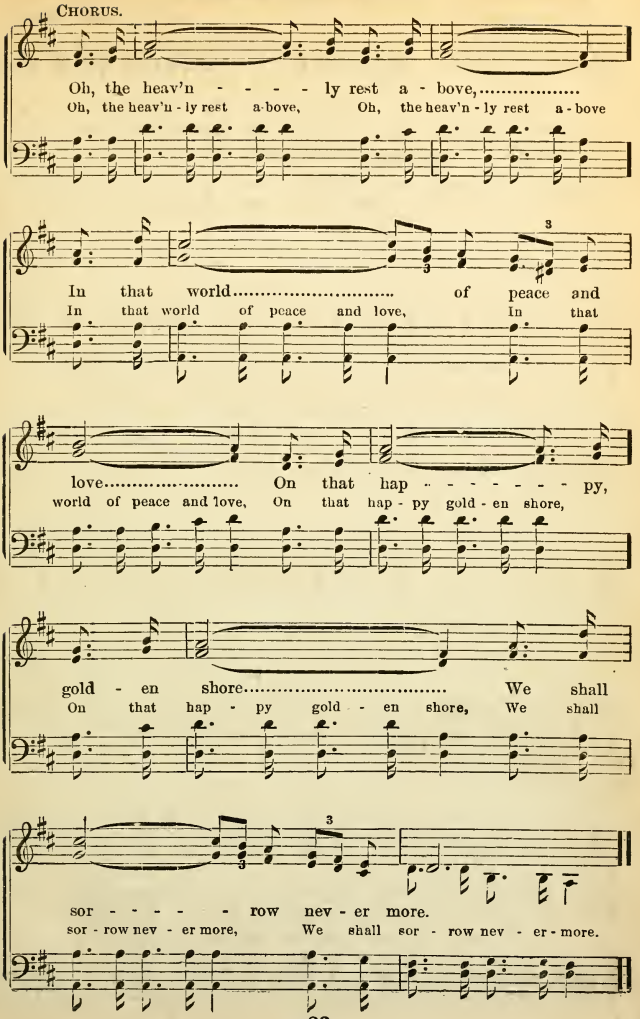
FRANCIS E. SIMPKINS. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When this earth - ly life shall end, And our spir - its, then as-cend,
2. When our days of toil are past, And the even-ing comes at last,
3. Then, when breaks the glorious morn, And our spir - its new - ly born,

To the bright e - ter - nal man-sions of the blest, Sweet to
If our hearts have tru - ly hon - ored his be - hest, We shall
By the night of grief and sin no more op-prest, On that

know our cares are o'er, And the life that lies be - fore
safe - ly cross the tide, And the gates will o - pen wide,
hap - py, gold - en shore, We shall dwell for ev - er - more,

Will be nev - er-end - ing, hap - py, hap - py rest, (sweet rest.)
And we'll en - ter in - to hap - py, hap - py, rest, (sweet rest.)
In our home of ev - er - last - ing hap - py, rest, (sweet rest.)


CHORUS.
Oh, the heav'n - - - - ly rest a - bove,.....
Oh, the heav'n - ly rest a-bove, Oh, the heav'n - ly rest a - bove
In that world..... of peace and
In that world of peace and love, In that
love..... On that hap - - - - - - - py,
world of peace and love, On that hap - py gold - en shore,
gold - en shore..... We shall
On that hap - py gold - en shore, We shall
sor - - - - - row nev - er more.
sor - row nev - er more, We shall sor - row nev - er - more.

No. 21. Come to Jesus Now.

H. W. Onderdonk. Geo. H. Rider.

1. The Spir-it in our hearts Is whisp'ring, "sinner, come!" The
2. Let him that hear-eth say To all a-bout him, "come!" Let
3. Yea, who-so - ev - er will, Oh, let him free-ly come, And

bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his chil-dren, "come!"
him that thirsts for right-eous-ness; To Christ, the fount-ain, come!
free - ly drink the stream of life, 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.

Chorus.

Come to Je - sus now, ...
Come to Je - sus now,

Come to Je - sus now, ...
Come to Je - sus now,

Come to Je - sus now, He is call - ing you.

No. 22. Thy Daughter is Free.

A. J. M. A. J. MAXHAM.

1. She came un - to Je - sus, her heart filled with grief,
2. Her cry was un - heed - ed, in vain did she pray,
3. 'Tis time, Lord and Mas - ter, yet, O hear my prayer.
4. Then Je - sus spake to her, in tones all di - vine,

She called to him, "Mas - ter, O grant me re - lief,
Un - til his dis - ci - ples said, "send her a - way;"
I ask but for crumbs from thy ta - ble to share;
"Be it as thou wilt and no lon - ger re - pine;

My daugh - ter is sick, she is sore - ly op-pressed;
Then Je - sus re - buk - ing - ly said, "not to thee,
Thou sure - ly wilt not send me emp - ty a - way;
So great is thy faith, be it now un - to thee,

O grant my pe - ti - tion, and heal her dis-tress."
To the lost sheep of Is - rael, sal - va - tion is free."
O hear my pe - ti - tion, and heal her to - day.
All things that thou ask - est, thy daugh - ter is free."

No. 23. Loyal to Jesus.

Rev. C. W. Ray. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Loy - al to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and King, Loy - al and
2. Faith-ful to Je - sus, his cause to maintain, Faith-ful in
3. Trust-ing in Je - sus, Tho' fee - ble and frail, Trust-ing his

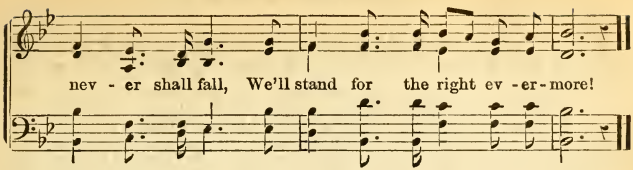
trust-ful, his prais - es we sing, Loy - al and grateful, our
ser - vice a crown to ob - tain; Faith-ful and ho - ly, a
prom-ise, we nev - er can fail; Trust-ing his fa - vor, we'll

trib - ute we bring, To him whom the an - gels a - dore.
king-dom we gain, When toils and temp-ta - tions are o'er.
sure - ly pre-vail, If we shall his mer - cy im - plore.

Chorus.

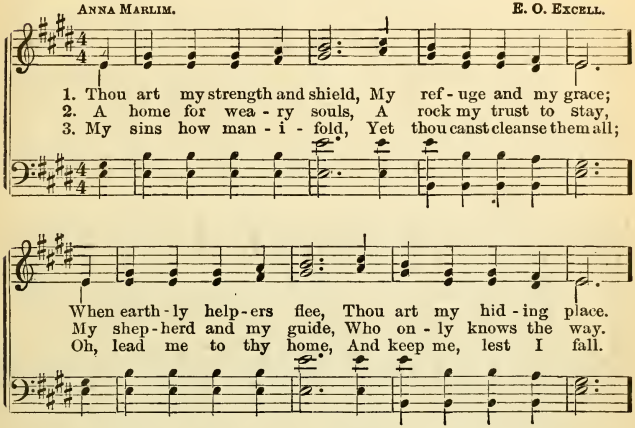
Loy - al to Je - sus, what-e'er shall be - fall, Loy - al to

truth and hu - man - i - ty's, call, Loy - al to du - ty, we



No. 24. I Come to Thee.

ANNA MARLIM. E. O. EXCELL.



No. 25. Wonderful Story.

Rev. A. P. Cobb. E. O. Excell.

1. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a
2. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a
3. I have heard a most won - der - ful sto - ry! Of a

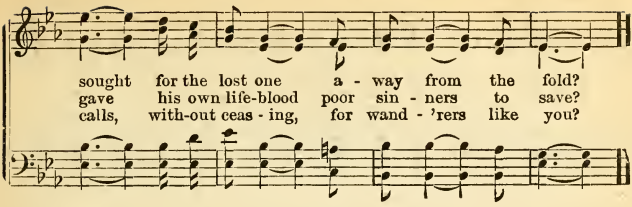
Shep - herd, so faith - ful and bold, That he sought, thro' the
Broth - er, so lov - ing and brave, That to res - cue and
Sav - ior, so pa - tient and true, That he calls in the

dark night of suf - f'ring, For the lost one a - way from the fold!
save the poor sin - ner, His own life-blood he will-ing - ly gave!
high-ways and hedg - es, Without ceasing, for wand'rers like you,

Refrain.

Have you heard of that *Shep - herd*, so faith - ful and bold, Who
Have you heard of this *Broth - er*, so lov - ing and brave, Who
Have you heard of this *Sav - ior*, so pa - tient and true, Who

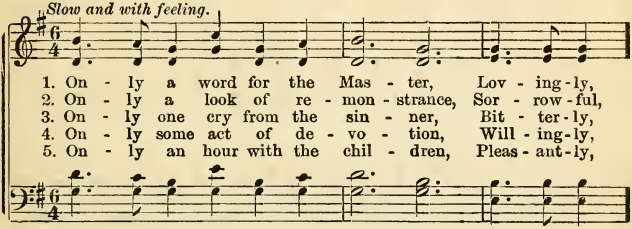
sought for the lost one a - way from the fold? Who
gave his own life - blood poor sin - ners to save? Who
calls with - out ceas - ing for wan-d'rers like you? Who

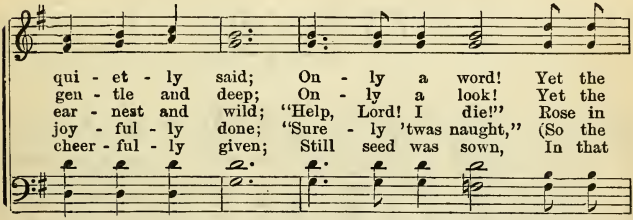


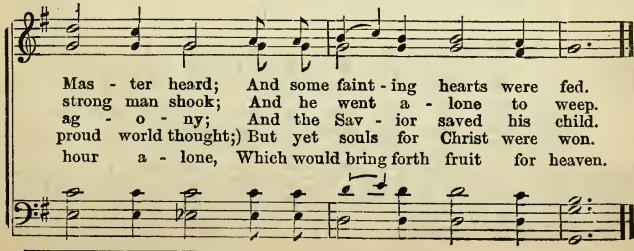
No. 26. Only.

J. M. Dungan.

Slow and with feeling.







No. 27. I've Washed My Robes.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
2. That promise, "whoso-ev - er will," In-clud-ed me, includes me still;"
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are wash'd away,"
4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, 'Till all their stains are wash'd away,

Until a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
I came and ev - er since I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
For in his Word I read it so; His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow

Chorus.

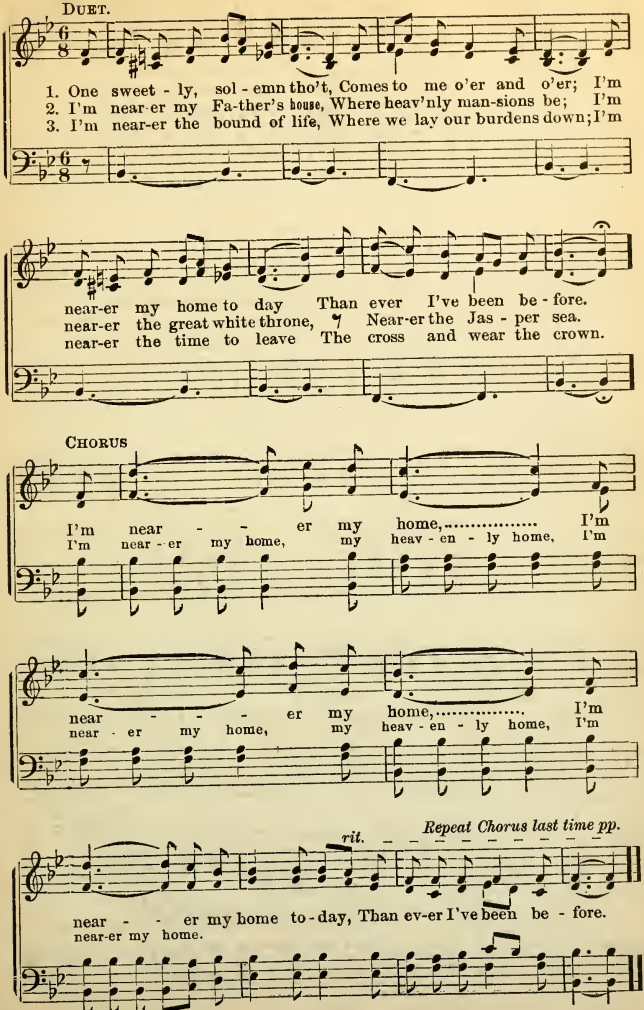
I've wash'd my robes..... in Je-sus' blood,..... And he has
I've wash'd my robes in Je-sus' blood,

made..... them white as snow: . . I've wash'd my robes . . in Jes-us'
And he has made them white as snow, I've wash'd my robes,

blood,.....And he has made..... them white as snow.
in Jesus' blood, And he has made them white as snow, white as snow.

No. 28. I'm Nearer My Home.

H. A. Lewis.



No. 29. Knocking, Knocking.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Knock-ing, knock-ing,) knock-ing (knock-ing,) with piere - ed hands,
2. Knock-ing, (knock-ing,) knock-ing (knock-ing,) I see him there,
3. Knock-ing, (knock-ing,) knock-ing (knock-ing,) I hear him say,
4. Knock-ing, (knock-ing,) knock-ing (knock-ing,) The an - gels wait

Wait-ing, (wait - ing,) wait-ing, (wait-ing,) the Sav - ior stands, I
Pleading, (plead-ing,) pleading, (plead-ing) with pa - tient care, He
"My child, (my child,) my child, (my child be saved to - day!" Oh
The news, (the news,) to waft, (to waft,) to heav - en's gate Where

pray you, haste and let him in, He waits to bear thy load of sin, I
waits for thee, thy soul to save; His blood for thee he free - ly gave; He
do not, do not wait so long, Give him thy heart ere he is gone, Oh,
ransomed souls for-ev - er sing, The glo - ries of our heavenly King, Where

pray you, haste and let him in, He waits to bear thy load of sin.
waits for thee, thy soul to save, His blood for thee He free - ly gave.
do not, do not wait so long, Give him thy heart ere he is gone.
ransomed souls for-ev - er sing, The glo - ries of our heavenly King.

No. 30. The Blood is All My Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. E. F. Miller.

1. I knew that God in his Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To - day in sun - shine,
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lord, Is there not pow'r in
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you
5. And there I stand this ver - y hour, Kept by Al-might - y

all be bro - ken, The heart held cap - tive yet be free.
clouds to - mor - row? First I'm sin - ning, then re - pent-ing,
Je - sus' blood To make in me a per - fect cure?
from all sin, Will wash a - way your guilt - y stains,
keep - ing pow'r, Temp-ta - tions come, the blood's my plea,

Chorus.

Lord, is this bless-ing not for me? The blood, the blood is
Now, I'm stubborn, then re - lenting.
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
And cleanse, till not one spot re - mains.
The precious blood now cleans-es me.

all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleans - eth me; The

blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleanseth me

C. 3

No. 31. Hear, O Brothers, Hear!

G. F. R.

Partly composed by
Dr. Geo. F. Root.

1. Hear, O broth - ers, hear! you nev - er have con-ceived how hap-py
2. Hear, O broth - ers, hear! you know you're nev - er found A pleas-ure
3. Hear, O broth - ers, hear! no lon - ger, then, de - lay; The moments

you would be, yes, how hap - py you would be, If from ev - 'ry
that is pure, not a pleas-ure that is pure, On - ly when you've
quick - ly fly; yes, the mo-ments quick-ly fly; If you do not

sin - ful tho't and word and deed, The bless - ed Sav - ior's love had
held the prom - ise of the Lord, The prom - ise of his word, so
own and love him here be - low, You know he can - not own you,

set you free; Turn you, turn you to his ho - ly word a-gain.
strong and sure; Try, then, try to love him, Prophet, Priest and King.
by and by; Still the heav'nly voice is sounding once a-gain.

Ten - der - ly, how ten - der - ly he's call - ing while you roam;

Hear, O Brothers, Hear—Concluded.

Give, oh, give your-self and all you have to him: "Wea-ry ones, and

CHORUS.

heav - y la - den, come," For oh, this word is true! you

nev - er have con-ceived How hap-py you would be, yes how

hap-py you would be, If you on - ly now would on the Lord be-

lieve, And let his word of pow - er make you free, (make you free.)

No. 32. Whatsoever Ye Do.

Lilla M. Alexander. J. M. Dungan.

1. It was on - ly a lit - tle word,.....
2. It was on - ly a glance from an eye,.....
3. It was on - ly the touch of a hand,.....

But God a - lone may know How it
By sym - pa - thy filled with tears, But its
But helped the fall - en to rise, And the

saved a soul from the down - ward path,
mem - 'ry clings like the per - fume of flow'rs,
Sav - ior smiled as its rec - ord was made

And a life of shame and woe. It was
Whose fra-grance grows sweet - er with years. It was
In the book that be - fore him lies. It was

on - ly a lit - tle word, Yet its cru - el
on - ly a scorn - ful look, And a haught-y, con
on - ly a lit - tle thing, To pass on the

sting - ing smart Es - tranged a dear friend who had
temptuous air; But it mad-dened a soul that was
oth - er side, But it gave in - to Sa - tan's

loved us long, And wounded a faith - ful heart.
seeking for help, And hur-ried it on to de - spair.
pow - er, a soul, For whom Christ, the Lord, had died.

CHORUS.

What - so - ev - er ye do, oh, hear it! hear it!

Repeat Chorus pp.

What - so - ev - er ye do, Do all to the glo-ry of God.

No. 33. Clinging and Resting.

Rev. L. B. Carpenter. Harry Sanders.

1. To the cross I long was cling - ing, As a ref - uge from de-spair;
2. To the cross I cling no lon - ger; Doubts and fears no lon-ger feel,
3. My sal - va - tion is com-plet - ed, Christ, my hope, my life, my light;

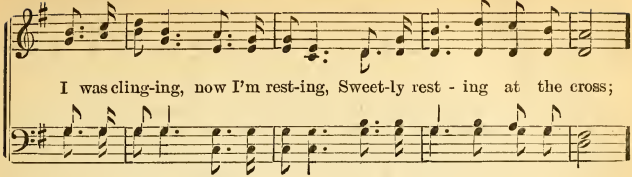
Found re - lief from guilt of sin - ning, While I lin - gered, clinging there;
Faith, and hope, and love are strong - er, Je - sus' blood doth full-y heal.
Sin, and death, and hell de - feat - ed, Can not now my soul af - fright.

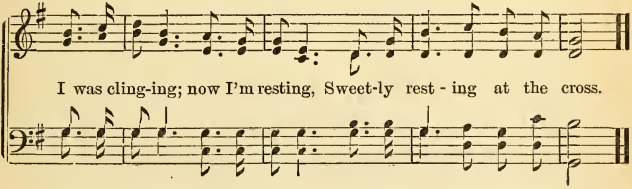
Still life's waves and storms as-sailed me, Doubts and fears my mind dis-trest,
Now my song is not—"I'm clinging,"—That to me would now be loss,
Heav-en seems in bless - ed near - ness, And earth's treasures are as dross,

And with all the cross a-vailed me, Clinging gave no per-fect rest.
When mind, heart and soul are sing-ing, "I am *rest - ing* at the cross."
While, 'mid light of cloud-less clearness, I am rest - ing at the cross.

Clinging and Resting—Concluded.

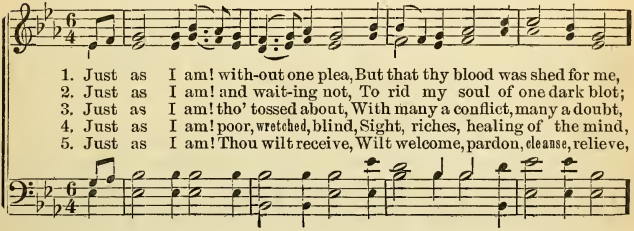
REFRAIN.

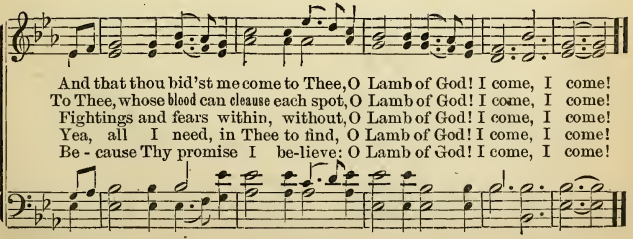




No. 34. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WOODWORTH. L. M. WM. BRADBURY.





No. 35. Sowing and Reaping.

Rev. C. H. Hall. J. M. Dungan.

1. Must I al - ways toil and la - bor? Must my work be
2. Shall the har - vest all be gath-ered, And no sheaves be-
3. He will guard each truth I've spok - en, Some shall fall on

e'er in vain? Can I nev - er aid my neigh - bor
long to me? Shall I on - ly be not far - thered
fer - tile ground; Ev - 'ry bond that I have bro - ken,

To a high - er life at - tain? Must I e'er con-
In the life that is to be? Now's the sow - ing,
To my cred - it shall be found; Then I'll sow, and,

tin - ue sow - ing? Will the reap - ing nev - er come? Can't I
soon the reap - ing, Then my heart will strong-er be; Then no
pa - tient wait-ing, Bear at last my gath-ered sheaves; And, es-

aid man's up - ward grow-ing? Have I noth - ing ev - er done?
lon - ger I'll be weep-ing O'er my in - suf - fi - cien - cy.
caped from sin and hat - ing, En - ter where none ev - er grieves.

CHORUS.

We should sow in life's brief morn-ing, Lest the night of death draw nigh;

We should sow while life is fleet - ing, Reaping by and by, (by and by).

No. 36. Weighed in the Balance.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. Weighed by thy love for thy brother; Weighed by thy love for thy God;
2. Weighed by thy hope of sal - va-tion; Weighed by the Rock where 'tis built,
3. Weighed by the rich - est of treasures; Weighed by their in - fi - nite loss;

Fine.

Weighed by thy faith in an - oth-er; Weighed by the shedding of blood.
Weighed by the sweet in - vi - ta-tion: "Come, ev-en now, if thou wilt."
Weighed by the bright-est of pleasures, Weighed by the dark, heav-y cross.

D. S. *Weighed, but my soul has been trifling; Weighed, but found light-er than air.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Weighed in the bal-ance and wanting; Weighed, but no Savior is there;

No. 37. Oh! Be Ready.

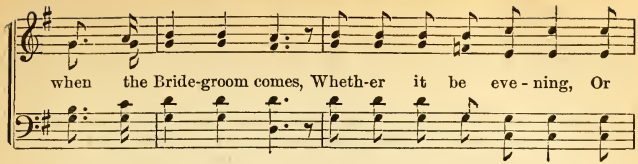
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

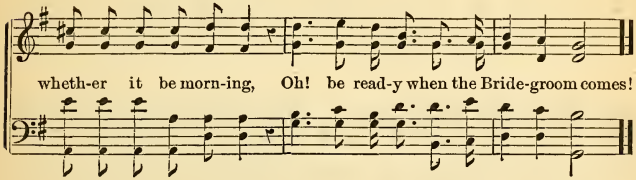
1. Are you read-y for the Bride-groom's com - ing? Are you read-y now the feast to share? Is your lamp all trimmed and bright,
2. Are you read-y for the Bride-groom's com - ing? Has the sum-mons reached a list-'ning ear? Are you watching all the day,
3. Are you read-y for the Bride-groom's com - ing? Are you go-ing forth to meet him, say? He is com-ing, broth-er, see,

Send-ing forth a ra-diant light? Do you still the wed-ding gar-ment wear?
For the Bridegroom on his way? Are you wait-ing till the Lord draws near?
He is call-ing now for thee; Oh! be read-y, for he comes this way.

Chorus.

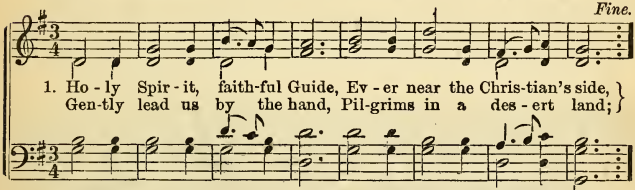
Oh! be read-y, when the Bride-grom comes, Oh! be read-y,

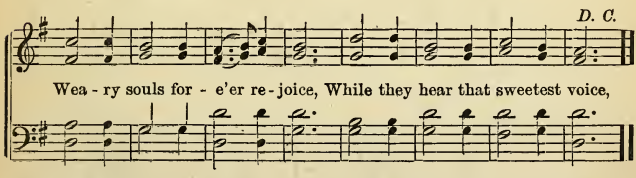




No. 38. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.



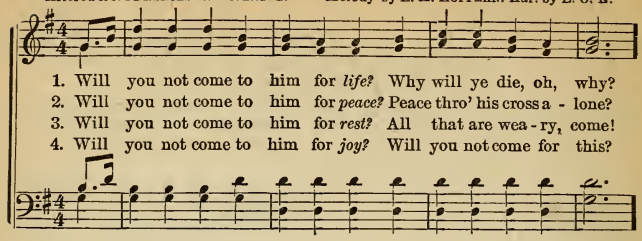


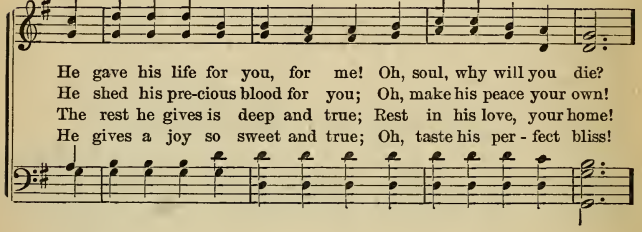
2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give [o'er
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

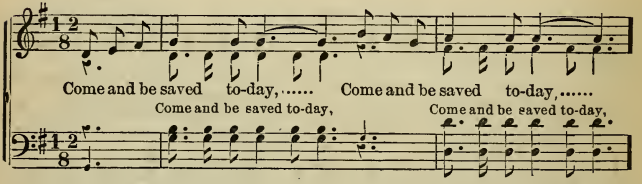
No. 39. Come and be Saved.

Altered from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN. Har. by E. O. E.

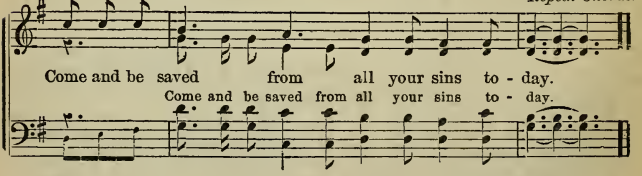




CHORUS.



Repeat Chorus.



5. Will you not come to him for *love,*
Love that can fill the heart?
He loveth you, he loveth me;
Why longer stand apart?

6. Will you not come to him for *all?*
Will you not "taste and see?"
He waits to give it all to you,
And calls, "come unto me!"

No. 40. "Unto us a Child is Born."

HARRY SANDERS.

1. Un - to us a Child is born, Un - to us a Son is giv'n;
2. Oh, that by a wor - thy song We might ech - o back the strain,
3. Great Redeemer, thou hast died; Thou hast wrought the work sublime;
4. *Won-der - ful* thy name we call, *Coun - sel - or*, to thee we bow:

Child-the mark of hu - man scorn; Son-the heir of earth and Heav'n;
Erst that greeted, loud and long, Beth-le-hem's as - ton-ished plain!
And the words have ech - oed wide To the far-thest bounds of time—
Might - y God, the Lord of all, *Fa - ther Ev - er - last - ing*—thou,

Son of God, a hu - man child; *God with us*, his wondrous name;
Might the man-ger cra - dled King With the shepherd watch be - hold,
"It is finished!"—fin-ished long Is thy great Re-demp-tion plan;
Prince of Peace:—thy stead-fast throne, Strong in judg-ment stands for aye:

Ho - ly, harmless, un - de - filed; Yet or-dain'd to death and shame.
And with star-led sa - ges bring Frankincense, and myrrh, and gold!
And we bless thee in our song, Lord of an - gels, Son of man!
Ev - 'ry land thy might shall own, All thy scep - tre shall o - bey.

No. 41. Waiting by the River.

Miss M. P. Griffin, E. O. Excell.

1. We are waiting by the riv - er, We are watching on the shore,
2. Tho' the mists hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud-ly roar,
3. And the bright ce-les - tial cit - y, We have caught such radiant gleams
4. He has called for many a loved one, We have seen them leave our side;
5. When we've pass'd the vale of shadows, With its dark and chilling tide,

On - ly wait-ing for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft - ed from the oth - er shore.
Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight, With its sweet and peaceful streams.
With our Sav-ior we shall meet them When we too have crossed the tide.
In that bright and glo-rious cit - y We shall ev - er - more a - bide.

Chorus.

Wait - - ing, watch - ing, wait - - ing, watch - ing,
Wait-ing, wait-ing, watch-ing, watch-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing watch-ing, watch-ing.

We are watching on the shore,..... Wait - ing, watch - ing,
We are watching, we are watching on the shore, Waiting, waiting, watching, watching,

wait - ing, watch - ing, For the boatman who will bear us o'er.
waiting, waiting, watching, watching,

No. 42. Are You Willing?

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Are you will-ing that the Lamb of God shall be
2. Are you will-ing that the blood shall not a - vail?
3. Are you will-ing, when the fi - nal day shall come,

Cru - ci - fied a - fresh for thee? Are you will-ing to re-
That his mer - cy too, shall fail? Are you will-ing to re-
When the saints are gath-ered home; Are you will-ing that the

fuse his love a - gain, The Lamb for sin - ners slain?
ject his plead-ing voice, And make the world your choice?
Judge shall say to thee, "De - part, de - part from me?"

Chorus.

Oh! do not grieve him, just now re - ceive him;

With thy soul the Spir - it striv-eth, Grieve him not a - way.

No. 43. Will you be Washed in the Blood.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
2. Sin - ner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?

Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call, Will you be washed in the blood?

Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleansing you for heav - en.
Claim him as your Sav - ior, He can save for - ev - er.
You can know the hour Of his dy - ing pow - er.
Grace is all a - bound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n re - sound - ing

Chorus.

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb,

Will you be washed, . . Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb,

No. 44. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Why do you linger in darkness so long? Je - sus is waiting to save;
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Je - sus is waiting to save;
3. Time will not linger; how soon we must go! Je - sus is waiting to save;
4. Je - sus is call-ing, Oh, come unto me! Je - sus is waiting to save;
5. While we are praying, oh, stay not a-way, Je - sus is waiting to save;

save you now:

Have you not friends in the heavenly throng? Je-sus is wait-ing to save,
An - gels are longing to tell the glad news, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
Why turn a-way, and to Jesus say, No? Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
Par-don is purchased, salvation is free, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;
Come to him now, not a moment delay, Je-sus is wait-ing to save;

save you now;

Chorus.

Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is wait-ing to save;

save you now;

Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is wait-ing to save.

save you now.

C. 4

No. 45. In the Hollow of His Hand.

J. M. Dungan.

1. When tossed up-on the bil-lows, A - far from friend-ly land,
2. Tho' rag-ing winds may drive me, A wreck upon the strand,
3. When by the swelling Jor-dan, My feet in sinking sand,

I will look to him who holds me, In the hol-low of his hand;
I will cling to him who holds me, In the hol-low of his hand;
I will cry to him who holds me, In the hol-low of his hand;

Though ray - less be my path-way, By night the heav-ens spanned,
Tho' dead-ened sails hang o'er me, By hast-'ning winds unfanned,
Ah, there is bliss in walk-ing, E'en thro' a des - ert land,

I will trust in him who holds me, In the hol-low of his hand,
I will wait on him who holds me, In the hol-low of his hand,
In know-ing that he holds me, In the hol-low of his hand,

Chorus.

In the hollow, (In the hollow,) of his hand, (of his hand,)

In the Hollow of His Hand—Concluded.

In the hol-low, (In the hollow,) of his hand, (of his hand,)

I will trust in him who holds me, In the hol-low of his hand.

No. 46. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6, 4.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side,
trust remove; Oh, bear me safe a-bove, A ran - somed soul!

No. 47. I'm Coming Back To-Night.

EMMA PITT. H. A. LEWIS.

DUET.

1. I'm coming back to Je - sus, Guilt - y and full of sin, I've
2. I'm coming back to Je - sus, Back to the arms of love, I'll
3. I'm coming back to Je - sus, Leav - ing all else be - hind, Fare-

wander'd so far from His mer - cy, Still he will take me in.
come and all bro-ken with sor - row, His sweet for-give - ness prove.
well to the sins that be - guile me, Now I shall par - don find.

REFRAIN.

I'm coming back to Je - sus, Back to the truth and right, I

cres.

know it will cost me a strug gle, But I'm com - ing back to-

Repeat pp.

night; I'm coming back to Je - sus, I'm coming back to-night.

No. 48. Trusting Jesus.

ALICE JACOBS. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Are you trusting in the Sav - ior, Trusting in his gra-cious care?
2. Wea - ry sin - ner, go to Je - sus, Tell Him of the fault with-in;
3. Do not fear, He *will* ac - cept you, For His prom - is - es are true;
4. Go, then, cast your cares up-on Him, Bow-ing hum - bly at His feet;

Is your faith in Je - sus rest - ing? Does He ev - 'ry bur - den bear?
Nev - er doubt-ing, nev - er fear - ing, For His blood can cleanse *all* sin.
And He says He will not cast out An - y sin - ner, e - ven you.
Then go forth to work for Je - sus, Conqu'ring all the foes you meet.

REFRAIN.

He is a - ble, He is will - ing; He can bear your burdens all;
He is a - ble, He is will - ing,

He will save you, He will keep you, Come, then, heed his lov-ing call.
He will save you, He will keep you,

No. 49. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis
2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri-
4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of

call'd "The sweet sto-ry of old" I hear it so oft - en, wher-
came to the earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and
umph-ant o'er death and hell; He's pre - par - ing a place in that
peace and good will to men; There's no sto - ry to me that is

ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told; And I've
make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell; That
cit - y of gold, Where lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell. Where our
half so sweet, As I hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in-

thought it was strange that so oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as
he was despis'd, and with thorns he was crown'd, On the cross was ex-
kin-dred we'll meet, and we'll nev - er-more part, And Oh, while I
vites you to come—he will free - ly re - ceive, And this mes-sage he

if it were new; But I've found out the rea-son they loved it so well,
tend-ed to view; But Oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found
tell it to you, It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart,
sendeth to you, "There's a man-sion in glo-ry for all who be-lieve,"

REFRAIN.

That old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true,
That old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true,
That old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true,
That old, old sto-ry is true. That old, old sto-ry is true,

It is true,

That old, old sto-ry is true; But I've found out the rea-son they
That old, old sto-ry is true; But O, what sweet peace in my
That old, old sto-ry is true; It is peace to my soul, it is
That old, old sto-ry is true; "There's a man-sion in glo-ry for

It is true,

loved it so well, That old, old sto-ry is true.
heart since I've found That old, old sto-ry is true.
joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true.
all who be-lieve," That old, old sto-ry is true.

No. 50. Ever Will I Pray.

A. Cummings. J. H. Tenney.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn-ing Un - to Thee I pray;
2. At the bus - y noon-tide, Pressed with work and care,
3. When the evening shad-ows Chase a - way the light,
4. Thus in life's glad morn-ing, In its bright noon-day,

Let thy lov-ing kind-ness Keep me through this day.
Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till he hear my prayer.
Fa - ther, then I'll pray Thee, Bless thy child to - night.
In the shad-owy evening Ev - er will I pray

Chorus.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will..... I pray;
I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray.

Morn - ing, noon and even-ing Un - to Thee I'll pray.
Un - to Thee I'll pray.

By permission.

No. 51. For Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than my tongue can tell,
4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from my home a - bove,

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-t'rest ag - o - ny To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free. My par - don and my love;

I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring rich gifts for thee, What hast thou bro't for me?
for thee, for me,

I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring rich gifts for thee What hast thou bro't for me?
for thee, for me?

No. 52. Silently the Shades of Evening.

C. C. Cox. Carey Boggess.

1. Si - lent-ly the shades of evening Gath-er round my low-ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un-for-gotten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv-ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir-its on - ly blend,
4. How such holy mem'ries cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,

Si - lent-ly they bring be-fore me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely, In our hearts they perish not.
They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We, still hop-ing for its end.
Point-ing up to that fair heav-en, We may hope to gain at last.

Chorus.

Come the si - lent shades of evening, (si-lent-ly,) Ho - ly mem-'ries,
Come the shades of even-ing,

clus - ter round me, (si - lent-ly,) Point - ing up to that fair

heav - en (si - lent-ly,) We may hope to gain at last.

No. 53. I Long to be There.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I long to be there,
2. Its glittering tow'rs the sun out-shine, I long to be there,
3. My Fath-er's house is built on high, I long to be there,
4. When from this earth-ly pris - on free, I long to be there,

No pain nor death can en - ter there, I long to be there.
That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine, I long to be there.
Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky, I long to be there.
That heav'nly man - sion mine shall be, I long to be there.

CHORUS.

Oh, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home,
an - gels, an-gels, an-gels, an - gels,

Repeat Chorus pp.

An - - - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
an - gels, an - gels,

By permission

No. 54. Whom, Having Not Seen, Ye Love.

Selected. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Sav - ior, my feet have nev - er trod with thine, The
2. But, Lord, my res - cued feet are stead - fast set Up-
3. I know that thou art gone to beau - ti - fy A

sol - i - ta - ry place, My eyes have nev - er seen in
on the King's high - way; And though, as yet, I may not
place in heav'n for me; And when thou com'st to take thy

hu - man form, Thy man - i - fest - ed grace; My
see thy face, I fol - low on each day. My
chil - dren home, I shall be like to thee. Then

hands have nev - er touched thy gar - ment's hem, With
wait - ing eyes are un - to thee, dear Lord, In
shall I wake and see thee, eye to eye, Whom

faith's un - ut - tered plea; Nor hast thou tar-ried when the
whom I live and move; Whose love, be - lieved in, is the
now, un - seen, I love; Faith's dark - ly - vis-ioned glass ex-

day was spent, And bro - ken bread with me.
full - est joy, That earth or heaven can prove.
changed at last, For rapt - urous sight a - bove.

CHORUS.

Whom, hav - ing not seen, yet I love (yet I love;) Whom,

hav - ing not seen, yet I love, (yet I love;) 'Tis my

Sav - ior so dear, is guid - ing me here, Whom,

hav - ing not seen, yet I love, (yet I love,)

No. 55. I Shall be Satisfied.

E. C. Hewett. Alfred Beirly. Cho. E. O. E.

1. I know not where those mansions are, That hands have nev-er wrought,
2. I know not what com-pan-ion-ship Shall bless the ran-som'd soul,
3. I know not what the blest pur-suits Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day,
4. I can - not tell what bod-ies clothe The saints in that far land,

Those ra-diant homes, whose glo-ries rare, Ex - cell all hu-man tho't;
What dear de-lights of friend with friend, While end-less cy - cles roll;
What deeds of love, what tho'ts of joy, Make bright their hap-py way;
What grace, what beauty deck their forms, As near the throne they stand,

But this I know, when man re-deem'd From sin and sor - row free,
But this I know, the Friend whose smile Shall make the light of heav'n,
But this I know, no glad em - ploy The shin - ing hours can fill,
But this I know, each shall be like His Lord, the cru - ci - fied;

Shall reach his heav'nly dwelling-place, There shall the Mas-ter be.
Is he who bore our load of sin, That we might be for - giv'n.
To be com-par'd with praising Christ, And do - ing his sweet will.
And when his im-age I shall bear, I shall be sat - is - fied.

I Shall be Satisfied—Concluded.

CHORUS.

And I shall be satisfied, yes, I shall be satisfied, For there shall the Master be;

And I shall be satisfied, yes, I shall be satisfied, For there shall the Master be.

No. 56. King of Kings.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. HORTON. 7. X. S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. King of kings, and wilt thou deign O'er this wayward heart to reign?
2. Then, like heav-en's an-gelic bands, Wait-ing for thine high commands,
3. At thy word my will shall bow, Judgment, reason, bending low;
4. Zeal shall haste on ea - ger wing, Hour - ly some new gift to bring;
5. Tun'd by thee in sweet ac - cord, All shall sing their gracious Lord;

Henceforth take it for thy throne, Rule here, Lord, and rule a-lone.
All my pow'rs shall wait on thee, Cap - tive, yet di - vine - ly free.
Hope, de - sire, and ev - 'ry thought, In - to glad o - bedience brought.
Wis-dom, hum-bly cast - ing down At thy feet her gold-en crown.
Love the lead - er of the choir, Breathing round her seraph fire.

No. 57. I'll Shelter in Thee.

H. Reynolds. Arr. W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. O swift to the "rock that is high - er than I" Like
2. My frail bark was tossed by the wind and the wave, I
3. Now safe on the "Rock" of sal - va - tion I stand, While

No - ah's pale dove to its shel - ter I'll fly, My ref - uge thro'
cried in my grief, "Lord have mercy and save," Then quick-ly the
stretching be - fore me is Zi - on's fair land, There Je - sus, the

sin's rag-ing bil - lows shall be, Thou, dear "Rock of A - ges" I'll
Rock's bless-ed shade I could see, And now I am shel-tered for-
rock of my faith I can see, And rest me for - ev - er, Safe

Refrain.

shel - ter in thee: Shel - ter in thee, Yes, I'll shel - ter in thee;
ev - er in thee: Shel - tered in thee. Yes, I'm shel-tered in thee;
shel-tered in thee: Shel - tered in thee, Yes, I'm shel-tered in thee;

Thou dear "Rock of A - ges," I'll shel - ter in thee.
Thou dear "Rock of A - ges," I'm shel - tered in thee.
Thou dear "Rock of A - ges," I'm shel - tered in thee.

No. 58. Let it Make Thee Whole.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
2. Pre-cious blood that hath redeemed us, All the price is paid,
3. Tho' thy sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow,
4. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free,

Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for you and me.
Per - fect par - don now is of-fered, Per-fect peace is made.
Je - sus' pre-cious blood can make them Whiter than the snow.
Oh, be - lieve it, oh, re - ceive it, Sin - ner, 'tis for thee.

CHORUS.

Oh! the pre-cious blood, Let it make thee whole,
pre-cious blood, make thee whole,

Let it flow in might - y cleans-ing, O'er thy guilt - y soul.

C 5

No. 59. Seek and Find.

LATTA J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Ma - ny seek for earth-ly treasure, But the prize they sel-dom gain;
2. They who seek the things of heav-en, And up-on the Lord be-lieve,
3. If we ear - ly seek the Sav-ior, If we to the end en-dure,

In the gid-dy round of pleasure, Ma-ny seek for joy in vain,
Have the blest as - sur-ance giv-en, They shall crowns of life re - ceive,
We shall gain his gra-cious fa-vor, Our sal-va-tion shall be sure,

But to those of con-trite spir-it seek - ing Je - sus, good and kind,
Fee - bly seek-ing af - ter Je-sus, stop-ping oft to look be - hind,
Je - sus, thou art ev - er near us, sick with sin, and lame and blind,

Is the cheering promise, hear it, "Seek, and ye shall find."
From our doubts the prom-ise frees us, "Seek, and ye shall find."
But thy prom-ise still doth cheer us, "Seek, and ye shall find."

CHORUS.

Seek and find..... the bless-ed Sav-ior,
Seek and find the bless ed Sav-ior, bless - ed Sav-ior,

Who the pre - cious promise has giv'n.....
Who the pre-cious promise has giv - en, The promise has giv'n,

It is he..... who of-fers you par-don,
It is he who of-fers you par-don, of-fers you par-don,

rit.

And to give..... you a home in heaven.....
And to give you a home in heav'n, a home in heav'n.

No. 60. Behold! a Stranger.

JOSEPH GRIGG. FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.

1. Be - hold a stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked be-fore;
2. But will he prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ve - ry friend you need:
3. Oh! love-ly at - ti-tude!—He stands With melting heart and laden hands;
4. Admit him, ere his an - ger burn; His feet de-part - ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
The man of Naz - a - reth—'tis he, With garments dyed at cal - va - ry.
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
Ad-mit him, or the hour's at hand When, at his door, denied you'll stand.

No. 61. Say, is Your Lamp Burning?

(To my Co-worker, J. B. Jacobs.)

E. O. Excell.

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look
For if it were burning, then surely Some beam would fall

2. Up - on the dark mountains they stumble, They are bruised on the
With white pleading faces turned up - ward To the clouds and the

D. C.—*Say, is your lamp burn - ing my broth - er? I pray you look*
For if it were burn - ing then sure - ly Some beam would fall

Fine.

quick-ly and see,
brightly on me.

There are ma-ny and ma - ny around you,
If you tho't that they walked in the shadow,

rocks and they lie
pit - i - ful sky,

There is ma - ny a lamp that is lighted,
But not ma - ny a-mong them, my brother,

quick - ly and see,
bright - ly on me.

1 2 *D. C.*

Who fol-low wher-ev-er you go.
Your (*omit*)

We be-hold them a-near and a-far.
Shine (*omit*)

lamp would burn brighter, I know.

stead - i - ly on like a star.

3. If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten,
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millenniel day!

No. 62. Toiling for Jesus.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Bright - ly, sweet - ly, toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Go we forth with
2. Glad - ly, sweet - ly, we will tell the sto - ry, of his love to
3. Meek - ly, meek - ly, toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Walking faith-ful-

will-ing hands to do What-so - e'er to us he hath ap-point - ed,
mor-tals here be-low; Christ, the brightness of the Fa-ther's glo - ry,
ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wand'rers to the dear Re-deem - er,

Chorus.

Faith - ful - ly our mis-sion we'll pur-sue. Toil - ing for
Free - ly here his bless-ing will be-stow.
Point - ing sin - ners to the Lamb of God.

Toil - ing, Toil - ing

Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly we go; yes, joy-ful - ly we go;
for the Mas-ter,

Toil - ing for Je - sus, In his vineyard here be - low.
Toil-ing, toil - ing for the Mas-ter.

By permission.

No. 63. Come to Jesus Weary Soul.

E. A. H. ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.

1. Come to Je - sus, wea-ry soul, He is wait - ing to for - give;
2. Come to Je - sus, and for sin There a per - fect cleansing find;
3. Come to Je - sus, burdened one, While he is so ve - ry nigh;

Do you doubt his love and grace? Can you not his word be - lieve?
He is full of truth and grace, He is mer - ci - ful and kind.
Cast a - way your doubts and fears, For he now is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.

Has he not prom-ised your sins to for - give? Is he not

faith-ful and true? Christ nev - er turned a poor

sin - ner a - way; Lo! there is mer - cy for you.

No. 64. Savior, Wash me in the Blood.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood, Sav-ior,
Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Sav-ior,

wash..... me in the blood, Oh, wash.....
wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the

..... me in the blood, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

No. 65. Oh, I Long to be Like Jesus.

D. B. W.

Melody by D. B. Watkins.
Har. by E. O. Excell.

1. Ma - ny friends I have here, Whom my heart hold-eth dear, And to
2. In this world here be - low, There are ma - ny I know, Who are
3. There's a day roll-ing round, When the trum - pet shall sound, And the

be like them oft I'm in - clined, But there's one far a - bove,
more like the Sav - ior than I, But I've made him my choice,
dead from their graves will a - rise, Then his glo - ry we'll see.

All on earth that I love, For in him is all good-ness com-bined.
And my heart doth re-joice, For I'll see him I know by and by.
And like Je - sus we'll be, When we join that bright throng in the skies.

Chorus.

Oh, I want to be like Je - sus, Oh, I want to be like Je - sus,

Oh, I want to be like Je - sus, And dwell where Je - sus is.

No. 66. To the Rescue.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Death-bells toll-ing, toll-ing, toll-ing, Wrecks a-drift and break-ers roll-ing; Where the floods of in-tem-p'rance rave,
2. Voic-es cheer-ing, life-boats steer-ing, See, the help-ing hands are near-ing, While the pledge; our glad sig-nal, flies
3. Joy-bells ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, Friends a heart-y wel-come bring-ing; Heav'n bends down our joy a-near,

CHORUS.

Light the bea-con, and speed to save. Sign..... our pledge, now sign, And strength di-vine shall yet be thine;
Hope-ful mes-sage to wea-ry eyes. sign, now sign,
Greets the res-cued with words of cheer. Sign our pledge, oh,

Sign..... our pledge, now sign, Touch not, taste not the wine.
Sign our pledge, oh, sign, now sign,

No. 67. God is Calling Yet.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly,
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing voice de - spise, And base - ly his kind care re - pay?
3. God call-ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing to re - ceive,
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond - age live? I wait, but he does not for - sake;
5. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with out de - lay: Vain world, fare - well, from thee I part;

CHORUS.

And still my soul in slumber lie? Call - ing, oh, hear Him,
He calls me still; can I de - lay?
And shall I dare his Spir - it grieve?
He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
The voice of God has reached my heart. God is call-ing yet.

Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is call - ing
God is call . ing yet.

God is Calling Yet—Concluded.

yet, oh, hear Him calling, call-ing, Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him,
God is call-ing yet,

Call - ing, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.
God is call-ing yet,

No. 68. Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

S. *Fine.*

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
D. S. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on, [vine.
Charmed to confess the voice di-

4. Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful, centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

No. 69. There is Room.

A. B. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Wea-ry spir - it, seeking rest, In the Sav - ior re - pose;
2. Art thou wand'ring from the fold, Take this prom-ise di - vine:
3. La - den soul, with sin op-pres'd, Je - sus beck - ons thee home;
4. Wea - ry spir - it, burden'd one, Seek the com - fort - er nigh;

Lay thy bur - den at his feet, He will light-en thy woes.
If re - pent-ant thou wilt come, Je - sus' par - don is thine.
Wilt thou rest in his em-brace, Leave thy sor - row and come.
Rest con-fid - ing in his love, Je - sus hears ev - 'ry sigh.

CHORUS.

Come, come, be - liev - ing, Whol-ly trust-ing, be free; There is
Come, come, O come, be - liev - ing,

1 2

room in the pres-ence of Je - sus for thee, Je - sus for thee.

No. 70. Coming to the Master.

F. A. Simkins. E. O. Excell.

1. Oh, let me come to thee, dear, blessed Mas - ter, Lead me the
2. Oh, let me bring to thee my care and sor - row, Make me more
3. Oh, let me feel thy gra-cious love so ten - der, Thy changeless
4. Oh, let me be all thine when I am dy - ing, My wea - ry

liv - ing way; Change thou my night of per - il and dis-as - ter,
tru - ly thine, And fit my spir - it for that bright to-mor-row,
care for me; Help me to make to thee a full sur-rend - er,
heart at rest, Up-borne a - bove earth's sorrow and its sigh-ing,

Chorus.

To ev - er - glo - rious day.
Where joy shall e'er be mine. Then, when these transient scenes of earth are
And be from sin set free.
In thee for - ev - er blest.

end - ed, And when time shall be no more, ... My

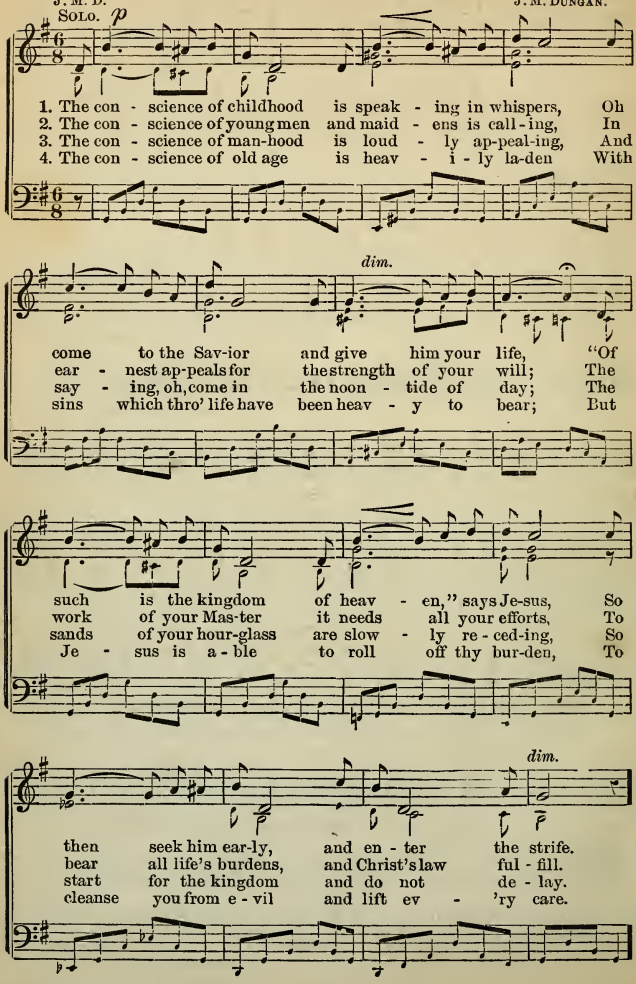
soul shall be by heav'nly hosts attended To that bright shining shore.

No. 71. The Bells of Conscience.

(Words and music written expressly for, and dedicated to my friend, E. O. Excell.)

J. M. D.

J. M. Dungan.



CHORUS.

The bells of your conscience are ringing, The bells, the bells, The bells, the bells.

bells of your conscience are ringing, Say-ing, sin - ner, Oh, come home.

No. 72. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

Melody by F. L. Bristow.

Cho. No. 1. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy- seat,
Cho. No. 2. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.

1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now in me begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

No. 73. He is Able to Deliver Thee

W. A O.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the tid - ings roll, To the

grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the
grand - est theme, for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the
guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to

grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our
grand - est theme tell the world a - gain, "Our
God in faith, he will make thee whole, "Our

God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

Chorus.

He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is
a - ble, he is a - ble

a - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest, Go to
a-ble, he is a-ble,

him for rest; Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.

No. 74. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. GEO. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;
3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows, The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

No. 75. O, Can it Be?

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. I saw one hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o-
2. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for-
3. My con - science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me
4. A - las! I knew not what I did, But now my
5. A sec - ond look he gave, which said, "I free - ly

nies and blood; He fixed his lau - guid eyes on me, As
get that look; It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho'
in de - spair; I saw my sins his blood had spilt, And
tears are vain; Where shall my trem - bling soul be hid, For
all for-give, This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I

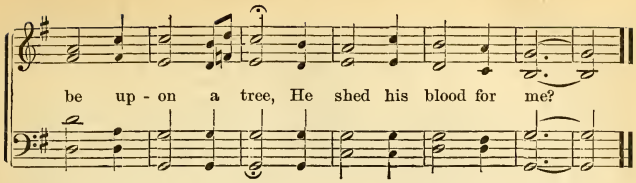
CHORUS.

near the cross I stood.
not a word he spoke.
helped to nail him there.
I the Lord have slain.
die, that thou may'st live."

O can it be, up - on a

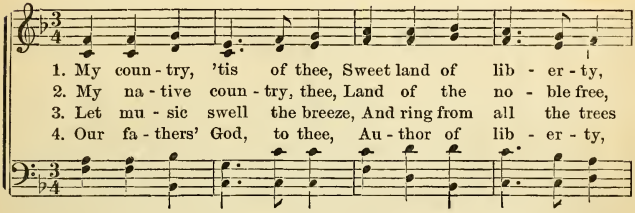
tree, my Sav - ior died for me..... O can it

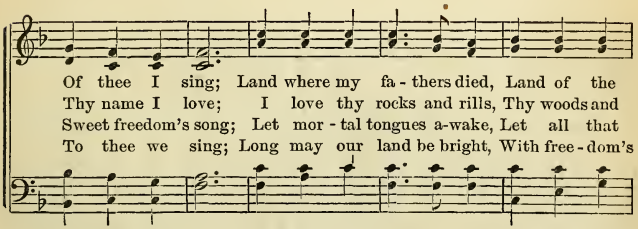
for me,

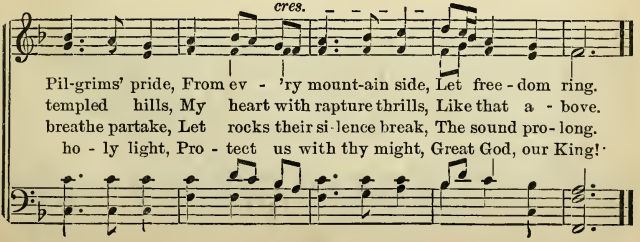


No. 76. America. (National Hymn.)

S. F. Smith.







No. 77. All, All for Thee.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. J. M. DUNGAN.

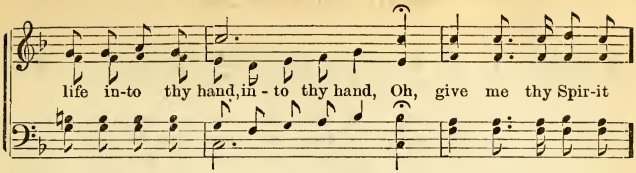
1. All, all for thee, O take me now en - tire - ly; Re-
2. I give my heart, I long to love thee bet - ter Than
3. All, all for thee, my - self in all my weakness, Un-
4. Oh, Mas - ter, by thine own most ho - ly Spir - it, Send

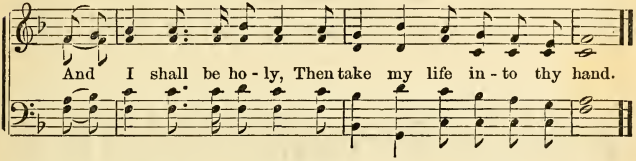
tune each note with thine own gen-tle hand; I give my-self a-
ev - er I have done in years be - fore; That all I do may
fit, a - lone, the feeblest chord to raise; An in - stru-ment dis-
heav - 'nly mu - sic o'er the earth thro' me; So true, so beau - ti-

fresh in - to thy keep - ing, To do, or suf - fer as thou
be a "joy not du - ty," Lord Je - sus grant it, may I
cord - ant, worn and worth-less, But read - y to be used to
ful, so soul re - fresh - ing, That those who hear it, may learn

CHORUS.

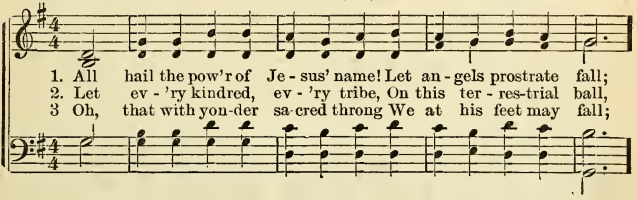
shalt command. All, all for thee, Savior, All, all for thee, Oh, take my
love thee more;
sound thy praise.
more of thee.

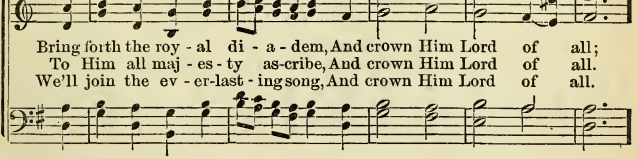


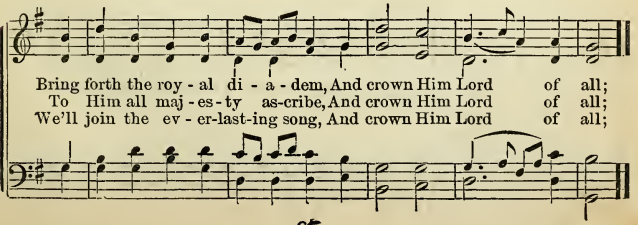


No. 78. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

PERONT. CORONATION. C.M. OLIVER HOLDEN.







No. 79. I'll Try to be Ready to Go.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. I know not how soon God will bid me to come, I'll try to be read-y to go, To share in the glo-ry that waits me at home, I'll try to be read-y to go.
2. Tho' tri-als may come, tho' my rich-es for-sake, I'll try to be read-y to go, When death o-ver-takes me, in glo-ry I'll wake, I'll try to be read-y to go.
3. How pre-cious the prom-ise re-veal'd in his word, I'll try to be read-y to go, That we shall at last dwell to-geth-er with God, I'll try to be read-y to go.
4. The Spir-it in-vites you to join in the fray, I'll try to be read-y to go, And help to bring in the mil-len-i-al day, I'll try to be read-y to go.

CHORUS.

I'll try to be read-y to go,..... I'll be read-y to go,

try to be read - y to go;..... His blood makes me whit-er than
be read - y to go; Yes,

snow,..... I'll try to be read - y to go.
whit - er than snow,

No. 80. God is Ever Good.

E. O. Excell.

1. See the shin-ing dew-drops On the flow-ers strewed, Prov-ing as they
2. See the morn-ing sun-beams Lighting up the wood, Si-lent - ly pro-
3. In the leaf - y tree-tops, Where no fears in-trude, Mer - ry birds are
4. Bring, my heart, thy tri-bute, Songs of grat - i - tude, While all na-ture

spar - kle— God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
claim - ing— God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
sing - ing— God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
ut - ters— God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.

No. 81. When We Gather.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When we gath - - - - - - er with the faith - ful On that
gath - er, when we gath - er
2. Where the loved..... ones gone be - fore us, We shall
loved ones, where the loved ones
3. Tho' thy bur - - - - - - den may be heav - y, Neith-er
bur - den, tho' thy bur - den

fair and gold-en shore, What a meet - - - - - - ing, glo-rious
meet - ing, what a meet-ing,
meet and know a - gain, We shall clasp..... their hands in
clasp, oh we shall clasp their
mur-mur nor de - spair; Strug-gle on..... a lit - tle
on, oh strug-gle on a

CHORUS.

meeting, Gather'd there to part no more.
glo-ry, Far beyond the reach of pain. What a meeting, what a meeting of the
longer, And the cross with patience bear.

faith - ful On that fair e - ter - nal shore..... With the
that will be that hap-py shore

loved..... ones gone be-fore us, We shall meet to part no more.
loved ones, with the loved

No. 82. Happy On the Way.

R. E. Hudson.

1. Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, Bless the Lord, I'm
May none of us from thee de - part; Bless the Lord, I'm
2. But may our ac - tions al - ways say, Bless the Lord, I'm
We're march-ing in the good old way, Bless the Lord, I'm
3. This note a - bove the rest shall swell, Bless the Lord, I'm
That Je - sus do - eth all things well, Bless the Lord, I'm

Chorus.

hap - py on the way, Hap - py on the way,

Hap - py on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm hap-py on the way.

By permission.

No. 83. Lord, We Come Before Thee.

William Hammond. PLEYEL'S HYMN. Ignace Pleyel.

1. Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow;
2. Lord, on thee our souls de - pend; In compas - sion now de-scend;
3. In thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay;
4. Send some mes-sage from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;

O do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing thou be - stow.
Let thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

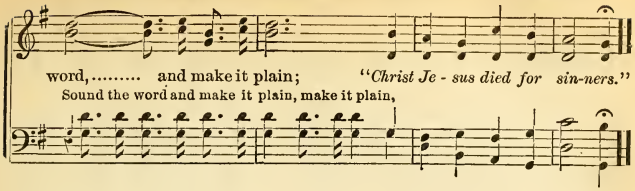
No. 84. "Christ Jesus Died for Sinners."

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. There's a won - der - ful theme in the gos - pel tongue, As e'er was heard, as e'er was sung, And thro' the world the mes - sage rung, "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"
2. 'Tis a won - der - ful theme, and I oft have read How Je - sus bowed his wea - ry head; "'Tis fin-ished," to the world he said: "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"
3. 'Tis a won - der - ful theme, that the Lord should give His life, that I might life re - ceive; And now he bids me look and live, "*Christ Je - sus died for sin - ners.*"

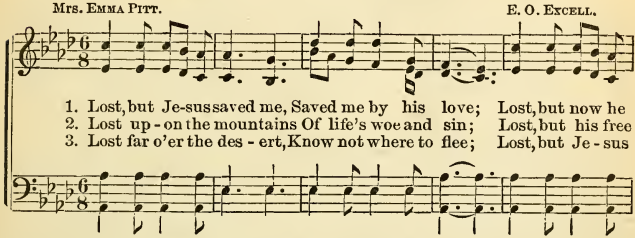
Chorus.

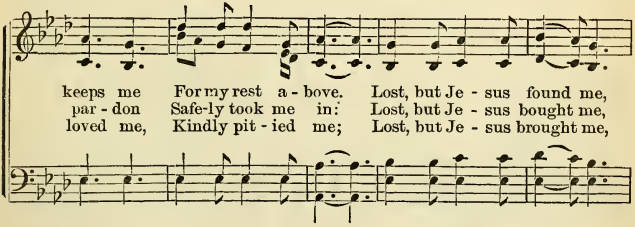
Tell the mes - - sage o'er a - gain, Je - sus died..... for sin - ful men; Sound the
Tell the mes - sage o'er a - gain, o'er a - gain, Je - sus died for sin - ful men, sin - ful men;

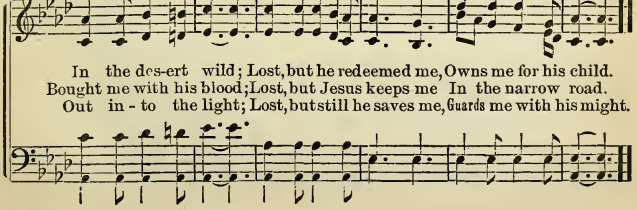


No. 85. Lost, but Jesus Saved Me.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. E. O. Excell.







No. 86. Are You Washed in the Blood?

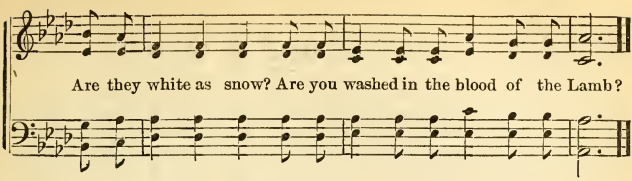
E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
3. When the Bride-groom com-eth, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the man - sions bright? And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un - clean, Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Chorus.

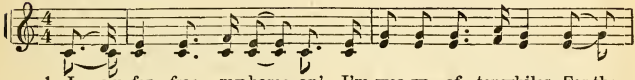
Are you washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless? Are you washed in the blood, of the Lamb?

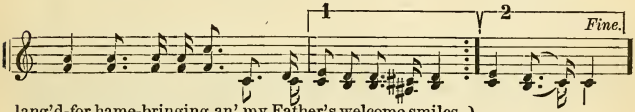
By permission.

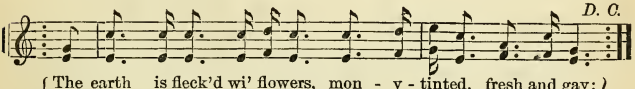


No. 87. My Ain Countrie.

Miss. M. A. Lee. Scotch Song.







2 I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King,
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame, will bring
Wi'een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Savior's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' "he carries them himsel'," to his ain countrie.
He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

No. 88. Beautiful Stream.

R. Torbey. Geo. H. Rider.

1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which
3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That
4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That

flows thro' the sweet Canaan land, Its waters gleam bright in their
gladdens the cit - y of God; It flows from the throne of the
fount, God has o - pen'd for sin, That stream from his side, who for
fount that is flow - ing so free; I'll sing of that flood, which is

heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er sil - ver - y sands.
Fa - ther, a - lone; And spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
sin - ners once died; He's healed, who but plun - ges with - in.
crimsoned with blood, From sin that has cleansed e - ven me.

Chorus.

Go wash in that beau - ti - ful stream, ... Go
beau - ti - ful stream,

wash in that beau-ti - ful stream; Its wa - ters so free, are
beau - ti - ful stream;

flow - ing for thee: Go wash in that beau - ti-ful stream.....
beau ti - ful stream.

No. 89. I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. MCDONALD. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;

CHO. *I am trust - ing, Lord in thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y thine to be, Whol-ly thine for - ev - er-more.

Hum-bly at thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

By permission.

No. 90. Nothing for Jesus.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Crowd - ed is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Je - sus?
2. Wast - ing all your pre-cious hours, Have you no work for Je - sus?
3. Chas - ing bub-bles thro' the air, Have you no time for Je - sus?
4. Bear - ing on - ly worthless leaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus?

Captured by earth's gild-ed snares, Have you no room for Je - sus?
Spending those God-giv-en powers, Have you no work for Je - sus?
None for gra-cious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Je - sus?
In your hands no precious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus?

Lo, he's stand-ing at your door, Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er,
Striv - ing not to con - quer sin, Seek - ing not a soul to win,
Earth - ly pleas-ures, wealth and ease, Seek - ing, grasp-ing toys like these,
Not a grain to store a - way, Naught your la - bor to re - pay,

Hear him pleading ev - er more; Have you no room for Je - sus?
Bring-ing not a wan-d'rer in, Have you no work for Je - sus?
Striv - ing on - ly self to please, Have you no time for Je - sus?
Not a joy for that great day, When you shall meet with Je - sus?

No. 91. How Shall I Come to Jesus?

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How shall I come to Je - sus? How can I now be - lieve,
2. How shall I come to Je - sus? Noth-ing have I to bring;
3. How shall I come to Je - sus? Noth-ing have I to plead;
4. How will I come to Je - sus? Now will I seek his face;

Since I at first re - fused him, Will he my heart re - ceive?
Dare I ap-proach his pres - ence? He is a roy - al King.
Say, will the great Phy - si - cian Deign my re - quest to heed?
Plead-ing, in faith, his mer - it, Ask - ing, in faith, his grace.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, I look a - lone to thee, Je - sus, thy blood was shed for me;

Com-ing by faith, my pray'r shall be; Save, oh, save me, Je - sus.

C 7

By permission.

No. 92. Are You for the Promised Land?

G. F. R. Dr. George F. Root.

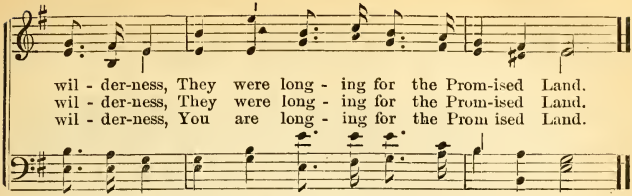
1. First in bond-age, then in the wil - der - ness, Is - rael
2. Hard the bond-age, drear - y the wil - der - ness, Long the
3. Friends in bond-age, friends in the wil - der - ness, Do you

jour-neyed to the Prom-ised Land; And tho' long in grief and
jour - ney to the Prom-ised Land; Oft re - pin - ing, oft in
wish to reach the Prom-ised Land? Christ, in love and won-drous

bit - ter - ness, They were guid - ed by a Fa - ther's hand.
wea - ri - ness, Still pro - tect - ed by a Fa - ther's hand.
ten - der-ness, Waits to guide you by his might - y hand.

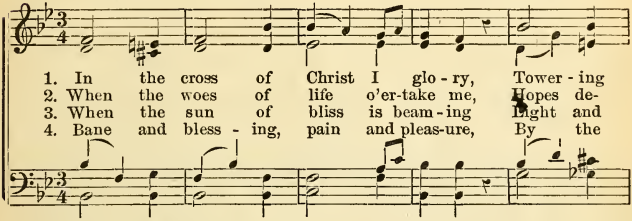
When they cried, then he de - liv - ered them; When they strayed,
When they cried, then he de - liv - ered them, When they strayed,
When you cry, he will de - liv - er you, When you stray,

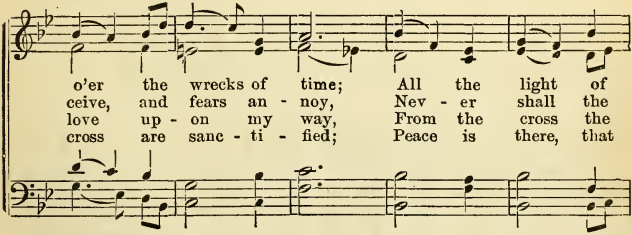
then they felt his hand; For in all their life in the
then they felt his hand; For in all their life in the
you will feel his hand; If in bond - age or in the

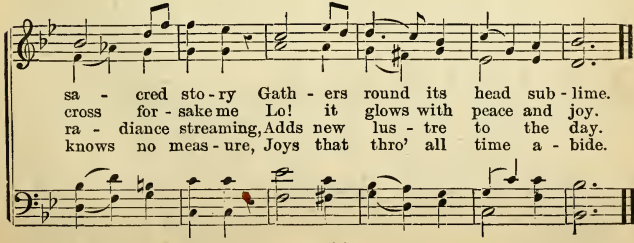


No. 93. In the Cross of Christ.

J. Bowring. Alfred Beirly.







No. 94. A Worker's Prayer.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. M. DUNGAN.

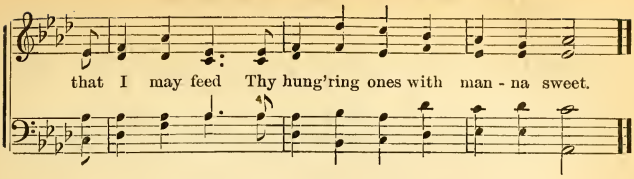
1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak, In liv - ing ech - oes
2. O strengthen me, that while I stand, Firm on the rock, and
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach, The pre-cious things thou
4. O give thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak with
5. O fill me with thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y
6. O use me Lord, use e - ven me, Just as thou wilt, and

of thy tone; As thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy
strong in thee, I may stretch out a lov - ing hand, To
dost im - part; And wing my words, that they may reach The
sooth-ing power, A word in sea - son, as from thee, To
heart o'er - flow, In kin-dling tho't and glow - ing word, Thy
when and where; Un - til thy bless - ed face I see, Thy

CHORUS.

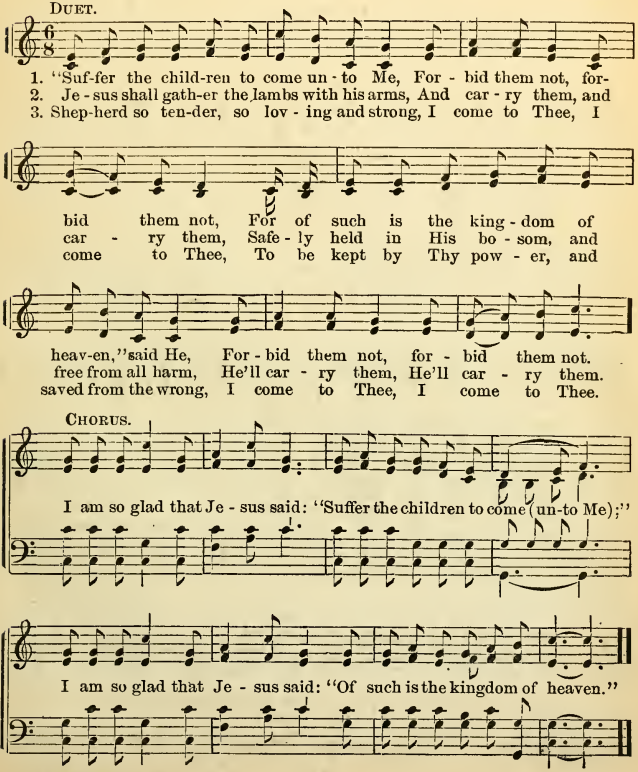
err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
wrest-lers in the troub-led sea.
hid - den depths of many a heart.
wea - ry ones in need - ful hour. O lead me, Lord, that
love to tell, thy praise to show.
rest, thy joy thy glo - ry share.

I may lead The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet; Oh, feed me, Lord,



No. 95. Suffer the Children to Come.

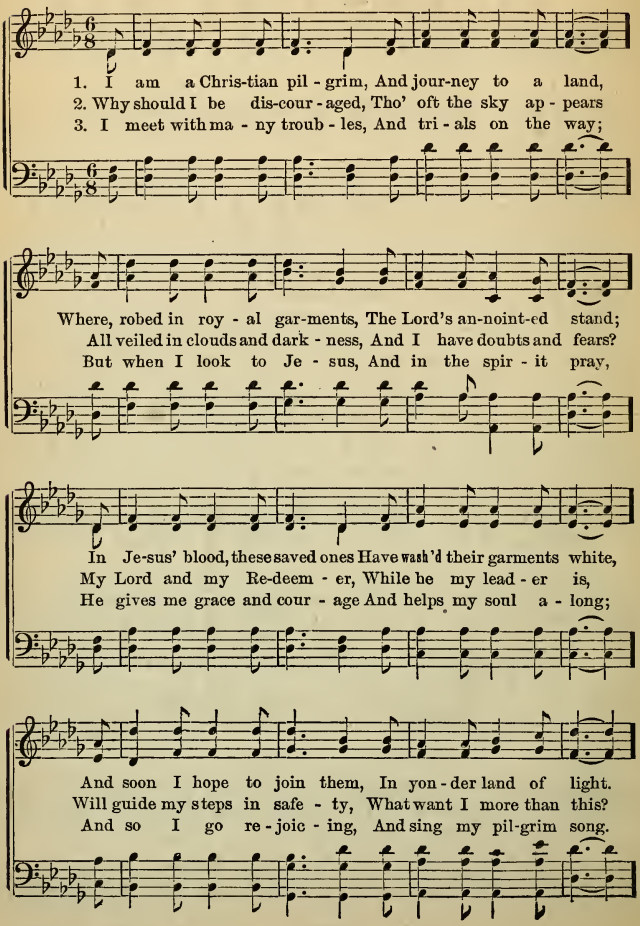
L. H. B — L. H. Baker.



No. 96. I Feel Like Going On.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

[In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly down-cast. Following him, an old gray-haired father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones, cried: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.]



I Feel Like Going On—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I feel like go - ing on, broth-er, I feel like go - ing on,

I'm on my way to Zi - on, And I feel like go - ing on.

No. 97. Let Them Come to Me.

A. H. ADAMS. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Hear the gen - tle Shep - herd Call - ing lambs like me,
In his sweet - est ac - cents, Let them come to me,

2. He will bid us en - ter; When our tir - ed feet
Reach the gold - en cit - y He'll be there to greet.

3. Thanks, dear, bless-ed Je - sus, For thy words of love,
Bid - ding chil - dren en - ter Thy bright courts a - bove.

REFRAIN.

"Let them come to me, Oh, let them come to me,"

Hear him sweet - ly say - ing, "Let them come to me."

By permission.

No. 98. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each cooing dove..... and sighing bough.....That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen..... and moss-y dell,.....Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore,..... Of him who

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di-vin-er
birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
walked.... upon the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

now..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... to Gal - i - lee.....
more..... To fol - low him..... to Gal - i - lee.....

CHORUS.

O Gal - i-lee! sweet Gal - i-lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O

Gal - i-lee! blue Gal - i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.

By permission.

No. 99. Bringing in the Sheaves. GEO. A. MINOR.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reaping, (*Omit*)

CHORUS.

and the dewy eves; ‖ We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic- { ing, bringing in the sheaves, *Omit second time.* } ing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—CHO.

3 GO, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustain'd our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—CHO.

No. 100. Responsive Service.

LEADER.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

SCHOOL.

For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

LEADER.

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace, of them that make peace.

Sing 1st v. No. 99, "Sowing in the morning."

LEADER.

Say not yea, there are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest? behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to the harvest.

SCHOOL.

And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

LEADER.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whither shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall prosper alike good.

SCHOOL.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Sing 2d v. No. 99, "Sowing in the sunshine,"

By permission.

No. 101. Gathering Home.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Up to the boun-ti - ful Giv - er, of life, Gath - er - ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where fall - eth no light, Gath - er - ing home!
3. Up to the beau - ti - ful man-sions a-bove, Gath - er - ing home!

gath - er - ing home! Up to the dwelling, where cometh no strife, The
gath - er - ing home! Up where the Savior's own face is the light, The
gath - er - ing home! Safe in the arms of his in - fi - nite love, The

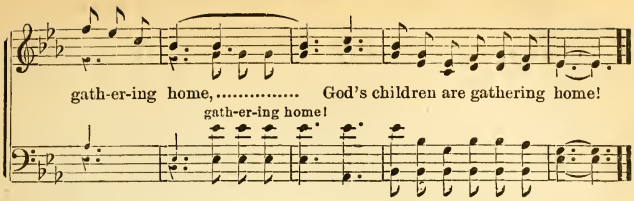
Chorus.

dear ones are gath - er - ing home. Gath - er - ing home..... gath - er - ing,

..... Gath - er - ing home..... Nev - er to home, gath - er - ing home,

sor-row more, never to roam, Gath-er-ing home, gath - er - ing home!

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.



No. 102. Step Out on the Promise.

The Highway. E. F. Miller.

1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y, re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled
4. The prom-ise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

wait - ing to com - fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice, In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee; There's rest, weary one, in the
un - der that cleans - es us thro' It cleans - es me now, hal-le

word of thy God; Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
bo - som of God; Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
lu - jah to God! I rest on the promise, I'm un-der the blood.

By permission.

No. 103. Plenty to Do.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is plen - ty to do in this world of ours;
2. There are fount - ains of sin and of sor - row to seal;
3. There is plen - ty to do o - ver all the land:—
4. There is plen - ty to do: there are chil - dren to teach,

There are weeds to pluck from a - mong its flow'rs;
There are fount-ains to o - pen,—the na-tions to heal;
Work, crowd - ing the brain, the heart, and the hand;
An e - van - gel of love and of mer - cy to preach;

There are fields to sow, there are fields to reap;
There are brave words to speak, there are songs to be sung;
There are mill - ions to feed in the world's bus - y hive;
The fall - en to lift, the proud to a - base,

There are vine-yards to set on the mount - ain steep;
There are doors to be o - pened, and bells to be rung;
There are rail - roads to build, and en - gines to drive;
To bring right and wrong to their own fit - ting place;

By permission.

There are for - ests to plant, and for - ests to fell,
There's a con - flict to wage with the ar - mies of sin;
There are path - ways to mark o - ver mount - ain and lea;
There's an en - sign to plant on the heights by the sea;

And homes to be build - ed on hill - side and dell.
There's a fort - ress to hold, and a fort - ress to win.
There are harps to be hung in the depths of the sea.
There's work for the mill - ion—for you and for me.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's plen - ty to do, there's plen - ty to do,

There's plen - ty a - round us to do.

No. 104. What a Gathering That will Be.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sound-ing of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,
2. When the an-gel, of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi-nal judgment, when the hid-den comes to light,
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an-gel bands proclaim,

We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea, With the crystal sea,
We shall gath-er, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to
When the Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see; At the
In tri-umph-ant strains the glorious ju-bi-lee, Then to

friends and all the lov'd ones, there a-wait-ing us to come, What a
meet a-gain to-geth-er, on the bright ce-les-tial shore, What a
bid-ding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye bless-ed to my right," What a
meet and join to sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, What a

CHORUS.

gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath-. What a gath'ring of the

'ring, gath-. 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious jubi-
loved ones, when we'll meet with one another,

By permission.

lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
ju - bi - lee! What a gath-'ring when the friends and all the

gath - - 'ring, What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
dear ones meet each other,

No. 105. Worthy the Lamb.

I. Watts, AMIZON. C. M. C. G. Glaser.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
5. The whole cre-a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Wor-thy the Lamb!" our lips re-ply, "For he was slain for us."
And bless-ings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev - er thine!
Con - spire to lift thy glo-ries high, And speak thine end-less praise.
Of him who sits up - on the throne And to a-dore the Lamb!

No. 106. It is I, Be Not Afraid.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.

DUET.

1. Pil - grim trav - 'ling on life's high - way, Tho' cast
2. Sail - or, tossed up - on the bil - lows, Dark and
3. When in tri - al, when in sor - row, Drear and

ORGAN.

down with doubt and fear, Sweet-ly o'er thy
gloom - y tho' it be, Hear a - bove the
lone - ly all a - round, Je - sus' cheer - ing

troub-led spir - it Comes the voice of hope and cheer.
roar - ing break - ers Je - sus' voice, he speaks to thee.
voice is speak - ing; List - en to the wel-come sound.

CHORUS.

It is I,..... be not a - fraid; It is
It is I, be not a - fraid;

I,..... be not a - fraid; Hear the voice of Je - sus
It is I, be not a - fraid;

It Is I, Be Not Afraid—Concluded.

Slow.....

Say - ing, It is I, it is I, be not a - fraid.

No. 107. He Loved Me So.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the cross for me;
2. For me the Fa - ther sent his Son; For me the vic - tor - y he won;
3. So glad I am that he is mine, So glad that I with him shall shine.
4. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my all to thee;
5. And when my Lord shall bid me come, To join the loved ones round the throne:

He paid the might-y debt I owe: He died be-cause he loved me so.
To save my soul from endless woe, He died be-cause he loved me so.
I'll trust in him, for this I know, He died be-cause he loved me so.
My all,—for this I sure - ly know, He died be-cause he loved me so.
I'll sing, as thro' the gates I go, He died be-cause he loved me so.

Refrain.

He loved me so, he loved me so, He died be-cause he loved me so.

He loved.....

C 8

No. 108. God be With You.

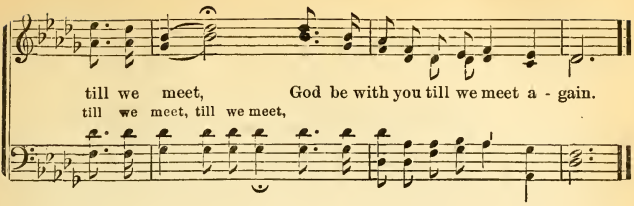
J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his councils guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings secure-ly
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing

hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you,
hide you, Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you,
found you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you,

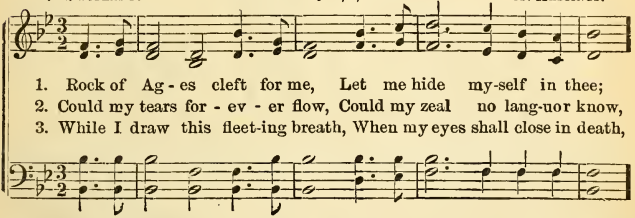
Chorus.

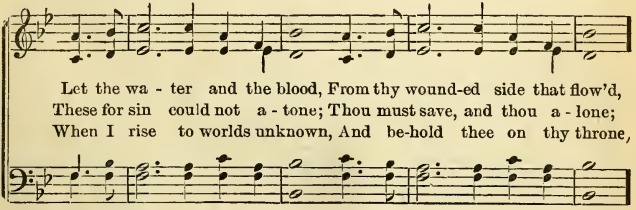
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we
meet..... till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet.....
Till we meet, till we meet,

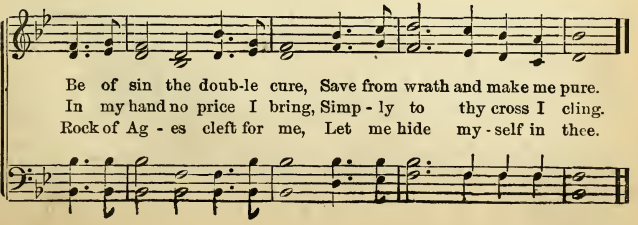


No. 109. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. TOPLADY. 7, 6, L. Thos. Hastings.







No. 110. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. To George T. Howsor. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a *song* I love to sing, Since I have been re - deem'd,
2. I have a *Christ* that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deem'd,
3. I have a *Witness*, bright and clear, Since I have been re - deem'd,
4. I have a *joy* I can't ex-press, Since I have been re - deem'd,
5. I have a *home* pre-par'd for me, Since I have been re - deem'd,

Of my Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re - deem'd.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deem'd.
Dis - pell - ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deem'd.
All thro' His blood and righteousness, Since I have been re - deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deem'd.

Chorus.

Since I.....have been redeem'd Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,

I will glo - ry in his name, Since I..... have been re-
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since

deem'd, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.
I have been re - deem'd,

No. 111. Gently, Lord, O Gently.

THOMAS HASTINGS. AUTUMN, 8, 7. D. Spanish Melody.

1. Gen-tly, Lord, O gen-tly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,
2. In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near,
3. When to Canaan's long loved dwelling Love divine thy foot shall bring,

Thro' the tri - als yet de-creed us, Till our last great change appears,
Suf - fer not our hearts to languish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear;
There, with shouts of tri-umph swelling Zion's songs in rest to sing.

When temptation's darts assail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.
And, when mor - tal life is end-ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest,
There, no stran-ger God shall meet thee, Stranger thou in courts above!

Let thy good - ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.
Till, by an - gel bands at-tended, We a - wake a-mong the blest.
He who to his rest shall greet thee, Greet thee with a well known love.

No. 112. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman, Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come, to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his
bides within, There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
en - ter'd in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to his
Sav-ior's feet, Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

Chorus.

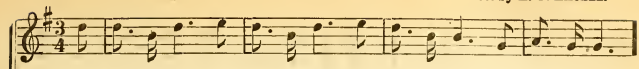
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his name.

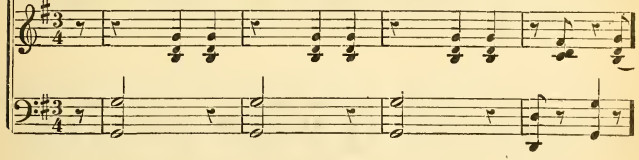
By permission.

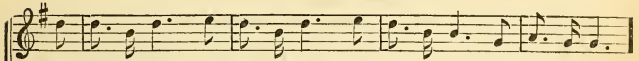
No. 113. The Road to Heaven.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

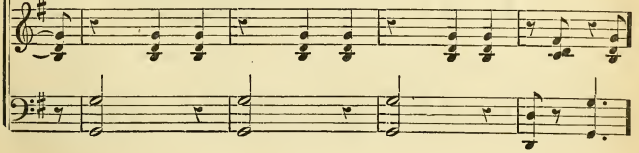


1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'n-ly truth the rails are laid,
2. Re-pen-tance is the sta-tion, then, Where passengers are tak - en in;
3. The Bi - ble is the en - gi-neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear,
4. God's love the fire, his truth the steam Which drives the en - gine and the train;
5. Come, then, poor sin-ner, now's the time, At an - y sta - tion on the line;
6. And then to glo - ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow,

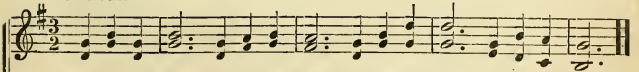




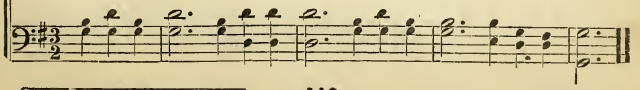
From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends To life e - ter - nal where it ends.
No fee for them is there to pay, For Je - sus is him-self the way.
Thro' tun-nels dark and drear-y here, It does the way to glo - ry steer.
All you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in him a-bide.
If you re-pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.
So ring the bell and start the train, And run it thro' in Je - sus' name.



Chorus.



I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm going home To die no more.



No. 114. Come, Sinner, Come.

WILL E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER. by per.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come!
3. Oh, hear his ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

No. 115. Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Come be-hold the crimson tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Look to Je-sus now and live;
4. There is heal-ing at the fount-ain, Precious fountain filled with blood;

Flow-ing down from Calv'ry's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur-den; All your wand'rings he'll for-give.
Come, O come, the Sav-ior calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.

CHORUS.

O the fountain, blessed healing fountain, I am glad 'tis flowing free;

O the fountain, precious, cleansing fountain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

By permission.

No. 116. An Heir to a Throne.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. An heir to a throne am I,..... In the king-dom of God on high; For we shall be kings and be priests, we are told, In his pal-ace, on thrones of Gold,
2. For joy let my spir-it sing! I'm a child of a roy-al King, And soon shall in-her-it a king-dom a-bove, In the land of e-ter-nal love.
3. How can I ex-press my joy? O my soul, all thy pow'rs em-ploy, The won-der-ful love of the Lord to make known, Thro' whose soul-cleans-ing blood a-lone, I'm an heir to a roy-al throne.
4. Let me live as be-comes a son Of the high and the ho-ly One! My life — be it such that to all may be known, I'm the child of a King, his own, And an heir to a heav'n-ly throne.

No. 117. The Master's Call.

Mrs. J. P. Bixby. W. S. Martin.

1. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for me, Oh, precious the message and
2. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for thee, Yes, Je-sus, the Mas-ter, has
3. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for thee, A-way with thy earth-ly

true; With haste, Lord, I rise and come un-to thee, All
come, Be-lieve in his word, and trust in his grace, Why
care; He of-fers sweet rest, O sin-ner to thee; Thy

Chorus.

praise for the glad in-ter-view. The Mas - - ter is come, He
lon-ger in sin shouldst thou roam?
bur-den he glad-ly will bear. The Master, the Master is come, He

call - - - - eth for thee, He call-eth for thee, He
call-eth, he call-eth for thee,

rit.

call-eth for me, He call-eth, he call-eth for thee and for me.

By permission.

No. 118. Safe to Land.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. E. O. Excell.

1. Safe to land my Lord will guide me, In the dark I fear no ill;
2. My frail bark he's safe - ly steer-ing, He has sailed in storms be - fore;
3. On the helm a hand is rest - ing, That is stron-ger far than mine;
4. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, Oh, how sweet our rest will be!

Tho' the storms and woes be - tide me, His dear arm is round me still.
I can trust him, noth-ing fear-ing, Safe with him I'll reach the shore.
Tho' deep bil - lows I am breasting, I can trust in love di - vine.
Faith, and love, and hope a bid - ing, As we sail o'er life's dark sea.

Chorus.

Safe to land, safe to land, Jesus guides tho' billows roar;
Safe to land, safe to land, tho' billows roar;

Safe to land, safe to land, We will reach that peaceful shore.
Safe to land, safe to land, peaceful shore.

No. 119. Come Home.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. J. E. HALL.

1. Once I wan-dered far from Je - sus, Far from joy and far from home;
2. But I heed - ed not his calling, Would not hear the voice so sweet;
3. But the way grew dark and drear-y, When his face I could not see;
4. Then a-gain my darken'd pathway Brightly glow'd with Jesus' smile,

But the lov - ing Sav - ior missed me, And he gen - tly called me home.
So I wan-der'd on un-heed-ing, Tho', the thorns did wound my feet.
And I called in bit - ter an-guish, "O my Sav - ior, come to me."
For, unknown, my lov - ing Sav - ior Stood be-side me all the while.

CHORUS.

Soft - ly comes the still, small whisper, "Come, my child, no longer roam;

Come to me, while I am call - ing, Child of love, come home, come home!"

No. 120. On the Sweet Other Side.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. E. O. Excell.

1. We're o - ver on the stormy side, Dark clouds be-set our way,
2. There is an-oth-er brighter side, Of life be-yond the sky,
3. Our jour-ney here will soon be done, We'll en - ter in - to rest,
4. Soon I shall strike those harps of gold, Where flowers immortal bloom,

But just a-cross the roll-ing tide Beam shores of end-less day.
Where sin and sor-row ne'er be-tide, And loved ones nev - er die.
In yon - der clime that needs no sun, Re - pose on Je - sus' breast.
My dear Re-deem-er's face be-hold, And calm - ly rest at home.

Chorus.

On the oth-er side, beyond the rolling tide, Je-sus is waiting for me;
sweet other side, Je - sus waits for me, for me.

On the golden shore, In the grand ev-er-more, Lov'd ones are watch-ing for me.
bright golden shore, Lov'd ones watch for me, for me.

From "Songs of my Redeemer," by per.

No. 121 Glory in the Cross.

D. B. Watkins. E. O. Excell.

1. Soldiers in the Sav-ior's ar - my, Glo - ry in the cross; Let not Sa - tan's
2. Tho' you pass thro' trib-u - la - tion, Glo - ry in the cross; Christ is still your
3. Tho' ye here are poor and low-ly, Glo - ry in the cross; 'Tis his will ye
4. Tho' thy dearest friends may leave thee, Glo - ry in the cross; Let not earth-ly

hosts alarm you, Glo - ry in the cross; All your sins shall be for-giv-en,
sure foundation, Glo - ry in the cross, While with footmen you're contending,
should be ho - ly, Glo - ry in the cross; He re-spects not wealth nor sta-tion,
loss-es grieve thee, Glo-ry in the cross; All thy loss-es he'll re-store thee,

All your fears a - way be driv-en, Conq'rers here shall reign in heav-en,
Dan-ger ev - 'ry step at-tend-ing, Think on whom you're still de-pend-ing,
But to all in ev - 'ry na tion, Free - ly of-fers full sal - va - tion,
Gen-tly clear thy way be-fore thee, Guide thee safe - ly home to glo - ry,

Chorus.

Glo - ry in the cross. Glo-ry in the cross, Glo - ry in the

cross, God for-bid that I should glo-ry save in the cross.

No. 122. Grace, Patience and Strength.

Mrs. M. E B. Wilson. Alfred Beirly

1. *Thy Grace* all suf - fi - cient, to me let it be Like a
2. *Thy Pa - tience*, O Lord, to my soul free - ly give, That
3. *Thy Strength*, give me dai - ly and hour-ly, I pray, Up-

shield to pro - tect and from Sa - tan set free; In
I may not mur-mur, but con - stant - ly live In the
hold me, for I am but weak-ness each day; Be-

ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion this prom - ise I claim, For
sun - shine of glad-ness, thine own lov - ing smile, In
stow on me, Lord, from thy boun - ti - ful store, Thy

by it my en - e - mies oft have been slain.
joy or in sad - ness, in thee all the while.
grace and thy *pa - tience*, with *strength* ev - er - more.

Chorus.

Grace, Patience and Strength, (are thine,) My dear lov-ing Sav-ior, now

Grace, Patience and Strength—Concluded.

let them be mine; Grace; Pa-tience and Strength (are mine,) My

rit

dear, lov - ing Sav - ior, now let them be mine.

No. 123. Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D. ANON.

Fine.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of thy re-deeming love.

D. C.

Teach me some mel-o-dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Eben-ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 124. What Are You Doing?

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. J. E. HALL.

1. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus, The Sav-ior who suf-fer'd for thee? His soft voice is call - ing thee gen - tly, Oh, child of my love, come to me. He's call - ing, he's call - ing, He's call - ing thee, "come un - to me." He's call - ing, he's call - ing, He's call - ing thee, "come un - to me."
2. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus? He was cru-ci-fied, sin-ners, for you. Oh, give him the life that he pur - chased, And take of his love, pure and true.
3. Say, what are you do - ing for Je - sus? One thorn from his crown to re- move? Oh, o - pen the door to your Sav - ior, And give him your ten-der - est love. He's call-ing for thee, he's call-ing for thee, He's call-ing for thee, he's call - ing for thee,

CHORUS.

No. 125. The True Easter.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. E. O. Excell.

1. Ring on, ring on, ye bells, Peal forth a glad-some sound,
Ring on, ring on, a glad-some sound,
2. Ring on, ring on, ye bells, Your sil-v'ry tones as-cend,
Ring on, ring on, your tones as-cend,
3. Ring on, ring on, ye bells, Till dawns the glo-rious day,
Ring on, ring on, the glorions day
4. Ring on, ring on, ye bells, Your tones of praise di-vine,
Ring on, ring on, of grace divine,

Je-sus, the vic-tor lives to-day, His name with hon-ors crown'd.
Mingling with strains of sweet per-fume, Where flow'rs and music blend.
Earth join with heav'n one song shall sing, And chant one com-mon lay.
Burst-ing in one tri-umph - ant song, Shall be true Eas-ter sign.

Chorus.

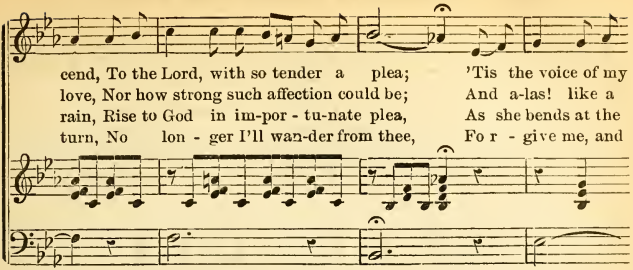
Ring, ring, ring ring on, A joy - ful an-them raise,
Ring on, ring on, ye bells, Ring, ring, ring, ring on,

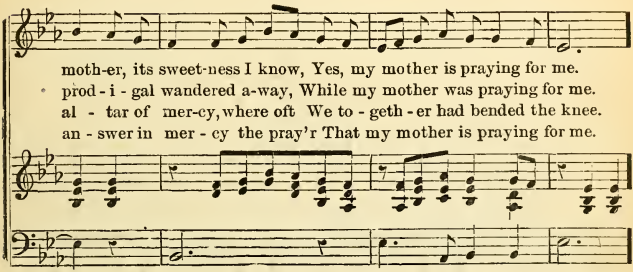
Ring on, ring on, ye bells, Till earth is full of praise.
Ring, ring, ring, ring on,

No. 126. Mother is Praying For Me.

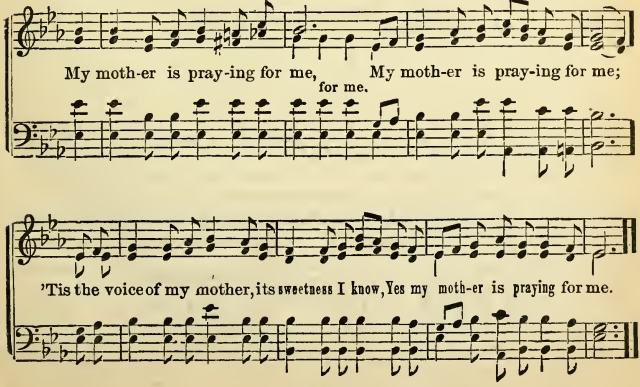
E, A, H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. As the shad-ows of eve-ning are clos-ing me round, And I'm sitting so si-lent-ly here, Sad and lone, is my heart, for I'm thinking of home, And the cherished ones who linger there. A voice I can hear from the cottage as-
2. There was once a fond place in that cir-cle for me, How the tho't brings a tear to my eye! It was next to my mother, who loved me so well, I was dearest, in those days gone by; But I knew not the worth of that kind mother's son far a-way; And she's pleading, as only a fond mother can, For the prod-i-gal now gone astray; Her tears, as they fall, like the drops of the
3. That dear mother is now at the throne humbled low, And she weeps for her of-fer-ing now, And forgive my heart-wand'rings, and pardon my sin: In con-tri-tion at thy feet I bow. No longer from love such as thine can I
4. O thou Fa-ther of mer-cies, Dispenser of grace, Hear the pray'r I am


cend, To the Lord, with so tender a plea; 'Tis the voice of my
love, Nor how strong such affection could be; And a-las! like a
rain, Rise to God in im-por - tu-nate plea, As she bends at the
turn, No lon - ger I'll wan-der from thee, Fo r - give me, and


moth-er, its sweet-ness I know, Yes, my mother is praying for me.
prod - i - gal wandered a-way, While my mother was praying for me.
al - tar of mer-cy, where oft We to - geth - er had bended the knee.
an - swer in mer - cy the pray'r That my mother is praying for me.

CHORUS.


My moth-er is pray-ing for me, My moth-er is pray-ing for me;
for me.
'Tis the voice of my mother, its sweetness I know, Yes my moth-er is praying for me.

No. 127. "Ye Must be Born Again."

W. A. O, W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, won-der-ful words by the Mas-ter spo-ken, "Ye must be born a-gain;"..... Of life ev-er-last-ing the sign and to-ken, "Ye must be born a-gain." "Ye must be born a-gain," he said, Un-to the rul-er who came for aid; Born of the Spir-it of God in-deed, Oh, "Ye must be born a-gain."

2. Those won-der-ful words on the soul are burn-ing, "Ye must be born, Oh, come like the rul-er in spir-it, yearn-ing, "Ye must be born a-gain." "Ye must be born a-gain," for lo! Je-sus the Master, hath told you so; Born of the Spir-it while here be-low, Oh, "Ye must be born a-gain."

3. Oh, come to the Sav-ior, this truth be-liev-ing, "Ye must be born, (be born a-gain:") In pen-i-tence, par-don for sin re-ceiv-ing, "Ye must be born a-gain." "Ye must be born a-gain," in love, And, like the rul-er, your faith must prove; Born of the Spir-it of God a-bove, Oh, "Ye must be born a-gain."

"Ye must be Born Again"—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

"Ye.....must be born a-gain," "Ye ..... must be born a-gain,"
"Ye must be born, be born a-gain," "Ye must be born, be born a-gain,"

Born of the Spir-it, an heir of God, Oh, "Ye must be born a-gain."

No. 128. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. HURSLEY. L. M. Arr. by HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly sleep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

No. 129. The Cry of the Lost.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN. ALFRED BEIRLY.

SOLO. *With much expression.*

1. There are homes of want and sorrow, There are haunts of sin and shame,
2. Can we not be do-ing something To re-claim the lost who stray,
3. Oh, how sad their hearts, and weary! Oh, how weak these souls, and faint,

p

Where no lov - ing voice and tender, Whispers the Re-deem-er's name;
And in blind-ness and in fol - ly, Walk in sin's de-structive way?
How they thirst for life's pure water! Hear you not their deep complaint?

Yet for all these sorrow-burdened, And for all these sin en-slaved,
Can we not, with heart like Jesus, And with love as warm as his,
For the sake of Je-sus, brother, Heed their loud, despairing cry!

Je-sus paid the price of ransom, And would have them reached and saved.
Go and find them, and entreat them To ac-cept his grace and peace?
Go and lead them to the Sav-ior! Help to save them ere they die!

The Cry of the Lost.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

For the sake of Je-sus, brother, Heed the loud, despairing cry!
For the sake of Je-sus, brother, Heed the loud despairing cry!

Go and lead them to the Savior! Help to save them ere they die!
Go and lead them

No. 130. Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY. From STEVENSON.

1. Depth of mercy can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me the chief of sin-ners spare?

2. I have long withstood His grace, Long provoked Him to his face;
Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.

3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt de - plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.

God is love! I know, I feel: Je - sus lives, and loves me still;

Je - sus lives, He lives and loves me still.

No. 131. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. (To Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Nisbett.) E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found Grace to cov - er all my

*

1. Je - - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy,
2. Oth - - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less,
3. Plen - - teous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er,

fly, While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the
thee; Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-
sin; Let the heal-ing stream a - bound; Make and

to thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the
help - less soul on thee; Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-
cov - er all my sin; Let the heal-ing stream abound; Make and

tem - pest still is high, Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide,
port and com-fort me; All my trust on thee is stayed,
keep me pure with-in, Thou of life the fount - ain art,

tem - pest, tem-pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide,
port, sup - port and comfort me; All my trust on thee is stayed,
keep me, keep me pure within; Thou of life the fount-ain art,

*Tenor use small notes in duet with Soprano.

Till the storm of life is past, ... Safe in-to the ha-ven
All my help from thee I bring, ... Cov-er my de-fense-less
Free-ly let me take of thee, ... Spring thou up within my

Till the storm of, storm of life is past; Safe in-
All my help from, help from thee I bring; Cov - - - er
Free-ly let me, let me take of thee; Spring thou

guide, ... O re-ceive my soul at last, ...
head ..... With the shad-ow of thy wing, ...
heart; ..... Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty, ...

to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul, my soul at last
my de-fense-less head, With the shad-ow, shad-ow of thy wing!
up with-in my heart, Rise to all, to all e-ter-ni-ty,

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, ... O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov-er my de-fense-less head ..... With the shad-ow of thy wing.
Spring thou up with-in my heart, ... Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh re-celve my soul at last!
Cov - - er my defenseless head With the shad-ow of thy wing!
Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 132. All May Come to Jesus.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. H. A. Lewis.

1. Are your robes all stained with sin? Bring them now to Je - sus;
2. Hear that voice so sweet and low— 'Tis the voice of Je - sus;
3. Come, my broth-er, come to - day, Bring your sins to Je - sus;

He will make them white and clean, Bless - ed, bless-ed Je - sus;
He will wash you white as snow; Oh, the love of Je - sus!
He will wash them all a - way, Oh, be clean thro' Je - sus;

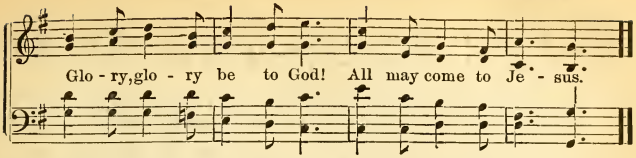
Oh, believe the prom-ise sweet, Come, and kneel at Je - sus' feet;
Oh, ac-cept the Son of God, Tram - ple not up - on the blood;
He is wait - ing to re-ceive, Do not thus his Spir - it grieve;

Sin - ners at the mer - cy-seat, Find sweet rest in Je - sus.
'Tis for you the crim-son flood, Come, oh, come to Je - sus.
He will save if you be-lieve, Bless-ed, bless - ed Je - sus.

Chorus.

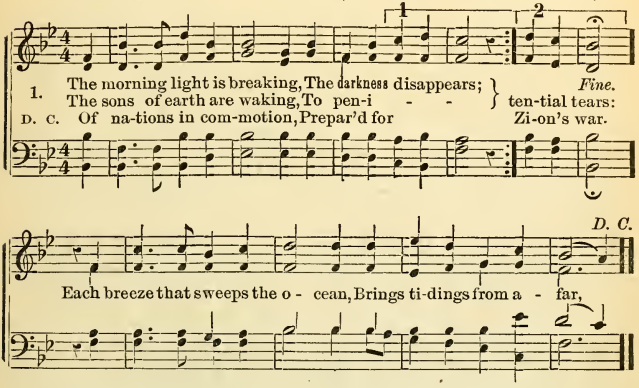
Oh, that deep and cleansing flood! Oh, the pow'r of Je - sus' blood!

All May Come to Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 133. The Morning Light is Breaking.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. WEBB, 7s, 6s. GEO. WEBB.



2 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 134. Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD. Tune.—WEBB. 7s. 6s.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high your royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory,
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day·
"Ye that are men, now serve him."
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

No. 135. Whiter than the Snow.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. J. G. Dailey.

1. Fear not, little flock, says the Savior divine, The Father has willed that the kingdom be thine, O soil not your garments with sin here below, My sheep and my
2. Far whiter than snow, and as fair as the day, For Christ is the fountain to wash guilt away, Oh, give him, poor sinner, that burden of thine. And enter the
3. Yon sheep, that was lost in the valley of sin, Was found by the Shepherd, who gathered him in; With songs of thanksgiving the hills did resound, My friends, and my
4. Look up, O my brother! And be not cast down, While heavy the cross, you are sighting the crown; Go, wash in the fountain, while waiting below, Your sins shall, tho'
5. Ride over temptation and cease your alarms, Your Shepherd is Jesus, your refuge his arms; He'll never forsake you, a Brother and Friend, But love you and

Chorus.

lambs must be whiter than snow. Whit - er than snow,
fold with the ninety-and-nine.
neighbors, the lost sheep is found.
scarlet, be whiter than snow.
save you in worlds without end. Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Savior,

Whit - - - er than snow, Whit - - - er than
Whiter than the snow, I long to be Whiter than snow,

Whiter than the Snow—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus pp

snow, Whit - - - er than snow.
I long to be, dear Savior, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.

No. 136. Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low thee;

Fine.

Nak - ed, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D. S. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.

D. S.

Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought and hop'd and known;

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain;
I have called thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

No. 137. Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILMORE. By per.

1. Oh scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field, For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will sure-ly live; Tho'
3. The harv-est-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care; With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield. Then day by
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
joy un - told your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day..... along your way,.....The seeds of prom - ise
Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise cast, the

cast,..... That ri-pened grain..... from hill and
seeds of prom-ise cast, That ripened grain

plain,..... Be gathered home..... at last.....
From hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.....

No. 138. Holy, Holy!

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a-dore thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All thy work shall

morn - ing our songs shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher-u - bim and Sera-phim
praise thy name in earth and sky and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert and art and ev - er-more shalt be.
Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

No. 139. Responsive Service.

Note.—Organist will play the first chord of the music above while the congregation rise.

(*Congregation Standing.*)

Leader.—Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.

Sing 1st verse No. 138, "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!"

Leader.—For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

Cong.— But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Sing 2d verse No. 138, "Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore thee!"

Leader.—Exalt ye the Lord our God and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Cong.— And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy,! Lord Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

Sing 3d verse No. 138, "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!"

No. 140. Make Me White as Snow.

Elisha Albright Hoffman. Alfred Beirly.

1. I come, O Lord, in pen-i-tence, With trembling and with tears; My
2. I come, in joy and hopefulness, With con-fi-dence of soul, That
3. I come and plead compassion, Lord, Oh, hear me while I pray; And

break-ing heart a shel-ter seeks From all its doubts and fears; An
thou wilt kind-ly wel-come me, And save and make me whole; For
seal my par-don in the blood That wash-es guilt a-way! Is

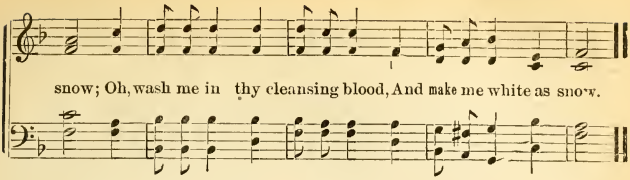
err-ing one, I bring to thee My sin, and guilt, and woe; Oh,
mul-ti-tudes have found thy heart A fount of love and grace; And
not thy mer-cy rich and free? And wilt thou not for-give? May

wash me in thy cleans-ing blood, And make me white as snow.
so in lov-ing trust and faith I come to seek thy face.
not a sin-ner trust in thee, And then for-ev-er live?

Chorus.

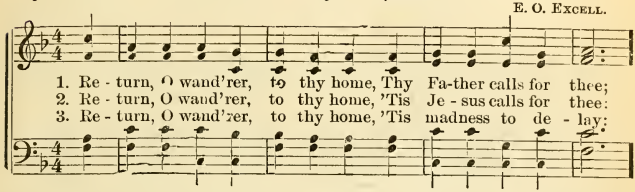
Oh, wash me in thy cleansing blood, And make me white as

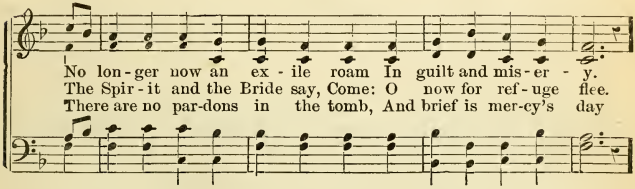
Make Me White as Snow—Concluded.

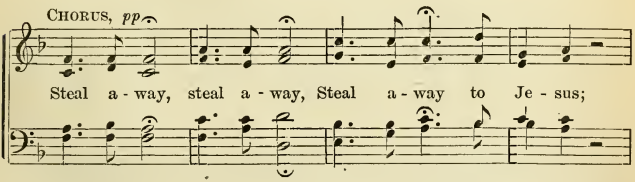


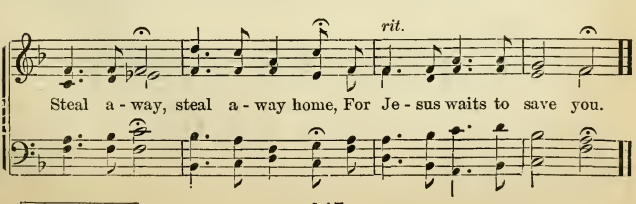
No. 141. Steal Away to Jesus.

E. O. Excell.









By permission.

No. 142. The New Song.

Miss. L. P. Higgins. Geo. H. Ryder.

1. Hear the new song, ring - ing, O - ver land and sea;
2. Temp'rance ban-ners wav - ing, See her ar - mies fair;
3. See the tempt - er dy - ing, Naught can save him now;
4. On the breez - es swell - ing, Come the strains a - far;
5. Ev - er draw - ing near - er, Hear the glad new song;

To the wretch-ed bring - ing Hope and vic - to - ry.
Un - told mill - ions sav - ing From the tempt-er's snare.
In the dust low ly - ing, Who to him will bow?
To the glad earth tell - ing His long reign is o'er.
Ev - er sweet - er, clear - er, Hills and vales a - mong;

Ring-ing, sing-ing, bring-ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea;
Wav-ing, sav - ing, crav - ing vic - t'ry, See her ar - mies fair;
Ly - ing, dy - ing, sigh - ing vic - t'ry, Naught can save him now;
Swelling, dwell-ing, tell - ing vic - t'ry, Come the strains a - far;
Near - er, clear - er, dear - er, vic - t'ry, Hear the glad new song;

Ring-ing, sing-ing, bring-ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.
Wav-ing, sav - ing, crav - ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.
Ly-ing, dy-ing, sigh - ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.
Swell-ing, dwell-ing, tell-ing vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.
Near - er, Clear-er, dear - er vic - t'ry O - ver land and sea.

No. 143. We Shall Meet Again.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. O is it true, and shall we meet a - gain, Life's toil - some jour - ney done, When earth's brief day is closed for aye, and when The new day is be - gun? Say, shall we, in that high-er, ho-lier sphere, Know our dear lov'd ones, as we knew them here?

2. O God a - bove! shall we not meet a - gain? Is this sad world our all? May no sweet prom-ise still to us re-main, When thine own voice shall call? Shall we not know our own, and with them be To bide for - ev - er-more, with them and thee?

3. O whis - per to me, we shall meet a - gain; Be still, my wist - ful heart! Why should I rath - er in this vale re - main, If when I shall de - part, And pass from earth - ly scenes and mor-tal ken, I know, by faith, that we shall meet a - gain?

4. O praise his name! yes, we shall meet a - gain, Meet on the oth - er shore, Where heavn'n-ly hosts shall sing the glad re - frain Of joy, for ev - er - more; "He yet shall reign the Lamb that once was slain!" The day draws nigh, when we shall meet a - gain.

No. 144. At the Beautiful Gate.

Rev. J. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row-ful fate, If sor - row in
If no one should be at the beau-ti - ful gate, There wait-ing and

2. How sad - ly I'd feel in the heav-en - ly state, If sad - ness in
If no one should be at the beau-ti - ful gate, Con-duct - ed to

3. O Lord, I be - seech thee for wis-dom and grace, In win - ning lost
That ma - ny may be in that beau-ti - ful place, A crown of re-

Chorus.

heav - en can be, } Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for
watch-ing for me. }
heav - en can be, }
glo - ry by me. }
souls un - to thee; }
joic - ing to me. } Yes, wait - ing and watching for me, for

me, Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for me; May ma-ny of
me, Yes, wait-ing and watch-ing for me, for me;

those at the beau-ti - ful gate Be wait-ing and watching for me.

No. 145. Send the Power.

L. A. Morrison. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er,
2. He gave his life to save me, He gave his life to save me, He gave his life to save me,
3. And by his grace I tri - umph, And by his grace I tri - umph, And by his grace I tri - umph,
4. I glo - ry in his fa - vor, I glo - ry in his fa - vor, I glo - ry in his fa - vor,
5. I shall live with him for - ev - er, I shall live with him for - ev - er, I shall live with him for - ev - er,

Chorus.

His dy - ing brought the pow'r. { Send the pow'r, pre - cious pow'r, Send the pow'r Je - sus prom - ised should come down; }
{ Send it now, send it now, Send the pow'r Je - sus prom - ised should come down. }

By permission.

No. 146. Rock of Ages.

(Dedicated to Trinity Choir, Oil City, Pa.)

Soprano prominent.

E. O. Excell.

1. Rock of A - - - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft, for me,
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, Yes, While I draw this fleeting breath,

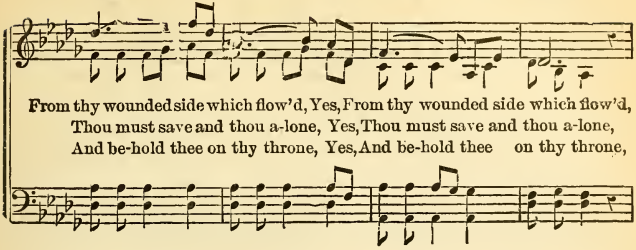
Let me hide my - self in thee;
Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in thee!
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh! Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
When my eyes shall close in death, Yes, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone;
When I rise to worlds un - known,

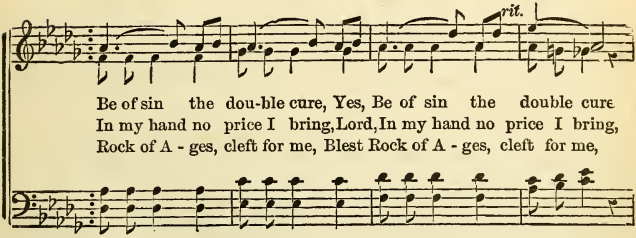
Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood
These for sin could not a- tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to worlds unknown, Yes, When I rise to worlds unknown,

From thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and thou a - lone;
And be - hold thee on thy throne;



From thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Thou must save and thou a-lone, Yes, Thou must save and thou a-lone,
And be-hold thee on thy throne, Yes, And be-hold thee on thy throne,

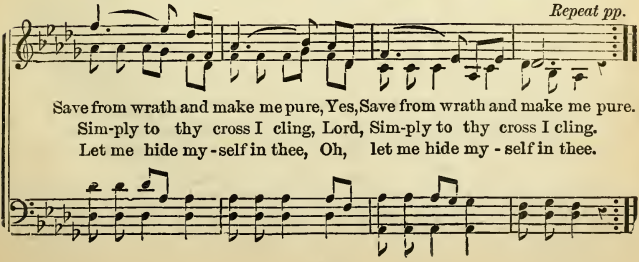
Be of sin the dou - ble cure,
In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - ges cleft for me,



Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Yes, Be of sin the double cure
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in thee.

Repeat pp.



Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim-ply to thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in thee.

No. 147. God is Coming!

Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman.

1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout aloud the glad refrain,
2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high;
3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;
4. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray,

Send the cry from town and cit - y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;
Ev - 'ry blood-bought son of Je - sus, ral - ly to your lead-er's cry!
We will meet them bravely, boldly, and the fight will not be long.
In the fight 'twixt light and darkness, he will need strong arms to-day.

p *f*

God is com-ing! hear the an - gel shout the ti-dings from a - bove!
God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rusty ar-mor bright;
God is com-ing! and be - fore him, pow'rs of darkness must give way;
God is com-ing! fal - ter nev - er! when the jour-ney here is done,

p *f*

He will del - uge our whole country, with his ti - dal wave of love.
Gird your sword and shield about you, and be read-y for the fight.
God is com - ing! by his strong arm we shall gain the vic-to - ry.
You shall wear a crown of glo - ry in the kingdom of his Son.

God is Coming Concluded.

CHORUS.

God is com - ing! pass the watch-word all a-long the line to-day!

Ev - 'ry man be up - on du - ty, for Je - ho-vah comes this way.

No. 148. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s. 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be;

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-
In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now ruie in
Hence, ev - er - more; Thy sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 149. The Hope of the Soul.

W. P. Rivers. R. M. McIntosh.

Semi-Chorus.

1. The soul hath a hope ev - er dear, Of life in a clime of
2. Sweet hope of the life ev - er blest With God in his home, with
3. Dear hope of the soul's better life— An o - cean of Peace—sweet
4. Oh, soul, keep thy hope ev-er pure, Of life in the clime of

beau - ti - ful sheen; Where ne'er come the storm-clouds of
Je - sus a - bove; Where an - gels and saints are at
Pu - ri - ty's sea! Where nev - er is tem - pest or
vir - tue and truth; Where vis - ions of glo - ry en-

fear, Where shad - ows of gloom shall nev - er be seen;
rest, Where heav - en - ly joys are rapt - ures of love;
strife, Where pleas-ures are ho - ly, bound-less, and free;
dure, Wher - ev - er a - bides the beau - ty of youth;

Chorus.

Where shad-ows of gloom shall nev-er be seen, (nev-er be seen,)
Where heav-en-ly joys are rapt-ures of love, (raptures of love,)
Where pleasures are ho - ly, boundless, and free, (boundless, and free,)
Wher - ev - er a-bides the beau - ty of youth, (beau-ty of youth.)

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

The Hope of the Soul—Concluded.

Where shad-ows of gloom shall nev-er be seen; (nev-er be seen;)
Where heav-en-ly joys are rapt-ures of love; (rapt-ures of love;)
Where pleasures are ho-ly, bound-less, and free; (boundless and free;)
Wher-ev-er a-bides the beau-ty of youth; (beau-ty of youth;)

Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a clime where flow no tears—
Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a clime where flow no tears—
Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a clime where flow no tears—
Oh, life's im-mor-tal years! In a clime where flow no tears—

Where shad-ows of gloom shall nev-er be seen.
Where heav-en-ly joys are rapt-ures of love.
Where pleas-ures are ho-ly, bound-less, and free.
Wher-ev-er a-bides the beau-ty of youth.

No. 150. God so Loved the World.

CHORUS.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only be- } got-ten Son, That whosoever believeth in him,

should not per-ish, but have ev-er-last-ing life. A-men.

No. 151. O When Shall I See Jesus?

Arr. by W. M. Leftwich. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove;
2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
3. But now I am a sol-dier; My cap-tain's gone be - fore;
4. And if I hold out faith-ful, A crown of life he'll give;

And drink the flow - ing fount-ain, Of ev - er - last-ing love?
And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas-ures in?
He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bid me not give o'er.
And all his val - iant sol-diers Shall ev - er with him live.

Refrain.

Christ is all this world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see;

And be-fore I'd leave my Sav - ior, I'd lay me down and die.

5 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Oh, cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

6 Gird on the heavenly armor
On faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

By permission.

No. 152. Take Me to the Precious Fountain.

Mrs. F. W. Chapman. Alfred Beirly,

1. Take me to the pre-cious fountain, Where the crystal wa-ters flow;
2. Take me to the pre-cious fountain, Stain of sin shall dis-ap-pear,
3. Take me to the pre-cious fountain, Pure and ho-ly I would be;

There, on Cal-vary's ho-ly mountain, Make me whit-er than the snow.
And on Zi-on's bless-ed mountain With the ransomed I'll ap-pear.
Seal my heart by thine own Spir-it, Make me more and more like thee.

Chorus.

Take..... me to the fount - - ain,
Take me to the fount - ain, Take me to the fount - ain,

Pre - cious is its o - ver-flow! In..... its
Pre - cious is its o - ver-flow! In its crys - tal wa-

crys - tal wa - - ters, Make me whit - er than the snow
ters, In its crys - tal wa-ters,

No. 153. Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGGS. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let even - ing
3. A- shamed of Je - sus! Just as soon Let mid - night
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my
5. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no

man a - shamed of thee? A - shamed of thee, whom
blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of
be a - shamed of noon; 'Tis mid - night with my
hopes of heav'n de-pend; No! when I blush be
guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no

an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
soul till he, Bright Morn - ing Star, bid dark-ness flee.
this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.
good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A - shamed..... of Je - sus, I nev - er
A - shamed of Je - sus, a - shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er,

* Tenor and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

I nev-er will be;..... For Je - - sus, my
I nev-er, I nev-er will be; For Je - sus, my Sav - ior, for

f

Sav - - ior, is not a-shamed of me.
Je - sus, my Sav - ior,

No. 154. Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. ARRANGED.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God,
3. There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Cho. D. C. *I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;*

D. C.

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne.
But ser-vants of the heav'n-ly King May speak his praise a-broad.
There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink end-less pleasures in.
We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal-va - tion's free.

No. 155. Jesus is Waiting.

J. M. Dungan.

1. Je - sus is wait-ing to welcome the wea - ry, Worn with the
2. Long have you striven to find it with-out me, Sought it in
3. Will you not come? you need no prep-a -ra - tion, Stay not to
4. Doubt-ing and troubled one, can you not trust me? A - ble to
5. Oh, I am yearning to see you un-bur-dened, Death did I

world's fruitless striv-ing for peace, Tired with a night-watch that
feel - ings e - mo-tion-al, vain; These have all failed you, and
think, but come just as you are, Bring noth - ing with you, for
save you from ev - er - y ill, A - ble to lead you thro'
suf - fer that you might be free, Will you not come? and by

know-eth no morning, Sick with a heart-ache that earth cannot ease.
still you are rest-less, Seek - ing to purchase what naught can obtain.
love giv - eth free - ly, Peace, perfect peace that no sorrow can mar.
con - flict to glo - ry, A-ble to say to life's storm, "Peace be still."
life con - se - cra-tion, Try to win oth - ers and bring them to me.

Chorus.

Je - sus is waiting, He stand - eth and knocketh, Call - ing in

rit.

love up - on each one op-pressed, Come un-to me, sin-ner,

wea - ry and la-den, I will refresh you and give you my rest.

No. 156. Enough for Me.

Words and Music by Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. O love sur-passing know-ledge! O grace so full and free!
2. O won-der-ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ, so pre - cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry!

f. *Fine.*

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!
I feel the sweet as-sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me!
I feel its cleansing pow - er, And that's e-nough for me!

D. S. *I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's enough for me!*

Refrain. *D. S.*

And that's enough for me! and that's enough for me!

No. 157. So Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.
And E. O. EXCELL.

1. The joy I feel to - day No mor - tal could have dreamed;
2. No more I serve the world; How sweet its pleas-ures seemed!
3. With-in my hap - py heart The heav'n-ly light has beamed,

My heart is full of song (and praise,) My heart is full of
I fol - low now my Lord (and Christ,) I fol - low now my
And I have won-drous love (and peace,) And I have won-drous

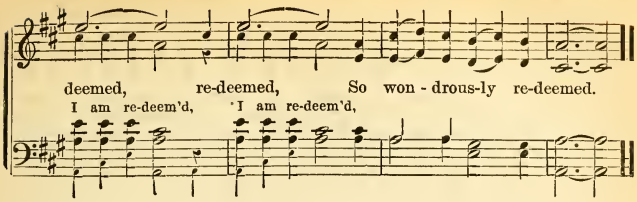
song (and praise,) For I have been re - deemed, So
Lord (and Christ,) By whom I am re - deemed, So
love (and peace,) For I have been re - deemed, So

CHORUS.

won - drous-ly re - deemed. Re-deemed, re-
I am re - deemed,

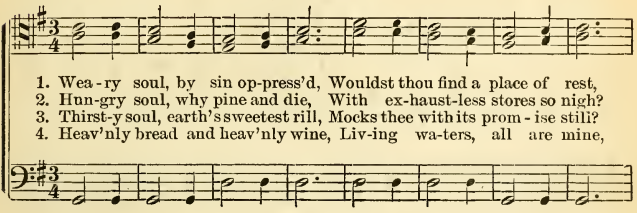
deemed, ... So won-drous-ly re - deemed, ... Re-
I am re-deemed, re-deemed,

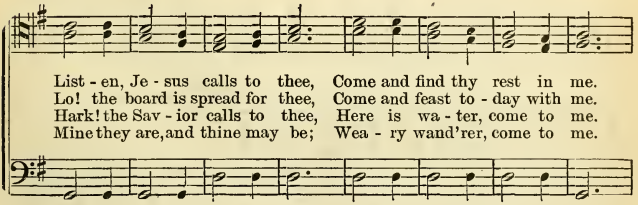
So Wondrously Redeemed—Concluded.

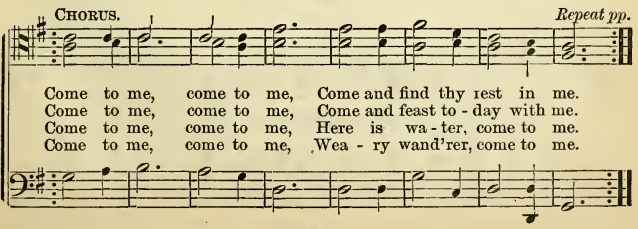


No. 158. Come to Me.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. TRIO, for Male Voices. E. O. Excell.







No. 159. Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed.

E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.

1. There's re - joic-ing in the pres-ence of the an - gels O - ver
2. Oh, how hap - py is the sin-ner who has tast - ed Of the
3. In the home where once was strife, and pain, and sor - row, There'll be
4. We will ral-ly round the stand-ard of our Sav - ior; And to

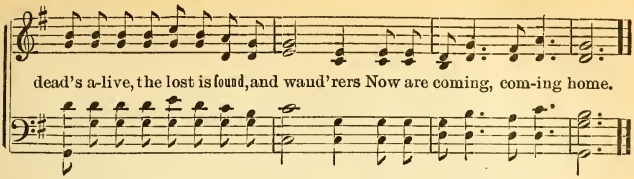
sin-ners com-ing home, All the heav'nly harp-ers with a might-y
Sav-ior's wondrous love, Love, that bringeth peace and joy, which pass-eth
bless-ed peace and joy, Pray'r and praise to God a-round the fam-ily
oth-ers loud-ly call, Come, ye sin - ners, and re-pent, be-lieve in
coming home,

CHORUS.

cho - rus, Now are praising round the throne. Then re-joice, all ye
knowl-edge, Ev-er giv - en from a - bove.
al - tar Will the pow'r of sin de - stroy.
Je - sus, He will free-ly par - don all.
Then rejoice,

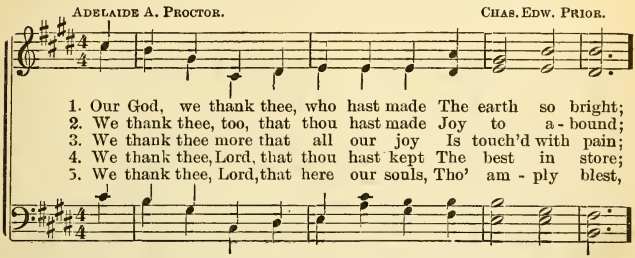
ran - somed, Let your praises reach to heaven's highest dome, For the
All ye ransomed, highest dome,

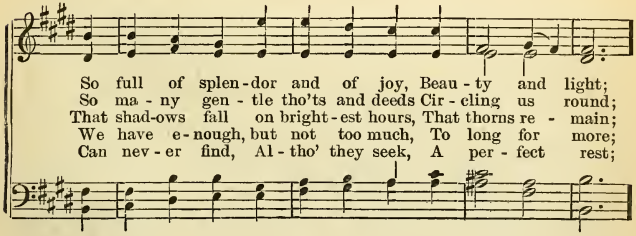
By permission of E. F. MILLER.

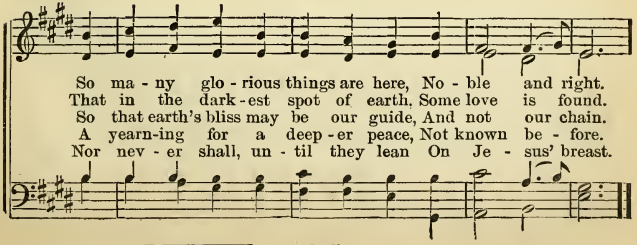


No. 160. Our God, We Thank Thee.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.







No. 161. As We've Sown so shall We Reap.

F. M. D. F. M. Davis.

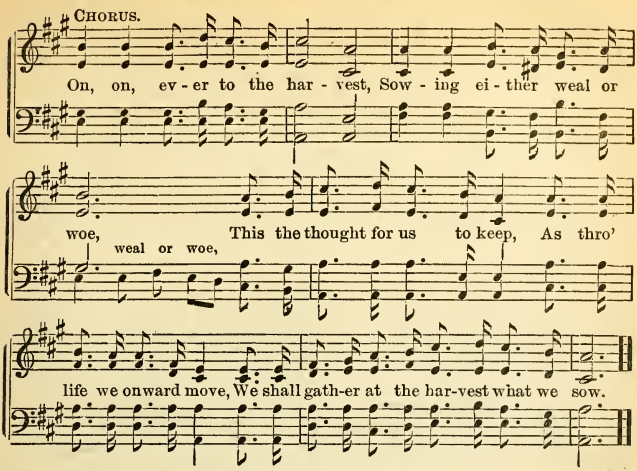
1. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the har-vest time appears,
2. As we've sown so shall we reap, In the tide of com - ing years,
3. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the fields are read - y, white,

Wheth - er it be joy or glad-ness, weal or woe, This the
Reap - ing fruits of sin - ful life, or time well spent, Then this
And the Mas - ter calls for reap - ers here be - low, Let us

thought for us to keep, As through life we on - ward move,
thought in view still keep, While the hours are go - ing by,
then this thought still keep, While the trum - pet call is heard,

We shall gath - er at the har - vest what we sow.
Shall we sow un - ho - ly strife or sweet con - tent?
Shall we la - dened well, or emp - ty hand - ed go?

As We've Sown so shall We Reap—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"As we've Sown so shall we Reap."

No. 162.

LEADER.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

SCHOOL.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

LEADER.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 161 "As we've Sown," etc.

LEADER.

For when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness.

SCHOOL.

What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death.

LEADER.

As righteousness tendeth to life; so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses, "As we've Sown," etc.

No. 163.

LEADER.

The wicked work a deceitful work: but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.

SCHOOL.

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

LEADER.

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Sing 1st verse, No. 161, "As we've Sown," etc.

LEADER.

But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life

SCHOOL.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

LEADER.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

*Sing 3d verse, "As we've Sown," etc.

* The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 164. The Bible.

BARTON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed; True man-na from on high;
3. Word of the Ev - er-last-ing God, Will of his glor-ious Son;
4. Lord, grant us all a-right to learn The wis-dom it im-parts,

Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace; Brook, by the trav - 'ler's way.
Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky.
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it-self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach-ing turn With sim-ple child-like hearts.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti-ful Lamp, brightly shine on the way,
Beau-ti-ful Lamp, Beau-ti-ful Lamp, Shine on the way, Shine on the way,

rit.

Guid - - ing the soul..... to the man - sions of day.
Guid-ing the soul, guiding the soul to the mansions of day, to the mansions of day.

No. 165. What Hast Thou Done.

E. O. E. Arr. E. O. Excell.

1. What hast thou done to show thy love For him who left his throne a - bove, His glo - rious throne in yon - der sky, And came to earth for thee, to die? Tell me, my soul! Oh, tell me, my soul!

2. Hast thou the world re - nounced en - tire, And for its praise felt no de - sire? From ev - 'ry fol - ly turned a - way; To seek for joys that last al - way?

3. Hast thou e'er dried the wid - ow's tear? Or sought the or - phan's path to cheer? Hast thou e'er raised the fall - en up, And bid - den him once more to hope?

4. Or hast thou lived in self - ish ease, Seek- ing a - lone thy self to please, For - get - ful that thy God would claim Thy life, if thou wouldst fear his name?

5. For - get not, soul, that by and by, A reck'ning comes in yon - der sky, When Christ, as judge, will ask of thee, "O soul! what hast thou done for me?"

No. 166. "These Sayings of Mine."

A. P. Cobb, Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Who-so hear-eth and do-eth "these say-ings of mine,"
2. Who-so hear-eth and scorneth "these say-ings of mine,"
3. Art thou fool-ish or wise,..... O broth-er of mine?

I will lik-en to one who thro' storm and thro' shine,
Is fool-ish-ly build-ing thro' storm and thro' shine,
Art thou heed-ing thy Sav-ior, thro' storm and thro' shine?

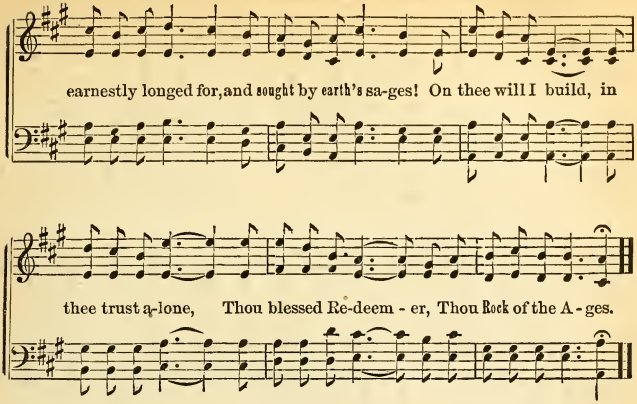
His house wise-ly builds on the firm rock be-low,
His house on the sand, and 'twill speed-i-ly fall,
On the rock or the sand, oh, tell me I pray,

And safe there a-bide, when the fierce tempests blow.
When the rain shall de-scend, and the tem-pest shall fall.
On which art thou build-ing thy dwell-ing each day?

Chorus.

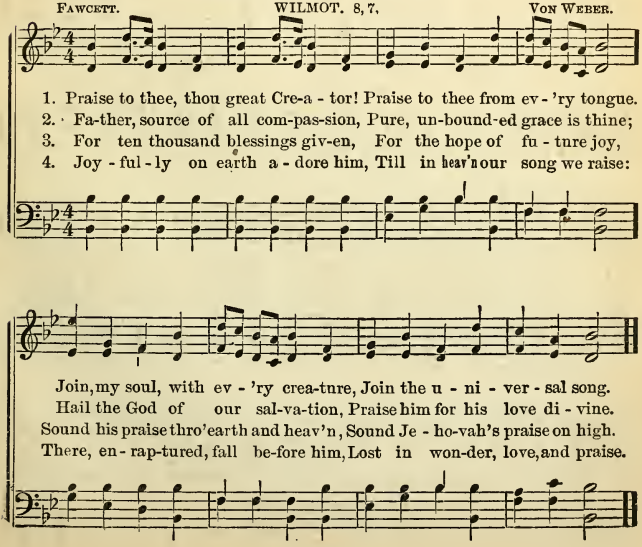
O bless-ed Foun-da-tion! O tried Cor-ner-stone! So

"These Sayings of Mine"—Concluded.



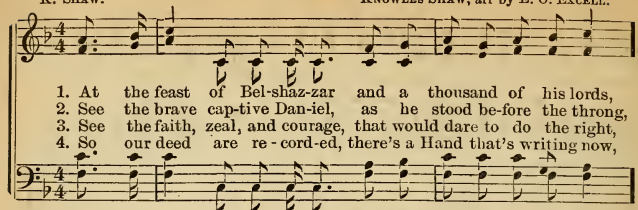
No. 167. Praise to Thee.

FAWCETT. WILMOT. 8, 7. VON WEBER.

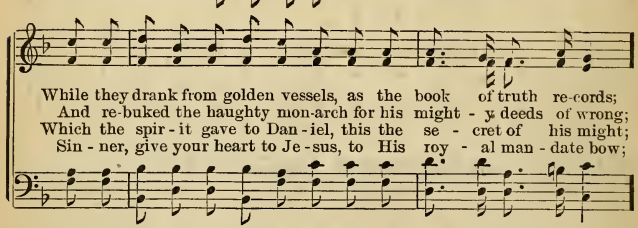


No. 168. The Handwriting on the Wall.

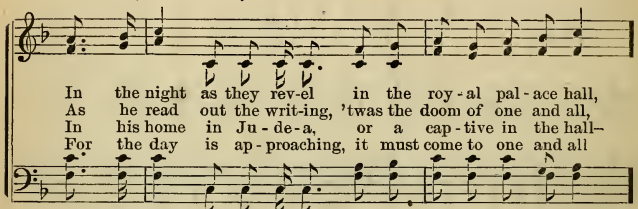
K. Shaw. Knowles Shaw, arr by E. O. Excell.



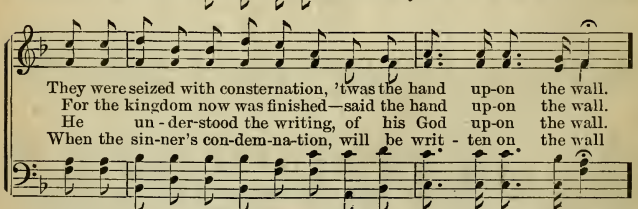
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal, and courage, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deed are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writing now,



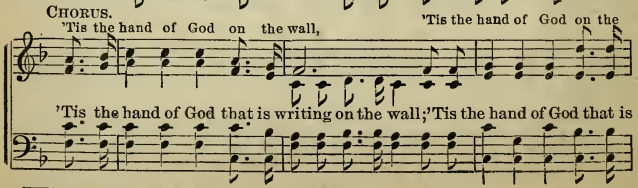
While they drank from golden vessels, as the book of truth re-cords;
And re-buked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the spir-it gave to Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might;
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow;



In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall—
For the day is ap-proaching, it must come to one and all



They were seized with consternation, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
For the kingdom now was finished—said the hand up-on the wall.
He un-der-stood the writing, of his God up-on the wall.
When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion, will be writ-ten on the wall



Chorus.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the

'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall;'Tis the hand of God that is

By permission, Mrs. K. Shaw.

The Handwriting on the Wall—Concluded.

wall.

writing on the wall, Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or shall it be "Found

on the wall.

trusting?" While that hand is writ-ing, writ-ing on the wall.

No. 169. Glorying in the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. EUCHARIST. L. M. ISAAC WOODBURY.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 170. Saved Forever.

Unknown. H. A. Lewis.

1. Sing, my soul, oh, sing with rap - ture Of God's won - drous love to
2. Oh, the bliss of this sal - va - tion, Full sal - va - tion from all
3. I am saved, I have the wit - ness Of the Spir - it, full and
4. We are one, oh, bless-ed un - ion, Heav'nly fel - low-ship di-
5. Soon with-in the gold - en cit - y, Where my loved ones wait for

thee, How he broke the chains of dark - ness, And from
sin, Par-don'd, cleansed, and saved for - ev - er, Je - sus
free; All is peace, and joy, and glad - ness, Je - sus
vine; Day by day we walk to - geth - er, I am
me, There the King in his own beau - ty, Face to

Chorus.

death hath set thee free. Oh, the glo - - ry, radiant glo-
Christ enthroned with-in.
Christ a - bides with me.
his, and he is mine.
face I soon shall see. Oh, the glo - ry, ra-diant,

ry, shin-ing in ..... my soul to - day; .....
glo-ry, shin-ing in my soul to-day, yes, shin - ing in my soul to - day;

Saved Forever—Concluded.

All of dark - ness, doubts and sad - ness, Are for-
All of dark - ness, doubts and sad - ness, Are for-

ev - - - - - er passed a - way, ...
ev - er passed a - way, are passed a - way, a - way.

No. 171. There is a Happy Land.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;

Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Savior King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why, still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

No. 172. Tell it Again.

(A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me.")

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

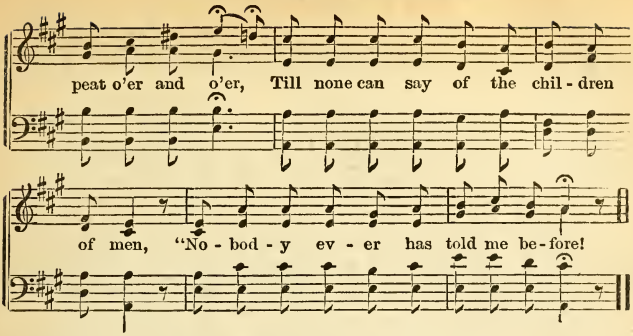
1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a-
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he
4. Smil-ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so

lone, at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
me the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my
en-tered the val - ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who-so-
glad that for me he was sent!" Whis-pered, while low sank the

car-ried, said he: "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
hand will he hold? "No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
sun in the west: "Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

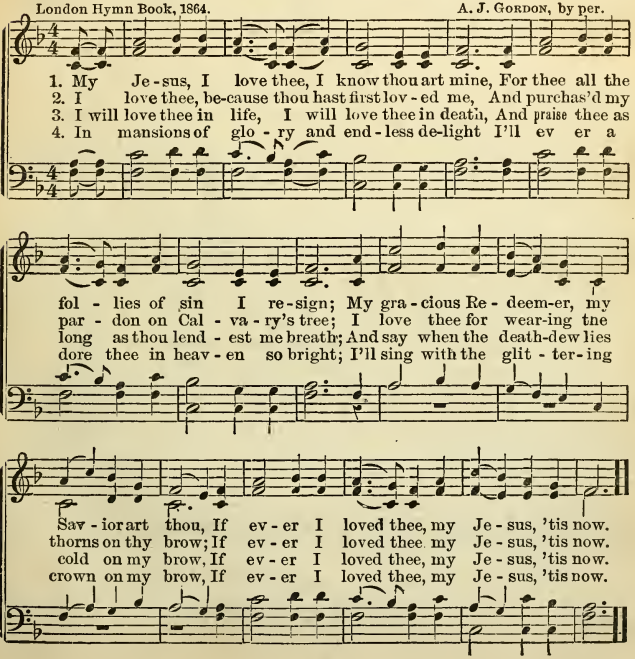
Chorus.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va-tion's sto-ry re-



No. 173. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. Gordon, by per.



No. 174. Come Unto Me.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a voice that speaks to-day, To the child in er - ror's way;
2. You who've wandered long in sin, And a new life would begin,
3. Hear him call-ing, you who roam, Still en - treat-ing you to come:

And in pit - y hear it say, Come un - to me, (Come unto me.)
Hear that voice that speaks within, Come un - to me, (Come unto me.)
If you'd find sweet rest at home, Come un - to me, (Come unto me.)

I will give you peace and rest, All ye wea - ry and oppressed,
Shin - ing ones in heav - en wait, Close be - side the pearl-y gate,
Will you world - ly things resign, Say - ing Je - sus shall be mine?

If you'll on - ly be my guest, Come un - to me.
Now to see you heed, tho' late, Come un - to me.
Will you heed his call di - vine, Come un - to me?

CHORUS.

Come un - to me, Come un - to me,
Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

Come Unto Me—Concluded.

Hear the Savior sweetly say, Come unto me, Come un-to me,
Come unto me, Come unto me,

Come unto me, Hear the Savior sweetly say, Come unto me.
Come unto me, Come unto me.

No. 175. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

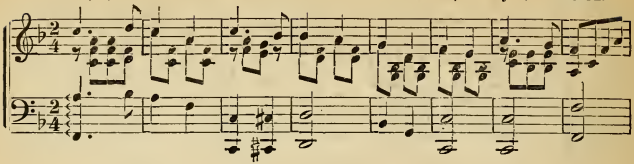
1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing, Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Comforter,
throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love;

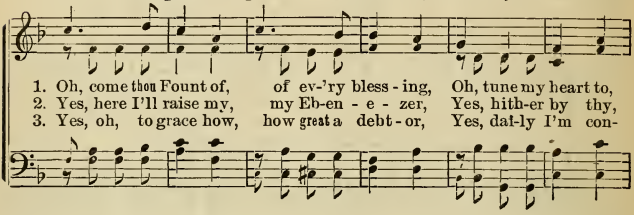
Here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
Ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heaven cannot cure.
Come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

No. 176. Come, Thou Fount.

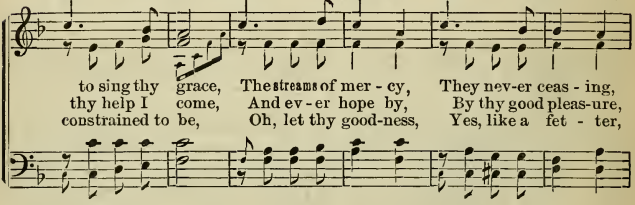
Rev. R. Robinson. Annie Harrison, Arr. by E. O. Excell.



1. Come thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by thy
3. Oh to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con-

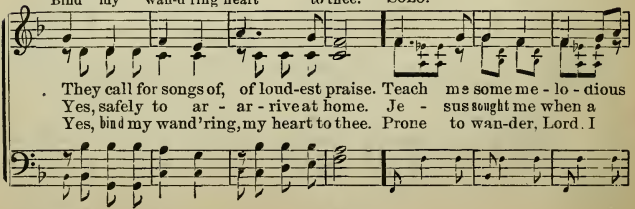


1. Oh, come thou Fount of, of ev-'ry bless - ing, Oh, tune my heart to,
2. Yes, here I'll raise my, my Eb-en - e - zer, Yes, hith-er by thy,
3. Yes, oh, to grace how, how great a debt - or, Yes, dai-ly I'm con-



sing thy grace. Streams of mer - cy nev - - - er ceas - ing,
help I come, And I hope by thy good pleas - ure,
strained to be, Let thy good - ness like a fet - ter,

to sing thy grace, The streams of mer - cy, They nev-er ceas - ing,
thy help I come, And ev - er hope by, By thy good pleas-ure,
constrained to be, Oh, let thy good-ness, Yes, like a fet - ter,



Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Bind my wan-d'ring heart to thee.

Solo.

They call for songs of, of loud-est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious
Yes, safely to ar - ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a
Yes, bind my wand'ring, my heart to thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I

Come, Thou Fount—Concluded.

Praise the
He, to
Here's my
TUTTI.

son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove, Oh, praise the
stran-ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God, Yes, he to
feel it, Prone to leave the God I love, Yes, here's my

mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
heart, oh, take and seal it. Seal it for thy courts a-bove.

mount, I'm, I'm fixed up-on it, The mount of thy re - re-deeming love.
res - cue My soul from dan-ger, He in-ter-posed his, his precious blood.
heart, oh, Oh, take and seal it, Yes, seal it for thy, thy courts a-bove.

No. 177. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

CHARLES WESLEY. BRADFORD. C. M. HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near:
3. Je - sus, I hang up - on thy word; I stead-fast - ly be - lieve

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon ap-pear.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to thy - self re - ceive.

No. 178. Papa, Come This Way.

(A fisherman got lost in the fog; his little child called from the shore, "Come this way," unguided by the voice, he reached home in safety. So, unsaved and lost fathers, listen to little voices from the heavenly shore, calling, "Papa, come this way.")

M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. Wilson.
Arr. by Alfred Beirly.

Duet.

1. A lit - tle childish voice is still'd, Two little lily-white hands are crossed;
2. I'm sure my darl - ing is at rest, Within the tender Shepherd's fold;
3. Wher-e'er I go, that voice I hear, As tho' my dar-ling could not rest.

Organ.

Two lit - tle eyes for - ev-er closed, The sound of pat-t'ring feet is lost,
He took her from this sinful world, He shields her from its blast and cold·
Un - til I give my heart to him, Who died to save and make me blest.

rit.

A lit - tle form from out our home, Was borne by lov-ing hands a-way;
But how I miss the loving kiss, And oh! my longing heart is sore;
And so it ech - oes in my heart, And thro' the chambers of my soul,

But still I seem to hear a voice Within my heart, it says each day,
Then comes that little pleading voice, It gently whispers o'er and o'er,
I'll not re-sist that pleading voice, *I'll go to Je - sus and be whole.*

Papa, Come This Way—Concluded.

"Pa-pa, come this way, Pa-pa, come this way;" A

rall.

lit-tle voice calls from that shore, "Pa-pa, come this way.

No. 179. Guide Me.

W. Williams. ZION. 8, 7, 4. Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me oh thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand; } Bread of

heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Bread of heav'n, Feed me till I want no more

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
||: Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield. :||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
||: Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. :||

No. 180. The Lily of the Valley.

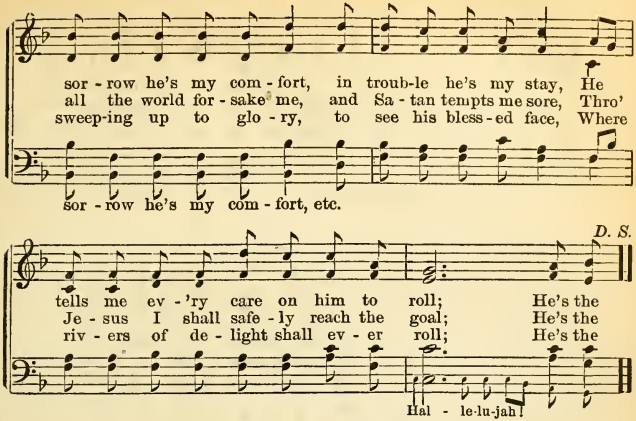
Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley, In him a - lone I see, All I
2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sor-rows borne, In temp- ta - tion he's my strong and might - y tower; I have all for him for - sak-en, and all my i - dols torn From my
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I live by faith and do his bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've noth - ing now to fear; With his

D. S. Lil - y of the Val - ley, the bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole. In heart, and now he keeps me in his power; Tho' man - na he my hun - gry soul shall fill; Then fair - est of ten thous - and to my soul. *Cho.* In

Fine.

The Lily of the Valley—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

No. 181.

PSALM LXVII.

LEADER.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

SCHOOL.

Preserve my soul; for I am holy O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

LEADER.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

SCHOOL.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

LEADER.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

SCHOOL.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

(See music, No. 464.)

ALL SING.

Hear our prayer,
O, Father, hear us,
Accept us, Lord,
For Jesus' sake.

No. 182.

(PSALM LXXXVI.)

LEADER.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

SCHOOL.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

LEADER.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

SCHOOL.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

LEADER.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

SCHOOL.

Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

LEADER.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 472.)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

Amen!

No. 183 Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je-sus, Souls that are weak, and
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from

mountain a-stray;" "Come un-to me," His message re-peat-ing,
hearts that are sore; Leading them forth in ways of sal-va-tion,
day un-to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall-en;

CHORUS.

Words of the Mas-ter speaking to-day. Going a-far
Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
Pointing the lost to Je-sus the way.

Go-ing a-far ..... up-on the

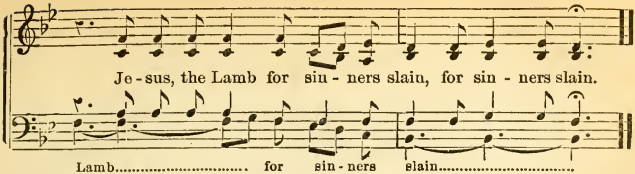
upon the mountain, Bringing the wand'rer back again, back again,

mount-ain,..... Bringing the wan - - d'rer back a-gain.....

In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,

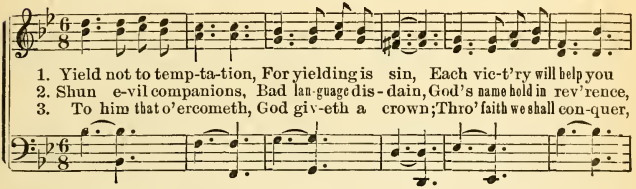
In-to the fold..... .... of my Re-deem-er,..... Je-sus the

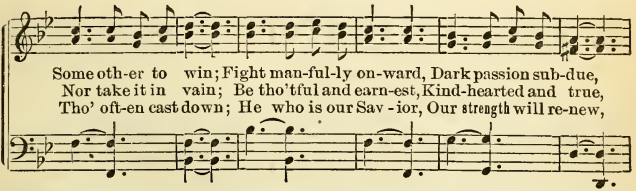
By permission.



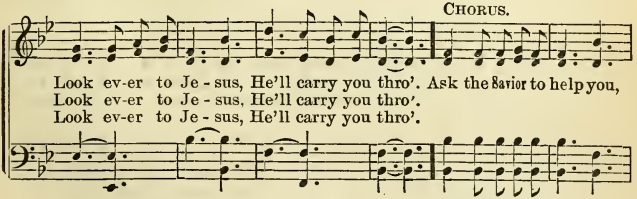
No. 184. Yield Not to Temptation.

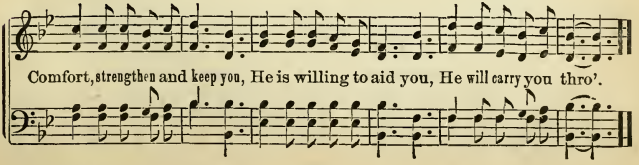
H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.





CHORUS.





No. 185. "Look and Live."

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
2. I've a mes - sage full of Love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
4. I will tell you how I came; Hal - le - lu - jah! To

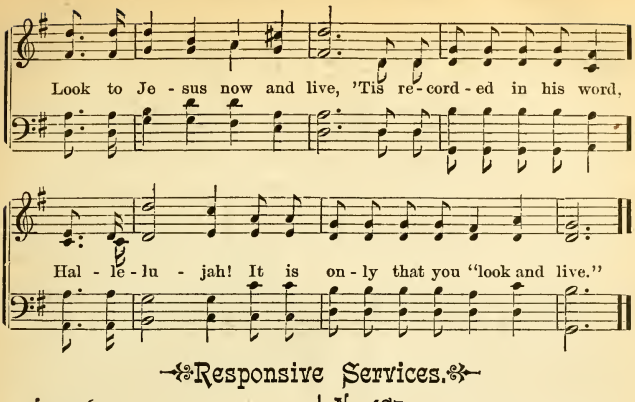
mes-sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord-ed in his word,
mes-sage, oh! my friend for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove,
ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him,
Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev-ing on his name,

Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live,"
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it; and I know 'tis true.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.

Chorus.

"Look and live," ..... my broth - er, live,
"Look and live," my broth - er, live, "Look and live."

"Look and Live"—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

No. 186.

PSALM LIV.

LEADER.

Save me, O God, by thy name, and judge me by thy strength.

SCHOOL.

Hear my prayer, O God; give ear to the words of my mouth.

LEADER.

For strangers are risen up against me, and oppressors seek after my soul: they have not set God before them. Selah.

SCHOOL.

Behold; God is mine helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.

LEADER.

He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: cut them off in thy truth.

SCHOOL.

I will freely sacrifice unto thee: I will praise thy name, O Lord; for it is good.

LEADER.

For he hath delivered me out of all trouble: and my eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies.

(See music, No. 179,)

ALL SING.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
‖: Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more :‖

No. 187.

PSALM XCVI.

LEADER.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; Selah.

SCHOOL.

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

LEADER.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

SCHOOL.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

LEADER.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

SCHOOL.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

LEADER.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

(See music, No. 130.)

ALL SING.

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
CHO.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.

No. 188. Nearer Home.

F. M. Davis. A. J. Showalter.

1. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the bet - ter land, Near - er
2. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the land of love, Near - er
3. Ev - 'ry day brings us near - er to the pearl - y gates, Near - er

home, near - er home, Ev-'ry day brings us nearer to the
home, near - er home, Ev-'ry day brings us nearer to the
home, near - er home, Ev-'ry day brings us nearer where the

near - er home, near - er home,

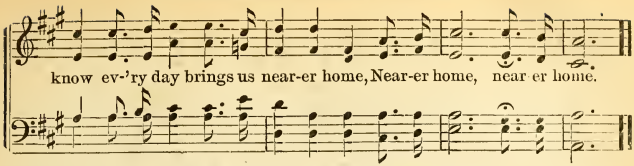
Lord's right hand, Near - er home, near-er home; We will
fields a - bove, Near - er home, near-er home; Oh, the
Sav - ior waits, Near - er home, near-er home; Oh, the

near - er home, near - er home

sing and re - joice while the days are quick - ly pass - ing, Ev - er
way oft - en-times may seem lone - ly, dark, and drear - y, And our
joy we shall know when we reach the land im - mor - tal, And have

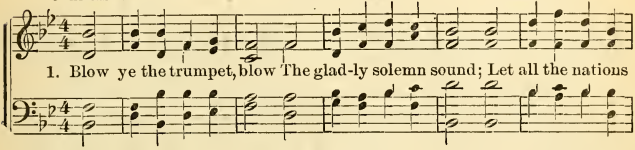
seek - ing to mer - it our Sav - ior's choic-est bless-ing; For we
faith seem so small, and our feet have grown so wea - ry; Yet we
sung the new song far be-yond death's chill-ing por - tal; For we

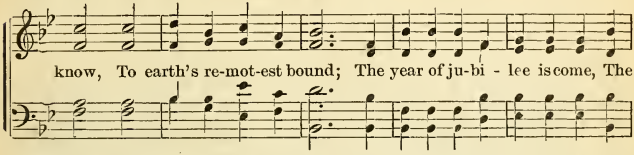
Nearer Home—Concluded.

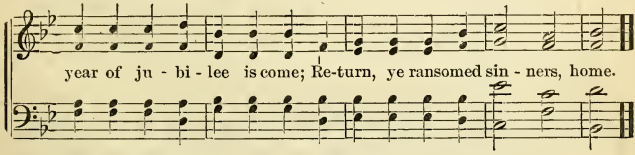


No. 189. Blow Ye the Trumpet.

CHARLES WESLEY. LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON.







2 Jesus, our great High priest;
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls be glad;
||: The year of jubilee is come; :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim;
||: The year of jubilee is come; :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 190. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune—LENOX. H. M.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
||: Before the throne my surety stands, :||
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
||: His blood atoned for all our race, :||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son;
||: His Spirit answers to the blood, :||
And tells me I am born of God.

No. 191. Whosoever Calleth.

JULIA STERLING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, Tis sound-ing far and wide;
2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness The path of sin have trod,
3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Op-pressed with toil and care,

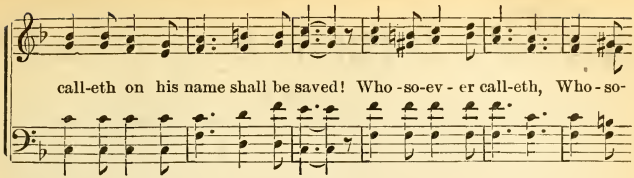
Good news of full sal - va - tion, Thro' him, the Cru - ci - fied.
Be-hold the light of mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God!
He waits to bid you wel - come, And all your bur - dens bear.

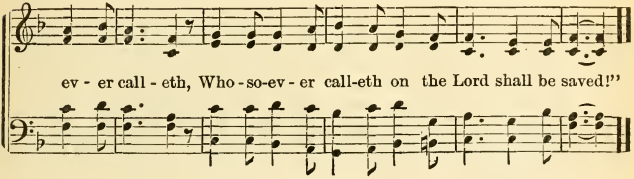
God's Word is Truth E - ter - nal, Its prom - ise all may claim,
With all your heart be - lieve him, And now the prom - ise claim;
A pre-cious gift he of - fers, A gift that all may claim,

Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up - on his name.
That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up - on his name.
Who look to him be - liev - ing, And call up - on his name.

CHORUS.

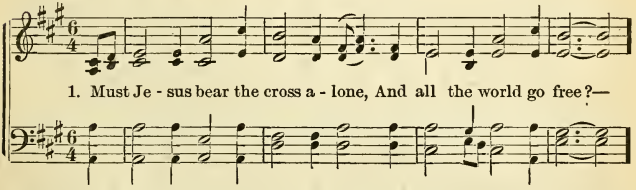
"Who-so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so-ev - er call - eth, Who - so-ev - er

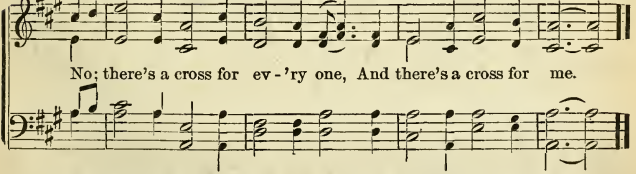




No. 192. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD. MAITLAND. C. M. GEO. N. ALLEN.





2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 O, precious cross! O glorious crown!
O, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 193. Walk in the Light.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow-ery beds of ease?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my courage, Lord;

And shall I fear to own his cause Or blush to speak his name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the Light,..... Let us walk in the
Let us walk in the Light, Let us walk

Light..... Oh, let us walk in the
in the Light, Oh, let us walk

Light,..... In the Light, the beau - ti - ful light of God.
In the Light,

No. 194. What Shall It Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson. W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er! Hous-es and a-cres so
2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Friendships to share and to
3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, Earth-ly am-bi-tion and

broad? No ti-tle to man-sions of glo-ry e-ter-nal, And
make? And know not the friendship of Je-sus, the Sav-ior, Of
fame? If Christ in the life-book of glo-ry e-ter-nal, Had

Refrain.

none to the cit-y of God? What shall it prof-it thee
Je-sus who died for thy sake?
nev-er re-cord-ed thy name?

then? Tho' the whole world be thine own, When the death

profit thee then? The whole world be thine own,

rit.

an-gel has called for thy spir-it, And mer-cy for-ev-er has flown?

No. 195. Tell it to Jesus

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid - den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?

Chorus.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

From "Gates of Praise," by per.

No. 196. Thou Thinkest Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid the tri'- als which I meet, A-mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Upon my soul their shadows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thot' re-mains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

Chorus.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)

What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.

By permission.

No. 197. Ho! Every One that is Thirsty.

L. J. R. Lucy J. Rider.

1. Ho! ev-'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev-'ry
2. Child of the world; are you tired of your bond - age? Wea - ry of
3. Child of the king-dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth-ing but

one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the fountain, there's
earth-joys, so false, so un - true; Thirst - ing for God and his
full-ness thy long - ing can meet, 'Tis the en - due - ment for

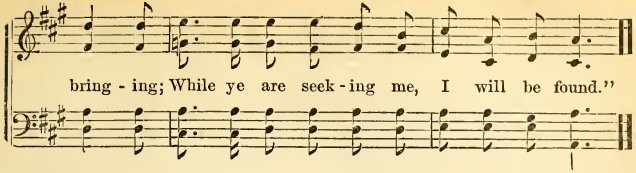
full - ness in Je - sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
full - ness of bless-ing; List to the promise— a mes - sage for you.
life and for ser-vice; Thine is the promise, so cer - tain; so sweet.

Chorus.

I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst - y, I will pour floods up-

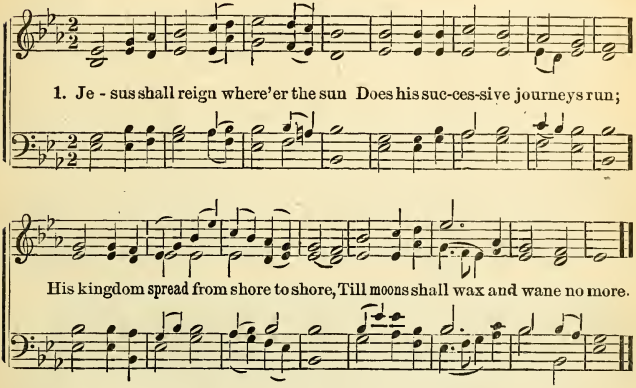
on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gifts I am

Ho! Every One that is Thirsty!—Concluded.



No. 198. Jesus Shall Reign.

WATTS. DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON.



2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

No. 199. From all that Dwell Below.

WATTS. Tune—DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

No. 200. The Wonderful Jesus!

E. A. Hoffman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Have you heard of the won-der-ful Sav - ior Who dwelt on the
2. Have you heard that, in dy-ing for sin - ners, He answered for
3. O my broth-er! if you are not trust - ing In Je - sus, the

earth a - mong men, And died on the cross for their ran - som, Then
me and for you, Se - cur - ing for us a full clearance, And
bear - er of sin, If wide is the door of God's mer - cy, And

went back to heav - en a - gain? Have you heard that his
do you be - lieve it all true? Have you par - don and
you have not en - tered with - in, Then to - day come and

work of a - tone - ment, Com-plet-ed on Cal - va - ry's tree,
peace and as - sur - ance, And do you with con - fi-dence know
hum-bly con - fess him, And go from this hal - low-ed place,

Brings par-don and peace to the sin - ner, And makes him e-
That his blood has made sure your sal - va - tion, And wash - es you
Re - deemed from your guilt and transgressions, A sin - ner re-

CHORUS.

ter - nal - ly free? O this won - der - ful, won - der - ful
whit - er than snow?
newed by his grace.

Je - sus! The bear - er of guilt and of sin! To - day in his

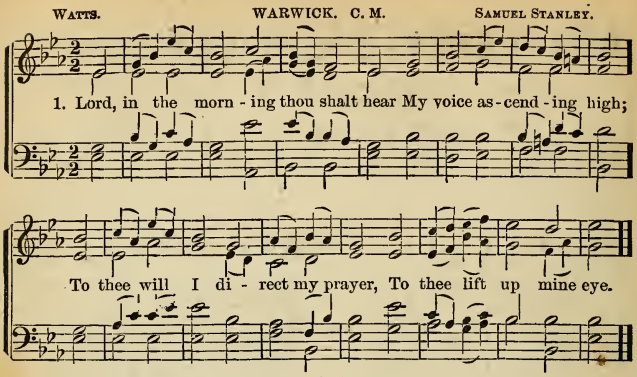
free grace trust-ing, The life of a Chris-tian be - gin; To-

rit ad lib. *rit.*

day in his free grace trusting, The life of a Christian be - gin.

No. 201. Lord, in the Morning.

WATTS. WARWICK. C. M. SAMUEL STANLEY.



2 Up the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

No. 202. Jesus! the Name High Over All.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune—WARWICK. C. M.

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head.
Pow'r into strengthless souls he speaks
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim,
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

No. 203. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD. Tune—WARWICK. C. M.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

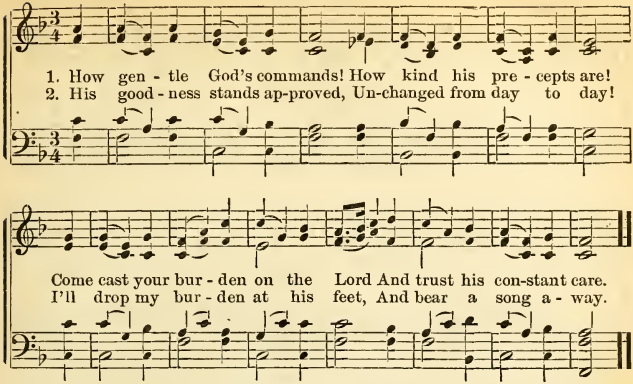
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
Nor can the memory find [frame,]
A sweeter sound than thy blest name
O Savior of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

No. 204. How Gentle God's Commands.

DENNIS. S. M.



No 205. Responsive Service.

"How Gentle God's Commands."

LEADER.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve him with gladness, and magnify his name forever!

SCHOOL.

What shall I render unto the Lord for his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

LEADER.

Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

SCHOOL.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

LEADER.

Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

SCHOOL.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

LEADER.

The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

SCHOOL.

She is more precious than rubies.

LEADER.

And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

SCHOOL.

Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor;

LEADER.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

SCHOOL.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

LEADER.

And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

SCHOOL.

And to temperance patience.

LEADER.

And to patience godliness.

SCHOOL.

And to godliness brotherly kindness.

LEADER.

And to brotherly kindness charity.

*Sing 1st and 2d verses, No. 204, "How gentle," etc.

* The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 206. Will You Do What You Can?

E. W. Ray. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Will you do what you can for the lost in sin? Will you
2. Will you do what you can for the halt and blind, Who may
3. Will you do what you can that they may be - lieve In the

seek for those who have gone a-stray? Will you watch, will you pray,
grope their way in the midnight gloom? Will you bear forth a light
Sav-ior's name, and be tru - ly blest? Will you do what you can

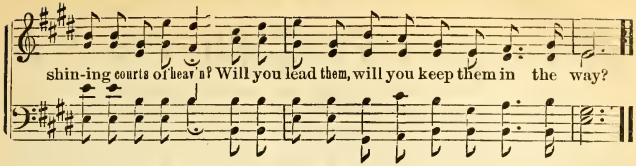
will you strive to win Ev - 'ry wand'rer from the world's highway?
for the darkened mind? Will you warn and save from the com-ing doom?
that they may re - ceive Of his won-drous grace, and enjoy his rest?

Chorus.

Will you do what-e'er you can for the sin - ner un-for-giv'n? Will you

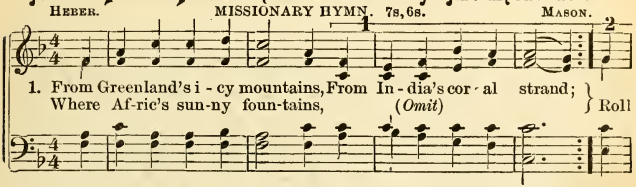
bring them to the Savior while you may? Will you mark the narrow path to the

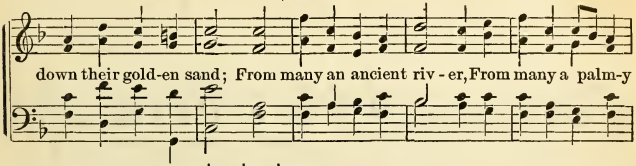
Will You Do What You Can—Concluded.

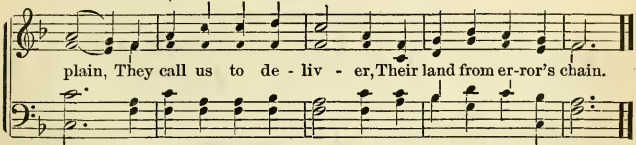


No. 207. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

HEBER. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. MASON.







2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 208. When Shall the Voice of Singing?

JAMES EDMESTON. Tune—MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley ringing,
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains,
Shall echo the reply,
High tower and lowly dwelling,
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah's swelling,
In one eternal sound!

No. 209. I Will Follow Jesus.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the valley with my Savior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-
2. Down in the valley with my Savior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-
3. Down in the valley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close beside my Sav-

ing and the sweet wa - ters flow, Ev - ry-where he leads me I would
ing and the dark wa - ters flow: With his hand to lead me I will
ior would my soul ev - er keep, He will lead me safe - ly, in the

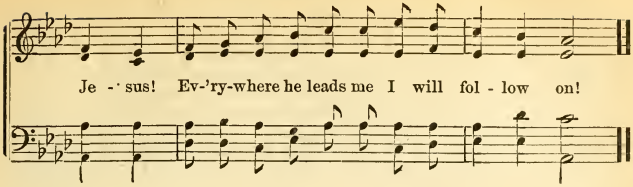
follow, follow on, Walk-ing in his footsteps till the crown be won.
never, nev-er fear, Dan-gers cannot fright me, if my Lord is near.
path that he has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

Refrain.

Fol - low! fol - low! I will follow Je - sus! Any-where, ev'ry-where,

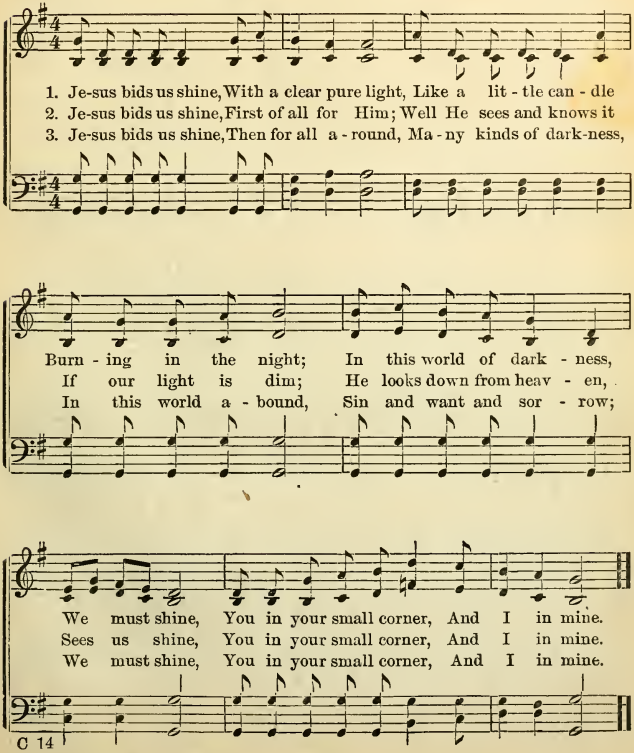
I will fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I will fol - low

I Will Follow Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 210. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

E. O. Excell.



C 14

No. 211. "'Tis Dividing the World".

[Written expressly for my friend E. O. Excell. Chicago, Ill.]

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

Base Solo.

1. 'Tis di - vid - ing the world, Oh! my friend, is it true, The
2. 'Tis di - vid - ing the world, Look a - gain you shall see The

dear cross of Je - sus, On which side are you? Are you
prince of sal - va - tion, Oh, yes, it is he, 'Tis the

scoff - ing his grace, Like the thief at his side? Or seeking the mercy of
Sav - ior of men, Who a-rose from the dead. Now glo-ry and honor, en-

rit.

Christ cru - ci-fied? 'Tis di-vid-ing the world, Look abroad and behold, The
cir - cle his head; 'Tis di-vid-ing the world, But his prom-is-es are, A

"'Tis Dividing the World"—Concluded.

rit.

ar - mies of sa - tan, de - fi - ant and bold, With the weapons of sin they u-
crown and a robe for the faithful to wear, And the song of the vic-tor at

nit - ed-ly stand, O - bey - ing the captain of sin's dark command, O-
last he shall sing, Who bat-tles for Je-sus, our Sav-ior and King, Who

rit - - - - - - - *ad lib.*

bey - ing the captain of sin's dark command, On which side, which side; On
bat - tles for Jesus, our Sav-ior and King, On which side, which side; On

rit.

which side are you? Arrayed with God's enemies, or friends tried and true?

No. 212. The Model Church.

JOHN YATES. E. O. EXCELL.

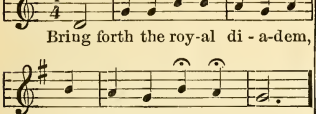
1. Well, wife, I've found the mod - el church, And worshipp'd there to-
2. The sex - ton did not set me down, A - way back by the
3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing, wife, It had the old time

day; It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was
door; He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was
ring; The preacher said with trumpet voice, Let all the peo - ple

gray, The meet-ing house was fin - er built, Than they were years a-
poor, He must have been a chris-tian man, He led me bold - ly
sing, "Old Cor - o - na-tion," was the tune, The mu - sic up - ward

go, But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
thro' The long aisle of that crowded church, To find a pleas - ant pew.
roll'd Till I tho't I heard the an-gel-choir Strike all the harps of gold.

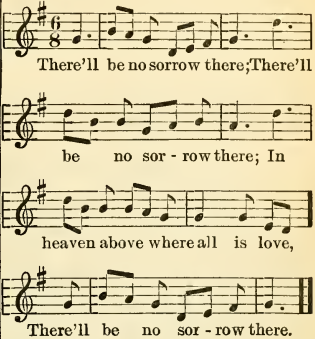
4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;"



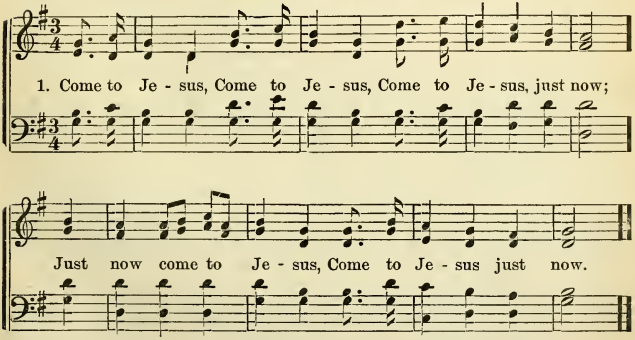
5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth,
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The vict'ry soon be won,
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run,
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



No. 213. Come to Jesus



2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you
9 Look unto him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus,
12 Only trust him.
13 Jesus loves you.
14 Don't reject him.
15 I believe him.
16 Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 214. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je- sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings, As nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.

3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal- va-tion From God's own ho-ly word.

4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.

By permission.

No. 215. Revive Us Again.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above,

CHORUS.

Hal-lelujah! Thine the glory, Halle-lu-jah! A-men!
Hal-lelujah! Thine the glory, (*Omit.*) } Re-vive us a-gain.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.
Cho.—Hallelujah! etc.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
Cho.—Hallelujah! etc.

No. 216. Responsive Service. God's Love.

W. B. JACOBS.

TEACHER.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John iii. 16.

SCHOOL.— In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.—1 John iv. 9.

TEACHER.—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—1 John iv. 11.

*Sing 1st verse No. 215, "We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,"

TEACHER.—But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—John xiv. 26.

SCHOOL.— When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.—John xvi. 13.

TEACHER.—He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.—John xiv. 14.

*Sing 2d verse No. 215, "We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,"

TEACHER.—And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.—Rev. v. 11.

SCHOOL.— Saying with a loud voice. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor and glory, and blessing.—Rev. 12.

*Sing 3d verse No. 215, "All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,"

No. 217. He Leadeth Me.

Rev. Jos. H. Gilmore, 1861. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! oh! bless-ed tho't, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
Content, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Refrain.

He lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

By per. Biglow & Main.

No. 218. Joy to the World.

Rev. Isaac Watts. ANTIOCH. C. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

No. 219. Responsive Service.

PSALM CXXII.

LEADER.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

SCHOOL.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

LEADER.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

SCHOOL.

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

LEADER.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

SCHOOL.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

LEADER.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

SCHOOL.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

LEADER.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 74.)

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The place of thine abode—
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood

No. 220. Redeeming Love.

M. MADAN. H. A. LEWIS.

1. Now be - gin the heav'nly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name;
2. Ye who see the Fa-ther's grace Beaming in the Savior's face,
3. Wel-come all by sin op-pressed, Welcome to his sa - cred rest:

Ye who Je - sus' kindness prove, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing love.
As to Ca - naan on ye move, Praise and bless re-deem-ing love.
Noth-ing bro't him from a - bove, Noth-ing but re-deem-ing love

CHORUS.

Hith-er, then your mu-sic bring,
Hith - er, then.....your mu-sic bring,..... Strike a-

Strike a-loud each joyful string; Mortals, join
loud..... each joy - ful string..... Mor-tals join..... ..... the hosts a-

the host a-bove, Join to praise re-deem-ing love.
bove..... Join to praise..... redeeming love.....

No. 221. At Jesus' Feet.

E. A. HOFFMAN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. At Je - sus' feet, O joy so sweet; I found for-give-ness free,
2. At Je - sus' feet, O shel-ter sweet! My spir - it seeks for rest,
3. At Je - sus' feet, O place so sweet! I find new strength each day,
4. At Je - sus' feet, that blest re-treat, My soul would ev - er be,

And in the ful-ness of his love He breathed his peace on me.
And finds a sure and safe re-treat Up-on his lov-ing breast.
And grace to help in time of need, And cour-age on the way.
To gaze in - to his lov-ing face Who shed his blood for me.

CHORU

O joy so sweet! at Je-sus' feet My soul has found re - treat,

And there al - way my soul would stay, For that is heav'n to me;

And there al-way my soul would stay, For that is heav'n to me.

No. 222. When the Mists.

ANNA HERBERT. (To the memory of my Mother.) E. O. EXCELL.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills,
And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
2. If we err in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kind-ness When we struggle to be just,

We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain-bow of the spray;
Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the plain that hides a - way,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way,
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way.

3 When the silver mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
‖: Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists have cleared a-way. :‖

4 When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known,
Lo! beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
‖: Heart to heart we bide the shadows
Till the mists have cleared away. :‖

No. 223. Under the Cross.

[To my Choir, Sam Jones meetings, Durham, N. C.]

CHAS. WESLEY. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly,
2. Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
3. Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
4. All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;

While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me!
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the sha-dow of thy wing!

Hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross they lie;

Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un-der the cross I'll die.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all thy sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee.
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 224. I Am Going Home.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Foster.

1. Be - yond the dark, mysterious riv-er In heav'n's fair land,
There in the glow of God's clear sunlight, Hap - py and blest,
2. They leave us at the mys-tic riv-er And, one by one,
Fare - well to earth-ly friendships breathing To heav'n they come,
3. Heav'n is a land of light and beau-ty, Won-drous - ly fair,
For thee my ea - ger heart is yearning, Coun - try so fair!

Bathed in the bright and lustrous glo-ry Our loved immortals stand;
Close to the throne of the Re-deem-er, Our loved immortals rest.
They gath-er in the Fa-ther's kingdom Till all the crown have won;
Re - new-ing there the brok-en cir-cle In an e-ter - nal home.
Dear - er be-cause our loved im-mor-tals Are safe and hap-py there;
Oh! bring me to my home, dear Je-sus, And to my loved ones there!

Chorus.

Oh! my heart is fond - ly yearning, Yon-der courts to roam!

There, there my wea-ry feet are turn-ing, And I am go - ing home.

Melody by per. O. Ditson & Co.

No. 225. Praise the Lord!

Rev. Jno. McPhail. J. M. Dungan.

1. Praise the Lord, ye ransomed, praise him; Swell the cho-rus of thy sky;
2. Praise him, praise him, hal-le - lu - jah, U - ni - ver - sal praise be-stow;
3. Praise the Lord for full sal - va-tion, Praise him for his love di - vine;
4 Praise the Lord, my feet are tak - en From the pit of mire and sin;

Sing a - loud the might-y an-them, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Praise him day and night for - ev - er, Praise him ev-'ry-where you go.
Praise him, for no con-dem - na-tion Rests on this poor heart of mine.
Praise him, for he gives the spir - it Who will love, and dwell with-in.

Chorus.

Praise him all ye ho - ly an - gels, All ye sin - ners
praise him

saved by grace, Praise him high in
oh, praise him, praise him,

heaven for - ev - er, Praise him in ev - 'ry place.
oh, praise the Lord!

No. 226. More Love to Thee.

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss. Hutchison. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee!
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest,
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain;
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per thy praise;

Hear thou the prayer I make, On hend-ed knee;
Now, thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best;
Sweet are thy mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain,
This be my part-ing cry, My heart shall raise;

This is my ear-nest, plea, More love to thee;
This all my prayer shall be, More love to thee;
When they can sing with me,— More love to thee;
This still its prayer shall be, More love to thee;

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee.

No. 227. Blessed be the Fountain.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Blessed be the fountain of life to - day! Flowing free,
2. Many have been cleansed in that fount of sin, Flowing free,
3. Lin-ger not a-way from this fountain pure, Flowing free, Flow-ing free,

flow-ing free, There the soul may wash all its guilt a - way,
Ma - ny yet, will come, and will wash there-in,
flow - ing free, so free, For the guilt - y soul 'tis a wond'rous cure,

Chorus.

In that foun-tain of life, flow - ing free! Oh! ..... the
Blessed foun-tain of life, flow - ing free!
Blessed foun-tain of life, flow - ing free! Oh, the blessed fount,

blessed foun - tain of life! free-ly flow - ing, To..... that
the bless-ed fount, To that bless-ed fount,

rit. *Repeat ad lib.*

bless-ed foun - tain, I'll go and I'll wash, and be clean.
the fount of life, be clean.

C 15

No. 228. Ring, Beautiful Bells!

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Ring, ring, beau-ti-ful bells, Peal - ing far and near, In the
2. Sing, sing, lit - tle ones sing, On this best of days; Fill this
3. O ye beau-ti-ful birds! Fill with song the air; Mak-ing

valleys and dells, Loud and clear; Sum-mon to the house of God
beau - ti-ful place With God's praise; Praise him for his wondrous love,
mel - o-dy sweet Ev - 'ry - where; Join us in our grateful lays,

f.

All whose feet may roam a - broad; Ring, ring, beau - ti - ful bells,
For all bless-ings from a - bove, Sing, sing, lit - tle ones sing
Help us swell the songs of praise, Mak - ing mel - o - dy sweet,

Fine. *D. S.*

Loud and clear. Ring, ring, ring, ring! Ring, ring, ring, ring!
To God's praise. Sing, sing, sing, sing! Sing, sing, sing sing!
Ev - 'ry - where. Sing, sing, sing, sing! Sing, sing, sing, sing!

No. 229. A Child's Service.

Mrs. A. C. Walton. J. M. Dungan.

1. I can - not do great things for Him, Who did so much for me,
2. There are small things in dai - ly life, In which I may o - bey,
3. There are small cross - es I may take, Small burdens I may bear,
4. And so I ask Thee, give me grace, My lit - tle place to fill,

But I would like to show my love, Dear Je - sus, un - to Thee,
And thus may show my love to Thee, And al - ways ev - 'ry day,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love, Small sor-rows I may share,
That I may ev - er walk with Thee, And ev - er do thy will,

Dear Je - sus, un - to Thee, Dear Je - sus, un - to Thee;
And al - ways ev - 'ry day, And al - ways ev - 'ry day
Small sor - rows I may share, Small sor - rows I may share,
And ev - er do thy will, And ev - er do thy will,

Faith-ful in ev - 'ry lit - tle thing, O Sav - ior, may I be.
There are some lov - ing lit - tle words, Which I for thee may say.
And lit - tle bits of work for Thee, I may do ev - 'ry-where.
And in each du - ty, great or small, I may be faith - ful still.

No. 230. The Rusty Sickle.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Take down the rust - y sick - le, The day is on the wane, And
2. Take down the rust - y sick - le, The har-vest waits for you, The
3. Take down the rust - y sick - le, The Lord will make you strong And

CHORUS.

on - ly left a lit-tle while To-gath-er in the grain. 'Tis har - vest
fields are ripe for ma-ny, yet The la - bor-ers are few.
crown you with a golden sheaf, To sing the harvest song.

'Tis har-vest time..... 'Tis har - - vest time, Take down the rust - y
har-vest time, 'Tis har - vest, har-vest time,
time, 'Tis har - vest time,

sick-le and gath-er in the gold-en grain, 'Tis har - vest time, 'Tis
'Tis harvest, harvest time,
'Tis har-vest time,

har - vest time, Take down the rusty sickle and gather in the grain.
'tis harvest, harvest time,
'Tis har-vest time,

No. 231. Lift up the Cross.

C. C. Hunt. M. L. McPhail.

1. Here stands the cross of the cruci-fied one, Sym-bol of faith in the
2. Cross of the mighty one, tho' cru-ci-fied, Sym-bol of death, here the
3. Sym - bol of death, yet the symbol of life, Death is now conquered, the
4. Gods of the heathen must crumble and fail, Systems of er - ror prove
5. Fal - ter not! Waver not! Faithful endure! Stand by the sa-cred cross,

Fa-ther's dear Son, Sym - bol of vic - to - ries yet to be won,
dear Sav - ior died, Source of that fount-ain of blood from his side,
cross is now rife; On - ly, with pow - er to van-quish all strife,
worthless and frail, Christ and his cross at the last must pre-vail,
tri - umph se-cure, Great is the rich re - ward, cer-tain and sure.

Chorus.

By this we con - quer. Lift up the cross! lift up the cross!

High o - ver sin with its ru - in and loss, Urge on the might-y strife,

Fight for e - ter - nal life, Lift up the cross! lift up the cross!

No. 232. All for Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchison. *To the "Deaconesses" of America.* E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes all I give to Je-sus, It belongs to him,
2. All, yes all I give to Je-sus, It belongs to him,
3. All, yes all I give to Je-sus, It belongs to him,
4. All, yes all I give to Je-sus, It belongs to him,

All my heart I give to Je-sus, It belongs to him,
All my voice I give to Je-sus, It belongs to him,
All my love I give to Je-sus, It belongs to him,
All my life I give to Je-sus, It belongs to him,

Ev-er more to be his dwelling, Ev-er-more his prais-es swell-ing,
Pleading for the young and hoary, Tell-ing of his pow'r and glo-ry,
Lov-ing him for love un-ceas-ing, For his mer-cy e'er in-creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je-sus, Day by day I'll work for Je-sus,

Ev-er more his good-ness telling, It belongs to him.
Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, It belongs to him.
For his watchcare nev-er ceasing, It belongs to him.
Ev-er-more I'll hon-or Je-sus, It belongs to him.

No. 233. Almost.

Mrs. O. F. Walton. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. So near the door, and the door stood wide? ♩ Close to the port, but
2. Lord, help me trust in thy word to - day, That thou art the Light, the
3. Sav - ior, I come, I cry un - to thee, O, let not these words be

not in - side! Near to the fold, yet not with - in! ♩
Truth, the Way; Now as I come, with my load of sin, The
true of me, I want to come to the point to - day, O

Al - most re-solved to give up sin! Al - most per-suad - ed to
door be - ing o-pen, O help me step in; How sad the tho't that for
suf - fer me not to turn a - way; Give me no rest, till my

count the cost, ♩ Al - most a chris - tian and yet lost!
me, at last, The door should be shut, and mer - cy past!
soul shall be ♩ With - in the Ref - uge safe with thee.

No. 234. Lead the Children.

Rev. Jno. McPhail. J. M. Dungan

1. Lead the chil-dren, gen-tly lead them In the way of God's commands;
2. Lead them to the feet of Je-sus, Leave them in his loving care;
3. Lead the children, always lead them, With their weakness do for-bear,

Point them to each sa-cred du-ty And engage their lit-tle hands.
He will sure-ly bless and help them, All their lit-tle cross-es bear.
Lead them all in kindness with you, To the mer-cy seat of pray'r.

Chorus.

Lead them in the gold-en path-way, Guide them on..... to end-less day; Pray that God may bless and keep them, In the straight and narrow way.

Lead them in the gold-en path-way, Guide them on to end-less day, Pray that God may bless and keep them in the straight and nar-row way.

No. 235. The Cleansing Blood.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. The crimson stream it cleanses all the time, My heart does sweetly
2. A wea - ry pil - grim on life's dusty way, My raiment trav - el
3. The precious blood doth make my garments pure; Assured of this I'll

sing in joyful rhyme; The pre-cious blood my glow-ing theme of song,
stain'd and soiled and gray; Came to my heart these whisper'd words so sweet,
to the end en-dure, No fear of ill shall e'er my soul dis-may;

Chorus.

As on my jour-ney I proceed a - long. O precious, precious
That now I on - ward press with joy complete.
The blood my rai - ment cleanses ev-'ry day.

blood of Jesus, It cleanseth, cleanseth all along; The crimson fountain
all along;

now and ev - er, Shall be my happy theme of song.

No. 236. The Vows of God are on You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. [To C. E. Societies of America.] E. O. Excell.

1. The vows of God are on you, Ye Christian youth, a - rise; The
2. It is no i - dle sto - ry, It is no dream of night, Re-
3. Then, ev - 'ry fet - ter sun - der, A - side lay ev - 'ry chain, And
4. With sin, then, do not dal - ly, With flow'rs do not de - lay; But

blood of Christ has won you, Your her - it-age, the skies. Rise up, cast off your
deemed in Christ to glo - ry, Ye chil-dren of the light. The vows of God are
dream no more, nor wan-der, Your call-ing high at - tain. He sets the prize be-
to Christ's standard ral - ly, As chil-dren of the day; Rise up, no wish re-

fet - ters; Born of ce-les - tial birth; Ye are no lon-ger debt-ors To
on you, Rise up and make them good; He will at last en-throne you, In
fore you, Who won the prize be-fore, His love the ban-ner o'er you Shall
serv - ing, Lay ev-'ry weight a - side, With joy your Master serv-ing, For

Chorus.

live to dust and earth. The vows of God are on you, Ye are no
death, for you He stood.
float for ev - er - more.
you with joy who died.

more your own: Christ claims himself to own you, He calls with trumpet tone.

No. 237. I am Glad.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

1. I am glad that Je - sus loves me, Glad that in his word I find, How he came the lost to ran - som,
2. How can I be sad or lone - ly, When this Sav - ior is my friend, For he has most sure - ly prom - ised,
3. Let me tell with joy the sto - ry, Tell it o'er and o'er a - gain, Tell it till its strains shall lin - ger

Chorus.

Come to earth to save man-kind. I am glad, I am glad, I am glad, I am glad, I am glad, I am glad,
All my path - way to at - tend.
In my heart a glad re - frain.

I am glad that Je-sus loves me, Oh, wondrous love, he died for me

No. 238. Sheaf and Crown.

ADALINE HOHF. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. O bring your best songs to our Sav-ior to day, His love is our
2. The Mas-ter toiled ear-ly and late for us all, Nor tho't of his
3. The har-vest is ripe and the hour grows late, O haste ere the

sun and our shield; With joy let us go where he beck-ons the way,
own wea-ry feet; O let us in grat-i-tude an-swer his call,
darkness comes down! Let each take a sheaf to the beau-ti-ful gate,

CHORUS.

And gath-er bright sheaves in his field. The glit-ter-ing sheaves, O,
And work for his rec-om-pense sweet.
And Je-sus will give us a crown.

gath-er them in! Pre-cious their cost, Let none be lost; La-bor and

sing till the eve-ning bells ring, And bring all the gold-en sheaves in.

No. 239. O Sinner, Come!

RUSSELL S. COOK. CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Just as thou art with - out one trace Of love, or joy, or in - ward grace, Or meet - ness for the heav'n - ly place; O guilt - y O guilt - y sin - ner, come!
2. Bur-den'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest? Trust not the world, it gives no rest; Christ brings re - lief to hearts op-press'd; O wear - y O wear - y sin - ner, come!
3. Come, leave thy bur - den at the cross, Count all thy gains but worth - less dross, His grace o'er pays all earth - ly loss; O need - y O need - y sin - ner, come!
4. Come hith - er, bring thy bod - ing fears, Thy ach - ing heart, thy burst - ing tears, 'Tis mer - cy's voice sa- lutes thine ears; O trem-bling O trem-bling sin - ner, come!

sin - ner, come!

CHORUS. *Repeat. pp.* 1 2

O come, O come, O come, sin-ner, come, come. 'Tis mer-cy's voice that sweet - ly calls, O guilt-y O guilt-y sin - ner, come.
Come, O sin - ner; sin - ner come, come. O wear - y O wear-y sin - ner, come.
O need - y O need-y sin - ner, come.
O trembling O trembling sin - ner, come.

sin - ner, come.

No. 240 Everlasting Life.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. "Everlasting life!" 'tis the promise giv'n Un-to him.....who loves the
2. "Everlasting life!" shout it far and wide, Blessed ti - - dings of sal-
3. "Everlasting life," there is naught to do But to take.....the words he

Sav - ior, dear, "Ev-er-last-ing life!" and a home in heav'n, If you
va - tion! free, "Ev-er-lasting life!" thro' his blood applied, To the
gives you, now, "Ever-last-ing life!" precious gift for you, Thro' the

Chorus.

will..... believe his name, (his name,) Then believe him; oh, re-
sin - - - ner in his woe, (his woe,)
Sav - - - ior cru-ci-fied, (for thee;) Then believe

ceive him, Blessed Sav - ior! King-ly fa - vor, Give him
Him receive, bless-ed Sav-ior, King of grace,

ev - er best en-deav - or, For with him is ev - er-last-ing life!
Ev-er giv'n, trust and live

No. 241. Go and Tell the Story.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Go and tell the sto - ry to thy friends to-day, How the Lord of
2. Go and tell the sto - ry, of his power to save, Of the sin - ful
3. Go and tell the sto - ry, how he reigns a - bove, Winning men to

glo - ry met thee on thy way; How he cleansed thy spir-it
"Le - gion" sunk be-neath the wave; Tell of his com-pas - sion,
glo - ry thro' his dy - ing love; How he waits to crown them

D. S. *And the soul that hears it,*

from the stain of sin, Driv - ing out the foe who
of his love so true, Of the won - drous things the
kings for - ev - er - more, In the home a - wait - ing,

and in faith be - lieves, Straight-way he the cleans - ing

Fine Chorus.

reigned thy heart with - in. Go and tell the sto - ry,
Lord hath done for you.
on the oth - er shore.

from the Lord re - ceives.

D. S.

tell it far and wide, How the Lord of glo - ry for the sinner died.

No. 242. My Hope and My Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. I am walk-ing with the Lord, and be-liev-ing in his word, I am
2. Now my way is growing bright, and my soul is full of light, My Re-
3. I was once a burdened soul, but my Sav-ior made me whole, His re-

hap-py as a heart can be; I am sing-ing all the day how he
deemer's guid-ing hand I see; If a thousand worlds were mine, I would
demption all my theme shall be; I will sing it till I die, and pro-

D. S. —*I am sing-ing all the day how he*

Fine. CHORUS.

washed my sins a-way Thro' the precious blood he shed for me. O the
glad-ly all re-sign For the rapture of his love to me.
claim beyond the sky What the grace of God has done for me.

washed my sins a-way Thro' the pre-cious blood he shed for me.

D. S.

cross where my Sav-ior hath bless'd me My hope and my glory shall be;

No. 243. Full and Complete.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

Slow and earnest.

1. To - day at the feet of my bless - ed Lord I wait - ed,
2. To - day my poor soul knows the joy of sins for - giv - en;
3. To - day my poor soul heard the voice of love un - dy - ing,

And heard his promise sweet, His pre - cious promise sweet;
While sit - ting at his feet, My bless - ed Sav-ior's feet;
In ten - der tones and sweet, In ear - nest tones and sweet;

f.

D. S. I lin - gered in faith 'till my soul with love was freighted,
D. S. The strong bands of sin from my heart and soul were riv - en,
D. S. Thy sins are for - giv - en, "O cease thy mournful cry-ing,"

Fine. Refrain.

And now my joy is full and com - plete. Full and com-plete,

D. S. al Fine.

Yes, full and com - plete, My joy is full and com-plete.

C 16

No. 244. Our Sabbath Dwelling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. We love our home, our Sabbath home, And the friends that meet us there, As we come bounding with delight In their welcome smile to share, In their welcome smile to share. Then haste, O haste, let us all be found with - in our Sab - bath dwell-ing; Where a calm sweet light ev'ry moment brings, And our hearts with joy are swelling.

2. We love our home, our Sabbath home, And the beams that brightly shine, While we sit list - 'ning to the words From the sacred page divine, From the sa - cred page di - vine.

3. We love our home, our Sabbath home, And we praise our Sav-ior King, While he bends o'er us from the sky, And he hears the songs we sing, And he hears the songs we sing.

ORGAN.

CHORUS.

No. 245. Why Keep Jesus Waiting?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Why keep Je - sus wait - ing, (waiting.) wait - ing at the door?
2. Why keep Je - sus stand - ing (standing,) wea - ry, faint and sore?
3. Why not now ac - cept him, (sinner,) trust his grace and live?

Why re - sist the Spir - it, (Ho-ly,) o'er and o'er? O how hard thy
Why not o - pen glad-ly, (gladly,) now the door? O how ten - der-
For his heart is read-y, (ready,) to for - give. Shall his love re-

heart must be! O how blind with sin! That so good and kind a guest
ly he pleads, And how pa-tient he! Canst thou still re-sist such grace
sist - ed be? Shall he plead in vain? Shall he leave thee, nev-er-more

Chorus.

may not en - ter in! O - pen now your heart, (O sinner!)
and such love to thee?
to re - turn a - gain?

Let the savior in (to save you) Sinner, now admit him and be saved from sin.

No. 246. Come, He is Calling.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je-sus is waiting so near, Come, he is call-ing to - day,.....
2. Hear thy sweet message of love, Glad-ly the sum-mons o - bey,.....
3. Cast on the Savior thy care, Hear his glad word and o - bey,.....

the Sav-ior to-day,
the summons o-bey,
o - bey him to-day,

Ban-ish your doubting and fear, Lin-ger no lon-ger a-
Seek ye the king-dom a - bove, Lin-ger no lon-ger a-
Trust him your bur-den to bear, He is the life and the

way, (a - way.)
way, (a - way.)
way, (the way)

CHORUS.

Come,..... .. come,.....
Come, he is call - ing, Come, he is call - ing,

Je - sus is call-ing to - day,..... Come,.....
is call-ing to - day, Come, he is call - ing,

come,.....
Come, he is call - ing, Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way.....
no lon - ger a - way,

No. 247. Jesus, Savior.

F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. Lil - y of the Val - ley, Bright and Morning Star, Fair-est of ten
2. Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Flow-ing free as air, Liv-ing Wa-ter,
3. Vine of faith and beau - ty, Joy - ous fruit ye bear, Door to life e-
4. Heaven's Great Phy-si - cian For all grief and care, For each tear of

thou - sand, Rose of Shar - on rare! King of ra-diant glo - ry,
Heal - ing Sin and dark de-spair, Pa-tient Bur-den Bear - er,
ter - nal, All may en - ter there, Way of ver-dant pas - ture,
sor - row, Balm will e'en pre-pare, Vic - tor o - ver Death's sting;

Prince of per-fect peace! Je - sus, Name be-yond compare.....
Com-fort-er, Re - lief!
Path of Per - fect Love,
Conq'ror of the Grave,
be-yond com-pare.

CHORUS.

Savior! Savior! Heaven blest, Light of Life E - ter-nal rest! Lil-y of the

Val-ley; Bright and Morning star, Je - sus, name beyond compare.....
beyond compare.

No 248. Little Ones.

Josiah Bliss. Carey Boggess.

1. Lit-tle feet may find the pathway Leading up-ward un-to God;
Youthful hearts may be the temples For the Spi-rit's dwelling place,
2. "Lit-tle ones," tho' frail and earth-born, Heirs of blessed-ness may be;
And in that e-ter-nal kingdom, 'Mid the grand triumphal throng,

1

Lit-tle hands may learn to scatter Seeds of precious truth a-broad.
Childhood's lips declare the rich-es Of God's (*Omit.*)
For the Sav-ior whispers gen-tly "Suf-fer such to come to me;"
Children's voic-es sweet may mingle In the (*Omit.*)

2

Chorus.

all abounding grace, Jesus said "Let the lit-tle ones," Je-sus
glorious chor-al song, Je-sus said, "Let the lit-tle ones come,

said, "Let the lit-tle ones," Je-sus said, "Let the little ones
Je-sus said, "Let the lit-tle ones come."

come un-to me, For of such, for of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

No. 249. I've Been Redeemed.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus, the ris - en Lord Who re-deem'd me from my
2. All glo - ry to Je - sus my Sav-ior King, Who has shed his blood for
3. All glo - ry to Je - sus, the Prince of peace, He has filled my soul with

sin, Has spo - ken his peace to my wea - ry soul, I am
me; He saw how my soul was in bond - age held, And his
joy; With rapt - ure I tell of his love a - broad, His com-

CHORUS.

cleansed with-out, with - in. I've been redeem'd, Been
mer - cy set me free. I've been redeemed, re - demed,
mand my sweet em - ploy.

washed in the blood of the Lamb, I've been re-deem'd, I've
the Lamb,

been re-deemed, Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 250. Gently, Lord.

THOS. HASTINGS. J. M. DUNGAN.

Andante.

1. Gen-tly, Lord, O gen-tly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,
2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near.

Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap-
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to

dim e rit.

pears..... When temp-ta-tion's darts as - sail us,
fear;..... And, when mor-tal life is end - ed,
great change ap - pears,
our souls to fear.

When in de-vious paths we stray, Let thy goodness nev - er
Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till by an - gel bands at-

fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.
tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

No. 251. My Happy Home.

ANON. (To my Choir, Round Lake, N. Y.) E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar-dens and thy pleasant streams My stud - y long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

When will my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such spark-ling gems by hu-man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the Cit-y of the New Je - ru-sa - lem, I am

washed in the blood of the Lamb, ... I will meet you in the Cit-y
washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,

of the New Je-ru - sa-lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 252. Hark! There's a Call to the Brave.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. M. L. McPhail.

1. Hark! there's a call for the brave and true! Brother, en-list, for the
2. Come to the front, brother, take a stand; Fall in - to line at your
3. Who'll vol-un - teer in the ranks to-day, Read-y to plunge in the

Lord wants you! Fac - ing the foe with your sword in hand,
Lord's com-mand; Fol - low his lead in the ear - nest fight,
thick - est fray? Je - sus now waits for the brave and true;

Chorus.

Brave - ly go forth at your Lord's command. Hear the call, (brother,)
Con - quer for God, and for truth and right.
Broth - er, en-list! for the Lord wants you.

hear the call, Pleading for help from one and all; Hear the call,

(brother,) hear the call, Plead - ing for help from one and all.

No. 253. When the Reapers Come.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sa - tan, tares is sow-ing, In the heart they're grow-ing
Let them grow to - geth - er, In the sun - ny weath - er,
2. Sa - tan, tares is sow-ing, In our lives they're grow ing
Sav - ior, we would ev - er Guard our lives, and nev - er
3. With a pa-tient yearn-ing, To the right e'er turn - ing,
By the way of du - ty, Ho - li - ness and beau - ty,

1 2

Where the gold - en seed of life is found; } har-vest ground.
Till the an-gels glean the (*Omit.*)
W here a - lone the deeds of love should be; } true to thee.
Cher-ish word or tho't un- (*Omit.*)
Lead us, bless-ed Sav - ior, t'ward our home; } when they come.
Read - y for the reap - ers (*Omit.*)

Chorus.

Then the wheat..... they'll gath - er home..... When the
Then the wheat they'll gath - er home,

an - gel reapers come, And the tares will be de-stroyed.
When the an - gel reap ers come,

Oh, there'll be an ach-ing void When the an - gel reapers hith-er come.

No. 254. Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near - er,
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am com-ing near - er,
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near - er,

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er;
Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing near - er;
Deep - er the love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near - er;

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun-tain's
Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave him-
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
self for me; Near - er to him I still would be;
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

By permission.

No. 255. Work On.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O work and wait a lit - tle while, The har-vest time is near; Look
2. The deaf shall hear, the blind shall see And dark-ness flee a - way; Be
3. Work on, the bend-ing harvest glows And dark-ness soon will come; Be

Chorus.

up! the sky is bright a - bove, Tho' all a-round be drear. Work and
pa-tient yet a lit - tle while For dawns the gold-en day.
faith-ful, and you shall re-joice To sing the "Har-vest Home."

wait..... .. .. a lit - tle while..... The
Work and wait a while, work and wait a lit - tle while, For the

har - - vest time is near..... The sky..... is
har-vest time is near, yes the har-vest time is near; The sky is bright above,

bright a - bove..... Tho' all a - round be drear.
yes, the sky is bright a-bove, Tho' all a-round be drear, all a-round be drear.

No. 256. More Like Jesus.

J. M. S. J. M. STILLMAN.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol-low him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis-tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je-sus our friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys-tal snow;

I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev-'ry command o - bey.
To com-fort the brok-en heart - ed, With sweet words of tenderness.
I want to be strong and earnest, And souls to the Sav-ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je-sus loves me, I know.

REFRAIN.

More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be.....
ev - er be,

More and more like Je - sus, My Sav - ior who died for me.

From "Goodwill," by per.

No. 257. Is There One Prepared for Me?

Anon. H. A. Lewis.

1. Man-sions are prepared a-bove, By the gra-cious God of love;
2. Crowns that daz-zle hu-man eye; Wait for those who reach the sky;
3. Robes of spot-less white are giv'n By the gra-cious King of hav'n
4. Harps of sol-emn sound a-bove Swell loud prais-es to his love;

Ma-ny will those man-sions see; Is there one prepared for me?
Ma-ny will those bright crowns be, Is there one prepared for me?
All can have them, they are free, Is there one prepared for me?
Oh, how sweet this sound will be, Is there one prepared for me?

Refrain.

Is there one.....prepared for me..... Is there one.....
Man-y will.....those mansions see,..... Is there one.....
All can have.....them, they are free..... Is there one.....
Oh, how sweet.....their sound will be..... Is there one.....

Is there one prepared for me, prepared for me? Is there one
Many will those mansions be, those mansions be, Is there one
All can have them they are free, yes they are free Is there one
Oh, how sweet their sound will be, their Sound will be Is there one

Repeat pp.

pre-pared for me..... Is there one prepared for me?..... for me.

prepared for me, prepared for me,

No. 258. I'll Start for the Kingdom.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Dr. I. N. McHose.

1. You ask me to leave the broad roadway of sin, And turn from the
2. Too dear - ly and long I have loved this poor world, And wasted the
3. The pleas-ures of earth have engrossed all my thot's, The pleasures of
4. No lon - ger I'll walk in the broad way of sin, And close my poor

wrong to the right, So I have re-solved a new life to be-gin,
years in their flight, 'Tis time I should leave all the sins of my life;
sense and of sight; Too long I've ne - glect-ed, a - las! my poor soul;
heart to the light; If Christ will re - ceive me, my all I will yield;

Chorus.

And start for the Kingdom to-night! I'll start, I'll start.....
I'll start for the Kingdom to-night!
I'll start for the Kingdom to-night!
And start for the Kingdom to-night! I'll start for the King-dom, I'll start for the

..... I'll start for the Kingdom tonight! God help-ing me
King-dom, the Kingdom to-night!

now I will take the first step, And start for the Kingdom tonight.
the Kingdom to-night,

No. 259. What Shall We Bring?

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas - ter, Who deal - eth so kind - ly and true? Our hands are now full of his bless-ings, Be-
2. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas - ter, Whose love for us en-tered the grave? Who fought with our foes and subdued them, Who
3. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas - ter, Who sought us while go - ing a - stray? Who guid-eth our wan-der-ing foot-steps, To

Chorus.

stowed up - on me and on you. We'll bring him our time and our tal - ents, We'll bring him a heart-service sweet, We'll bring him the
died that our souls he might save.
re-gions where dwelleth the day.
best and the bright-est, Our all we will lay at his feet.

C 17

No. 260. The Roll Call.

C. H. G. (Missionary Song.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the roll is called, broth-er, an-swer to your name, In the work of love there is need for thee With a read-y hand and a will-ing heart exclaim, "Here am I, O Lord, here am I, send me!"
2. If you can-not go to the mis-sion fields a-part, You can send the news of a Sav-ior's love! Tho' the gift be small, give it with a will-ing heart, So that great will be your re-ward a-bove.
3. When the roll is called o-ver yon-der by and by, All your deeds of mer-cy will there be known, So get read-y now with the an-swer, "here am I," That shall there be heard round the great white throne.

CHORUS.

Here..... am I,..... O Lord,..... send me!.....
Here am I, here am I, send me, Lord, here am I, here am I send me!

Here..... am I!..... answer at the roll call, here am I!
Here am I, here am I, send me!

No. 261. Jesus Died for Me.

Rev. H. G. Jackson. D. D. W. S. Nickle.

1. A guilt - y sin - ner once was I, By right - eous
2. In deep con - tri - tion him I sought, Who on the
3. With lov - ing smile, and words of cheer, He bade me
4. With him of ev - 'ry good pos-sessed, My trust - ing

law con-demned to die, One hope re-mained, one on - ly
cross re-demp-tion wrought, And long with tears on bend - ed
rise, dis-pelled my fear; From bonds of death he set me
soul finds per - fect rest; And ev - er-more my joy shall

rit. CHORUS.

plea, Je - sus, the Sav - ior, died for me. He died to
knee, Im - plored his grace, who died for me.
free, and gave new life and hope to me.
be, To live for him, who died for me.

save a world from sin; He died from death my soul to win, This all my

rit.

hope, this all my plea, He died for me, he died for me.

No. 262. Pilgrims to a Better Land.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. We are pil - grims to a bet - ter land, (bet-ter land;) We are
2. In the name of Je - sus we will go, (we will go,) To the
3. Come and join our hap - py pil - grim band, (pil-grim band,) And go

march-ing on-ward hand in hand; (hand in hand) Soon Je - ru - sa - lem will
land where crys-tal fountains flow (fountains flow) To the home where part-ing
with us to the bet - ter land, (bet - ter land) Where the Saints are robed in

come in sight, (come in sight) With its pal - ac - es of gold-en light.
is no more, (is no more) And the saved shall rest for-ev - er - more.
pur -est white, (purest white) In the pal - a - ces of gold-en light.

CHORUS.

{ We are march-ing on, to the land of love, March - ing
{ Soon Je - ru - sa - lem will ap-pear in sight, With its

1 2

on, marching on to the home a-bove, } pal - a - ces of gold-en light.
(*omit*)

No. 263. We'll Meet Again.

Rev. H. G. Jackson, D. D. Mrs. W. S. Nickle.

1. We'll meet again the "lov'd and lost" Where partings rend the heart no more;
2. How sweet the welcome to that land; The radiant smile on each dear face:
3. That hap - py meeting will a-tone For all our un - a-vail - ing tears;
4. The lov'd, not lost! what bliss to meet And join with them in hear'n's employ;

When we death's mystic stream have cross'd And moor'd our barks to yonder shore.
The thrill-ing pressure of the hand, The sud - den joy, the long embrace!
While treading life's rude path alone Thro' ma - ny wea-ry, joy-less years.
The dear Lord's praise, communion sweet, And songs of everlasting joy!

Chorus.

O yes, we'll meet them on that shore, We'll meet where parting is no more;

All sorrows past, all grief and pain; On that blest shore we'll meet again!

No. 264. The Buds are Bursting.

MABEL G. OSGOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. The buds are burst-ing on the trees, The earth a-wakes a-gain, The
2. The gar-den's ag-o-ny is o'er, The shades have pass'd a-way, And
3. Come, let us all sweet blossoms bring, The ris-en Lord to greet, And

birds are sing-ing out their glees, For Christ a-gain doth reign. A-
out from heav-en's o-pened door Now beams e-ter-nal day. A-
make our hearts an of-fer-ing, And lay them at his feet. A-

wake and Al-le-lu-ias sing; For death is slain, and Christ is King.

CHORUS.

A-wake! and let the cho-rus swell, With voice and harp and Easter bell.

f

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

No. 265. Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA. Spanish.

1. Flee as a bird to your mount-ain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin;
2. He will protect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall-ing tear;

Go to the clear flowing fount-ain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will for-sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shelt-ered so tend-er - ly there.

Fly for th'a-ven-ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will
Haste, then the hours are fly - ing Spend not the moments in

hear thee, He on his bo - som will bear thee; Oh thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing; The Sav - ior will

wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

No. 266. Star of Hope.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H, GABRIEL.

1. Star of hope to wand'rers weary, Sail - ing o'er life's troubled sea,
2. Far from shore and deep the water, Dark the night, so dark and long;
3. I am bound for shores e-ter-nal; They will shine at break of day;

Spare a beam, O spare it kindly, Shine, sweet star, O shine on me.
O'er the floods the winds so stormy, Blow in an - ger fierce and strong.
Be with me un - til the morning, Lord, be with me all the way.

CHORUS.

Star of hope, my star of hope, Shining bright-ly o'er the sea
Star of hope, my star of hope, Shin-ing bright - ly, shin - ing o'er the sea,

O spare a beam, O spare it kind - ly; Shine, sweet star, O shine on me.
O spare a beam, O spare it kind - ly, Shine, for - ev - er, shine on me.

No. 267. Life, Words, Love.

T. M. T. T. Martin Towne.

1. Bless-ed was the life of Je - sus, Bless-ed was the life,
2. Bless-ed is the love of Je. - sus, Bless-ed is the love,
3. Bless-ed are the words of Je - sus, Bless-ed are the words,
4. Life and words and love of Je - sus, Blessing us to - day,

bless-ed was the life, Bless-ed was the life of Je - sus,
bless-ed is the love, Bless-ed is the love of Je - sus,
bless-ed are the words, Bless-ed are the words of Je - sus,
bless-ing us to - day, Life and words and love of Je - sus,

Chorus.

O, match - less life of Christ! Praise him,
Who died that we might live.
The pre - cious Lamb of God. Praise him, praise him,
The pre - cious Lamb of God.

Praise him, Praise the bless - ed Je - sus,
Praise him, praise him,

Praise him, praise him, Mag - ni - fy his name.
Praise him with your heart of hearts;

No. 268. There's a Friend for Little Children.

ALBERT MIDLANE. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
3. There's a home for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
4. There's a robe for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,

A Friend who nev - er chan-ges, Whose love will nev-er die.
Who love the bless - ed Sav - ior, And to the Fa - ther cry;
Where Je-sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy,
And a harp of sweet-est mu - sic, And palms of vic - to - ry;

Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years,
A rest from ev - 'ry tur-moil, From sin and sor-row free.
No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;
All, all a - bove is treasured, And found in Christ a - lone;

This Friend is al - ways wor-thy Of that dear name he bears.
Where ev - 'ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
For ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier there.
Lord, grant thy lit - tle chil-dren To know thee as their own.

No. 269. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

H. Bonar, D.D. MALE VOICES. M. L. McPhail.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest..... Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast, Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn and sad; I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give..... The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live, Stoop down and drink and live." I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in him.
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light..... Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk Till travel-ing days are done.

No. 270. Come to the Savior Now.

Charles Wesley. E. S. Fogg.

1. Come, sin-ners to the gospel feast; Let ev - 'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi-ta-tion is for all;
3. Come all ye souls by sin opprest, Ye rest-less wand'rers after rest,
4. My mes-sage as from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live;
5 See him set forth before your eyes, That precious bleeding sacrifice,

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid-den all mankind.
Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.
Ye poor and maim'd and halt and blind. In Christ a hearty welcome find.
O let his love your heart constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain.
His of-fered ben-e - fits em-brace, And freely now be saved by grace.

Chorus.

Oh come, to the Sav - ior, oh, come!
Come to the Sav - ior, come, oh come to him now,

Come to the Sav - ior, oh come! Come
Come to the Sav - ior, come oh come to him now, Come to the Savior,

to the Sav - ior oh come, Come to the Sav - ior now.
Come oh come to him now.

No. 271. What a Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I came to Je - sus with my sin, What a won - der ful Sav - ior!
2. Tho' all de - filed and vile with-in, What a won - der-ful Sav - ior!
3. Re - joic-ing now each day I am, What a won - der-ful Sav - ior!
4. My soul is filled with perfect peace, What a won - der-ful Sav - ior!

My heart he kind-ly en-tered in, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
Tho' full of e - vil and unclean, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
And sing-ing "Glo-ry to the Lamb!" What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
And finds in him its hap-pi-ness, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!

Chorus.

What a won-der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus! What a Sav - ior! what a

Sav - ior! What a wonderful Savior is Je - sus! He saves me now!

No. 272. Of Him who did Salvation bring.

1. Of him who did salvation bring,
   What a wonderful Savior!
   I could forever sit and sing,
   What a etc.
2. Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve,
   What a etc.
   Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive,
   What a etc.
3. Ask but his grace, and lo 'tis given,
   What a etc.
   Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n,
   What a etc.
4. Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
   What a etc.
   Jesus, thy balm will make it whole,
   What a etc.

No. 273. As thy days thy strength shall be.

Wm. F. Lloyd. Rev. J. M. Driver.

1. Wait my soul up-on the Lord, To his gra-cious prom-ise flee;
2. If the sor-rows of thy case Seem pe-cu-liar still to thee;
3. Days of tri-al, days of grief In suc-ces-sion thou may'st see;
4. Rock of a-ges! I'm se-cure With thy promise full and free;

Fine.

Lay-ing hold up-on His Word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
God has promis'd need-ful grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
This is still thy sweet re-lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Faith-ful, pos-i-tive and sure—"As thy days thy strength shall be."

D. S. *This is still thy sweet re-lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."*

Chorus. D. S.

"As thy days thy strength shall be:" "As thy days thy strength shall be;"

By permission.

No. 274. Sinners, Turn! Why will ye Die?

1. Sinners turn! why will ye die?
God, your Maker; asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
Chorus. As thy days etc.

2. He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands!
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?
Cho. As thy days, etc.

3. Sinners, turn! why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Cho. As thy days, etc.

4. Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why,
Will ye slight his grace, and die?
Cho. As thy days, etc.

No. 275. Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je-sus, thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with-

ev-er, to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast
make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what
Lord, at thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou

out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev-er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see thy blood flow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev-er said'st No, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHOURS.

Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now

wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

By permission.

No. 276. Is My Name Written There.

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord! I care not for rich-es, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood. O my
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heaven, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its
Sav-ior, is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-

pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name written there?
let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

REFRAIN.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name written there?

No. 277. Forth to the Fight.

M. L. McPhail.

1. Forth to the fight ye ran - som'd, Might-y in God's own might
2. Fear not the din of bat - tle, Fol-low where he has trod,
3. An - gels around us hov - er, Suc - cor in time of need,
4. Arm ye against the bat - tle, Watch ye, and fast and pray,

Stemming the tide of bat - tle, Routing the hosts at night.
Per-fecting strength in weak - ness, Je - sus in-car-nate God.
Ev - er at hand to strength-en, Guar-di-ans they in - deed,
Peace shall succeed the war - fare, Night shall be changed to day.

Lift..... up the Blood red Ban - ner, Wield..... ye the
Lift the blood red, Blood red ban - ner, Wield the Vic-

Vic - tor's sword, Raise..... ye the Chris - tian's
tor's, Vic - tor's sword, Raise the Chris - tian's

rit.

war - cry: "The cross..... of Christ the Lord."
Chris-tian's war - cry, "The cross of Christ, of Christ the Lord."

C 18

No. 278. Twilight is Falling.

A. S. Kieffer. B. C. Unseld.

Andantino.

1. Twi - light is steal-ing o - ver the sea, Shad - ows are fall - ing
2. Voic - es of loved ones! songs of the past! Still lin - ger round me
3. Come in the twi-light, come, come to me! Bring - ing some mes-sage

dark on the Lea; Borne on the night winds, voic - es of yore,
while life shall last; Lone - ly I wan - der, sad - ly I roam,
o - ver the sea, Cheer-ing my path - way while here I roam,

Chorus.

Come from the far - off shore. Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies,
Seek-ing that far - off home.
Seek-ing that far - off home.

Where the love - light nev - er, nev-er dies, Gleam-eth a man - sion,

fill'd with de - light, Sweet hap - py home, so bright!

No. 279. In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. Atchison. E. O. Excell.

1. In the sha - dow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
2. In the sha - dow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
3. In the sha - dow of his wings There is joy, glad joy, There is

rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neigbor,
pass - eth un - der - stand-ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending,
joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed-ing, full of glory;

In the sha - dow of his wings, There is rest, sweet rest, In the
In the sha - dow of his wings, There is peace, sweet peace, In the
In the sha - dow of his wings, There is joy, glad joy, In the

sha - dow of his wings, There is rest, (sweet rest,) There is rest, There is
sha - dow of his wings, There is peace, (sweet peace,)
sha - dow of his wings, There is joy, (glad joy,) sweet rest,

p *f* 1 2

peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings, shadow of his wings.
sweet peace; glad joy;

No. 280. Beautiful City.

T. J. Cook.

mf

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n, where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels clothed in
3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau-ti-ful palms the conqu'rors
4. Beau-ti-ful throne of Christ our King, Beau-ti-ful songs the an-gels

love! Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple, God its
white, Beau-ti-ful strains that nev - er tire. Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the
show, Beau-ti-ful robes the ransom'd wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en - ter
sing, Beau-ti-ful rest, all wand'rings cease, Beau-ti-ful home of per-fect

light! He who was slain on Cal - va-ry, Opens those
choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshipping
there; Thith - er I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my
peace; There shall my eyes the Sav - ior see, Haste to this

pearl - y gates to me. Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly
at the Sav - ior's feet.
rest be long and sweet.
heav'n-ly home with me.

Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful Zi - on, Cit - y of our God.

By permission.

No. 281. Sleep, my Little One, Sleep.

(In memory of Anna Small, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam. W. Small.)

Miss A. Bensel, Arr. E. O. Excell.

1. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,..... Narrow thy bed and deep,
2. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,..... Narrow thy bed and deep,
3. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,..... Narrow thy bed and deep,
4. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,..... Narrow thy bed and deep,

lit-tle one, sleep,

Hun-ger, nor thirst, nor cruel pain, Ev - er can hurt my babe a-gain;
Soon in the an-gels' tender arms, Close sheltered there from earth's alarms,
Folded your hands in death's mute prayer, Never to reach in wild de-spair,
I too shall soon be laid to rest, Close by the side of ba - by blest;

I thy moth-er will bend and sing, Watch thee slum-ber - ing,
Thou wilt wak - en, sweet ba - by mine, In thy home di - vine:
Hun - ger, an-guish, will soon be o'er I can weep no more;
Safe is ba - by, earth's anguish done, Keep thee, ho - ly one,

dim.

Sleep my lit-tle one, sleep,..... sleep,.....
lit - tle one, Sleep, sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,.....

Sleep, sleep, lit-tle one, sleep.

No. 282. Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing thee home, Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest, Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to him now, Wait-ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to his voice, Hear him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam;
call - ing to - day; Bring him thy bur-dens and thou shalt be blest,
wait-ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at his feet low-ly bow;
hear him to - day; They who be - lieve on his name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far-ther and far - ther a - way? Call - ing to - day.....
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way. Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day;

call - - ing to - day,..... Je - - sus is
Call-ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day
call-ing to-day,

No. 283. Soldiers, to the War.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Ira O. Hoffman.

1. O, the world must be conquer'd for Christ, And the standard reared up in his name, Must be plant - ed on hill and in vale, Till the world shall re - ech - o his fame.
2. Yes, the world must be conquer'd for Christ! Ev - 'ry soul must be brought to his fold! To the front, O ye sol - diers. to arms! To the war, ye whose names are en-rolled!
3. Yes, the world must be conquer'd for Christ! Take the shield, soldiers, gird on the sword! Let the strug - gle be ear - nest and brave! To the war in the name of the Lord!

Chorus.

For-ward, sol - diers! For-ward, For-ward march!

sol - diers! Take the shield, bravely gird on the sword! To the bat - tle! To the bat - tle! To the war in the name of the Lord!

For-ward march! For-ward, for-ward, for-ward march!

For-ward march! For-ward march!

No. 284. The Birds are Singing.

M. L. McPhail.

With spirit.

1. The birds are sing - ing on the trees And flow'rs bedeck the ground; A-
2. Wel - come to us is Christmas morn, For then our Sav - ior mild, In
3. And good for us that bless - ed day, On which our Sav-ior died, And
4. Our Eas - ter day is glad and bright And Al - le - lu - ias ring From
5. But blest As-cen sion day to us Bright hap-pi-ness a - lone, We

mid these things so sweet and fair, Our voic-es may re - sound; This
Beth - le-hem for us is born A dread and ho - ly child; But
shed the wa - ter and the blood From out his pre - cious side. We
all the church to wel-come back Her ris- en Lord and King. Yet
joy with our tri-umph-ant Lord, As - cend-ing to his throne. The

day our Lord as-cend - ed high, With sol-emn ju - bi - lee, Then
oh, with Christmas car - ols glad, Are blent some notes of woe, To
thank the Lord who saved us thus, But glad we dare not be, For
not at bless - ed Eas - ter tide The tri-umph is com-plete, Our
an - gels wel - come him on high, With glad and sol - emn lay; Then

let us join the an - gel choirs In glad fes-tiv - i - ty.
think what an-guish for our sakes That heav'nly babe must know.
think - ing of the crown of thorns And of the blood-stained tree
Sav - ior lin - gers still on earth, Far from his Fath-er's seat.
let us ech - o back their songs This bright As-cen-sion Day.

No. 285. Christ Shall be My Song.

J. M. Driver.

1. Thou dear Re-deem-er, dy-ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee;
2. My Je - sus dear shall be my theme, While in this world I stay;
3. When I ap-pear in yon-der cloud, With all thy fa-vored throng;

No mu - sic's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can
I'll sing my Je-sus' love-ly name When all things else de-
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my

Chorus.

be, Nor half so sweet can be. O let me ev-er hear thy voice
cay, When all things else de - cay.
song, And Christ shall be my song.

In mer - cy to me speak; In thee, my priest, will

I re - joice, And thy sal - va - tion seek.

No. 286. Remember, Keep Holy.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. If you meet a comrade on the Sabbath day, Who would seek to lead you
2. If a-long the highway, or the busy street, Lit-tle Sabbath breakers
3. In the world around you, in the sky above, There are hearts to cheer you,

in - to paths a-stray, Be a lit - tle he - ro, and your courage show,
you should chance to meet, Be a lit - tle Christian, do not with them go,
there are souls to love, Fol-low in the path-way of your Lord be-low.

Chorus.

Tell him ver - y plain - ly No! No! no! no! I can-not go,
Let your ac - tion tell them No!
Nev - er from the right way go.

'Tis the Lord's command and I'll o - bey, In his word I read it,

'Twas the Lord who said it, "Remember, keep holy, the Sabbath day."

No. 287. The Mercy Seat.

HUGH STOWELL. E. O. EXCELL.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And time and sense molest no more,
5. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold, and still,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy seat;
A place than all be-sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, Around one com-mon mer - cy seat;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer - cy seat;
This bounding heart forget to beat, If I for-get the mer - cy seat;

REFRAIN.

The mer-cy seat, the mer-cy seat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat:
The mer-cy seat, the mer-cy seat, It is the blood-bought mercy seat;
The mer-cy seat, the mer-cy seat, A-round one com-mon mercy seat;
The mer-cy seat, the mer-cy seat, And glo - ry crowns the mercy seat;
The mer-cy seat, the mer-cy seat, If I for-get the mercy seat;

There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, Around one common mer-cy seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mer-cy seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for-get the mer-cy seat.

No. 288. The Beacon Light.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. H. A. Lewis.

Base Solo.

1. Where art thou steer-ing, brother, While sail - ing o'er life's sea?
2. Oh, ma - ny barks have stranded, Where quick-sands hidden lie!
3. For ves - sels large and no - ble, Up - on the rocks will break!

Be - fore thee are the break-ers, And dan - ger there may be.
Then keep with-in the chan - nel, The Light be-fore thine eye.
And oft the strongest na-tures, Be - fore temp-ta-tions shake.

Chorus.

The Light, The Light, my brother! It stands on yon - der height,

rit.

Christ marks the path of dang-er, His word the Bea-con Light

No. 289. Sing Hosanna.

FREDERIC W. ROOT

1. Sing Ho-san - nas loud and clear, Da-vid's Son doth now ap-pear;
2. Sing Ho-san - nas loud and clear, Da-vid's Lord doth now appear;
3. Sing Ho-san - nas loud and clear, Da-vid's King doth now appear;

In a man - ger low He lies, Tho' the Lord of earth and skies;
Shepherds and Wise Men from far, Led by Bethle'em's guiding star,
An-gel choirs announce His birth, Singing, "Peace, good will on earth."

Songs of joy we'll raise to - day, Join-ing in the an - gels' lay.
Join to raise in sweet ac-cord, Songs of praise to Da-vid's Lord.
Earth - ly choirs re-spond, and sing, "Hail to David's Lord and King."

CHORUS.

"Ho - san - na, Ho - san na, Ho - san-na in the highest, in the

highest!" Sing Hosannas loud and clear, David's {Son, Lord, King,} doth now appear.

No. 290. My Boy has Wandered Far!

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. E. O. Excell.

1. My boy has wander'd far from home! So far, I know not where;
2. My boy has wander'd far from home! The storm is dark and wild;
3. My boy has wander'd far from home! And oh, to see his face,
4, My boy has wander'd far from home! But love can nev - er sleep,

I know temp-ta-tion lurketh near, And sin has spread a snare.
And bit - ter foes, on ru - in bent, Pur-sue my wand'ring child.
Al-though it bears the stamp of sin, And death has left its trace.
I thro' the long and pain-ful hours, My lone-ly vig - il keep.

Chorus.

My boy has wander'd far from home! O Sav - ior, hear my plea; And ye who seek for err - ing feet, Go bring him back to me.

No. 291. Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there, Where the night dissolves away
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there, By the riv-er sparkling bright,
pal-ace of the King, Meet me there, Where in sweet communion blend

D. S. *storms of life are o'er,*

In-to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay,
In the cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,

On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more,

Fine. Chorus.

Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,
Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,
Meet me there.

D. S.

Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there, When the
Meet me there,

No. 292. Calvary.

Rev. W. McK. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Sav-ior
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The op'ning veil reveals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

me..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.
way..... To heav-en's joys..... and end-less day.
ny,..... In that dread hour..... on Cal - va - ry!

mf Refrain. *p* *m* *p* *pf*

O Cal-vary! dark Calvary! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, (for me,)

mf *ff* *mf* *rit.p*

O Cal - va-ry! blest Cal - va-ry! 'Twas there my Savior died for me.

No. 293. My God will Send His Angel.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. FOR MALE VOICES. W: T. Giffe.

1. Though tri - als oft be - set me, Though scorn'd by wicked men,
2. Though walk - ing in the dark-ness, Though hedg'd a-bout with sin,
3. Though wea - ry with my toil - ing, Though burdens weigh me down,
4. Though long and drear the jour-ney, We jour - ney not a - lone;

Though struggling with temp-ta-tion, Though in the li-on's den,
Though bat - tles rage a - round me, Though fight - ings fierce within,
Though doubts and fears an-noy me, Though far off seems the crown,
Though deep and dark the val - ley, The cross - ing will be soon.

Chorus.

My God will send his an - gel,—The li - ons will not harm;

He sure - ly will de - liv - er, — I'll trust his might - y arm.

C 19

No. 294. There's Much We Can Do.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. E. O. Excell.

1. There's much we can do if we work with a will, No
The Mas - ter is read - y our la - bors to bless, And
2. So much we can do in the sow - ing of seed, Some
The foe will be bus - y in spread - ing the tares, Then
3. So much we can do in the reap - ing of wheat, Some
So much may be lost when the har - vest is past, If

1 2

time to be wast - ed to - day; (omit.) wag - es he of - fers to pay.
fields are yet bar - ren and waste, (omit.) go, and be work-ing with haste.
fields for the har-vest are white; (omit.) left to the mil-dew and blight.

Chorus.

No time to be wast - ed for man - y the fields, And
la - borers, as ev - er, are few; A - way to the
as ev - er are few;
work that is needing a hand! *So much!* O *so much* we can do!

No. 295. Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry! See the foe is nigh; Raise the stand-ard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know,
3. O! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar-mor on, Stand firm, ev-'ry one; Rest your
Must prevail; Shield and banner bright, Gleaming in the light; Battling
By thy grace; When the battle's done, And the vict'ry's won, May we

Chorus. *ff*

cause up-on His ho - ly word. Rouse, then, soldiers, ral-ly round the
for the right We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Before thy face.

ban-ner, Read-y, stead-y, pass the word along; Onward, for-ward,

shout a-loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might-y throng.

No. 296. Seeking for Me.

E. E. Hasty.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a
2. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great
3. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, the same as of old, While I did
4. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, shall come from on high; Sweet is the

man - ger to sor - row and shame, Oh, it was won - der-ful,
debt, and my soul he set free; Oh, it was won - der-ful,
wan - der a - far from the fold, Gen - tly and long he hath
prom - ise as wea - ry years fly: Oh, I shall see him de-

blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me, Seeking for me,
how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me, Dy-ing for me,
plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me, Call-ing for me,
scend - ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me, Coming for me,

seek-ing for me, Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me:
dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me:
call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me:
com-ing for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me:

Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

From "Good Will," by per.

No. 297. Children's Sabbath.

Rev. W. C. Wilbor. E. O. Excell.

1. The children's Sabbath comes a - gain, With birds and flowers bright,
2. The passing year God's love has blest, The hills with mu-sic ring,
3. Sing un - to God who made the day, Whose praise the night prolongs,
4. From sea to sea, in temples fair, To - day his children meet,

With earth-ly fruits and gen - tle rain, And floods of sun-shine light.
The pastures now with flocks are drest, The val-leys shout and ring.
Win - ter and Summer own his sway, The earth to him be - longs.
From north to south we breathe a prayer And wor-ship at his feet.

Chorus.

All na-ture's voice-es loud proclaim God's goodness great and free,

Let all the chil-dren praise his name With glad, sweet mel-o-dy.

No. 298. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

E. O. Excell.

Duet.

1. In heav'nly love a-bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back,
3. Green pastures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

And safe in such con-fid - ing, For nothing chan-ges here.
My Shep-herd is be-side me, And noth-ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been.

Chorus.

The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid.....
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,.....
My hope I can-not meas - ure, My path to life is free,.....

But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And he will walk with me.

No. 299. Beautiful, Beautiful Home.

T. M. T. T. Martin Towne.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home prepared for me, A man-sion a-
2. Oh, I know it's mine, this hap - py home, For Je - sus hath
3. Oh, a beau - ti - ful home is wait - ing all Whose hearts are made

bove the blue skies, Where for-ev - er I'll dwell in peace and joy,
spok - en the word; I have yield-ed my heart, I'm his, I know,
read - y by grace; But the sin-ner whose soul is far from God

When Je - sus shall bid me a - rise. O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
I'm trust-ing to - day in the Lord.
Must turn, if he'd rest in that place.

Refrain.

home,..... O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home,..... Pre-pared for the
beau-ti-ful home, beau - ti-ful home,

chil-dren of God,..... O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.....
children of God, beau-ti-ful home.

No. 300. Out With the Life Boats.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. E. O. Excell.

1. Yon - der a ves - sel is breast-ing the gale, Lost is her rud-der, and
2. See she has stranded! a wreck she must be, Yes, she is break-ing, so
3. Life has its o-cean, and out on its sea, Sin spreads its dan-gers, tho'

rent ev - 'ry sail; Heav - i - ly la - den, there's nought can pre-vail,
wild is the sea; Sig - nals are wav-ing, and cries may be heard,
hid-den they be, Souls there are stranded, and loud is the cry,

Chorus.

O'er her the wa - ters must rush with a wail. Out!.....
Sure-ly a - mong us some hearts may be stir'd. Out!.....
Help now is need - ed, or else they must die. Out!.....
Out with the life - boats!

Out with the life-boats! Yon-der are per - ish-ing souls in their need;

Out!..... out with the life-boats! O-ver the waters be flying with speed.
Out with the life-boats!

No. 301. Blessed Assurance,

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Bles-sed as-sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di - vine? Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a - bove Ech-oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

Chorus.

Spir - it, wash'd in his blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in his love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long.

No. 302. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell. S. Wilder.

Solo Obligato. Soprano.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place, where Je - sus sheds The oil of
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and
5. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be

swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads, A place, than all be-
fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
sin mo - lest no more, And heav'n comes down our
si - lent, cold and still, This bound - ing heart for

sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
sides, more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.
souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat!
get to beat, If I for-get the mer - cy seat!

By permission.

No. 303. He has Come.

Mrs. J. H. Knowles. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. He has come! he has come! My Re-deem-er has come, He has
2. He has come! he has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry
3. He has come! he has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has
4. He has come to a - bide And ho - ly must be The

tak - en my heart as his own chosen home; At last I have giv - en the
tho't of my being is swayed by his word; He has come! and he rules in the
giv - en his word that he will not de-part: No troub-le can en - ter, no
place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my prayer, Lord,

wel-come he sought, He has come and his coming all glad-ness has bro't.
realm of my soul, And his scep - tre is love, O bless-ed con-trol!
e - vil can come, To the heart where the God of peace has his home.
since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home.

Chorus.

Joy! joy is mine, My Sav-ior divine, Comes to abide with me, with me;
with me,

rit.

Come to abide, ev-er to a-bide, My own loving Sav-ior abideth with me.

No. 304. The Wonderful Country.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I have oft-en been told of a won-der-ful coun-try, A
2. They say in that land is a glo-ri-ous cit-y, Whose
3. I read in the Bi-ble the won-der-ful sto-ry, How

land that no mor-tal hath seen, Where riv-ers of crys-tal for-
walls are of jas-per and gold, With glit-ter-ing streets of most
Je-sus was nailed on the tree, And how in the bit-ter-est

ev-er are flowing, Thro' fields of per-pet-u-al green:.....
won-der-ful beau-ty And wealth that can nev-er be told:.....
ag-o-ny dy-ing, He o-pened that country to me:.....

There sum-mer and sun are for-ev-er un-cloud-ed, And
They say the in-hab-i-tants nev-er grow wea-ry, They
By faith in his love, and the grace that he gives me, I

nev - er there fall-eth the night..... A land where the brightest of
nev - er know sor-row or care,..... That joy with-out meas-ure and
look to that country di - vine,..... And know that a-mong the re-

flow - ers are growing, In gar - dens e - ter - nal and bright.....
peace ev-er - last-ing, Are giv - en the bless-ed ones there.....
wards there a-waiting, A robe and a crown shall be mine.....

CHORUS.

p

O wonderful country, home of my Savior, How I am longing for thee, for thee,

m

Where never a sorrow or care for the morrow Shall trouble the blessed and free.

No. 305. I Wonder if there's Room for Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

FIRST VOICE.

1. I have heard of a home far a - way above the skies, Where the
2. But they say that the righteous shall scarcely enter there; How

good and true may hap-py be; I have looked thro' the stars, And I've
then shall a sin - ner like me? I am far, far a-way From the

watch'd thro' lonely hours, And I've wondered if there's room there for me.
gen - tle Shepherd's care; Oh, I won-der if he'll make room for me.

SECOND VOICE.

Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be-
Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a grand in-vi-ta-tion, full and

side; The won - der-ful love of the Lord reaches all; It
free; There's room for us all if we list to his call; Yes he's

CHORUS.

gen-tly calls us now to his side. Room for you and me And there's
will-ing to make room there for thee.

Yes there's room, for you,

room for all, Listen, listen, Hear his earnest call, Who-so-ev-er

will may come, Who-so-ev-er will may come, Come ye that are weary

And are heav-y-la -den, Listen, He's calling thee, There's room for all.

No. 306. In thy Love.

(The words, "Jesus A Lover of my Soul," may be used to this tune.)

NEAL A. MCACLY. E. O. EXCELL.

SOLO.

1. Fa - ther I am weak and sin - ful, Ev - er
2. In the bil - lows of temp-ta - tion, When its
3. Fa - ther, when the shades are fall - ing, And the
4. O - pen, then, the pearl - y por - tals, That un-

prone to go a - stray; Like a way - ward child of
waves are run - ning high, Bear me o'er life's sea of
night of death is near; Guide me thro' the gloom - y
wor - thy though I be. I may join the ransomed

er - ror, I so oft - en lose my way.
troub - le, Leave me not to sink and die.
val - ley, With thy light my journ - ey cheer.
le - gions, There to dwell e - ter - nal-ly.

In thy Love—Concluded.

CHORUS.

In thy love, O God, have mer-cy; In thy grace, redeem my
In thy love, O God, have mercy, In thy grace re-

soul, Bring me back, O gentle Shepherd, Keep me safe within thy fold
deem my soul, Bring me back, O gentle shepherd,

No. 307. Take my Life and let it Be.

HANDEL.

1. Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to thee; Take my hands and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for thee; Take my voice and
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in - tel-

let them move At the impulse of thy love, At the impulse of thy love.
let me sing, Al-ways, only for my King, Always on-ly for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I withhold.
lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store,
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

No. 308. Tell me more of Jesus.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

1st. VOICE. Soprano or Tenor.

1. O tell me more of Je-sus, Of him I long to know, Why
2. But why is he so loving? 'Tis more than I can tell; Can

did he come from heav-en To help us here be-low?
he for-give and love us When we so oft re-bel?

Why did he come from heaven To help us here be-low?
Can he for-give and love us When we so oft re-bel?

2d. VOICE. Soprano or Tenor.

He saw us poor and need-y, By guilt and sin oppresed,
His love is all pre-vad-ing, 'Tis boun-teous and 'tis free,

By per. W. L. THOMPSON.

Tell me more of Jesus—Concluded.

He came to us a Sav - ior, And by him all are blessed,
He came to us a Sav - ior, He came for you and me,

He came to us a Sav - ior, And by him all are blessed.
He came to us a Sav - ior, He came for you and me.

FIRST VOICE. *Rit.* CHORUS. *a tempo.*

And by him all are blessed. And by him all are blessed. O Jesus, precious
He came for you and me. He came for you and me

SECOND VOICE.

Jesus, let me love thee more and more, Guide me, blessed Savior, Guide me to the

pp rit.

heav'nly shore, Guide me to the heav'nly shore.
Guide me, O my Sav-ior safe-ly to the heav'nly shore.

No. 309. He's a Drunkard To-night.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

With expression.

1. Somewhere to-night in this cold, dreary world, Wan-ders a boy that I cher-ish so, Treading the dark and the un-bid-den road,
2. When but a babe in my arms he did lie, Ten-der-ly watching his slumbers o'er, Oh, how my heart with e-mo-tions would fill,
3. Fa-ther, give ear to a poor mother's pray'r! O! save my boy, in thy mer-cy, save! Show him the ter-ror, the woe and de-spair,

Lead-ing to mis-er-y, pain and woe; Gen-tle and true, not a
Dreaming sweet dreams that may come no more, Still in the hall I can
Show him the curse of a drunkard's grave, Give back my boy as he

sin to blight, When but a babe he was my de-light, Pure as the
hear his feet, Soft-ly his voice comes in ac-cents sweet, As he, of
used to be,—Take all the world, it is vain to me, Give back the

Tempo ad lib.

snow and as spotless white, Yet, oh, my God, he's a drunkard to-night!
old, would his pray'r repeat, Oh, can it be, he's a drunkard to-night?
child to his mother's knee, That none can say, "he's a drunkard tonight!"

CHORUS.

p *cres.* *rit e dim.*

Pit-y the boy! Pit-y the boy! Angels might weep at beholding the sight;

m *rit.*

Oh! how I lov'd him, the child of my heart, Yet, oh, my God, he's a drunkard tonight!

No. 310. In the Secret of His Presence.

E. L. GORETH. J. M. DUNGAN.

p

1. In the se - cret of his pres - ence How my
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y 'Neath the
3. On - ly this, I know I tell him All my

1. In the se - cret of his pres - ence,
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y,
3. On - ly 'this, I know I tell him

soul de-lights to hide, Oh, how pre - cious are the
shad - ow of thy wing, There is cool and pleas-ant
doubts and griefs and fears, Oh, how pa - tient - ly he

How my soul de - lights to hide, Oh how pre - cious
'Neath the shad - ow of thy wing, There is cool and
All my doubts and griefs and fears, Oh how pa - tient.

f *dim*

les - sons Which I learn at Je - sus'
shel - ter, And a fresh and crys - tal
list - ens, And my droop - ing soul he

are the les - sons which I learn at
pleas - ant shel - ter, And a fresh and
ly he list - ens, And my droop - ing

side, Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, Neith-er
spring, And my Sav - ior rests be - side me, As we
cheers, Do you think he ne'er re-proves me, What a

Je - sus' side, Earth - ly cares can nev - er vex me,
crys - tal spring, And my Sav ior rests be - side me,
soul he cheers, Do you think he ne'er re-proves me.

tri - als lay me low; For when sa - tan comes to
hold com - mun - ion sweet; If I tried I could not
false friend he would be; If he nev - er, nev - er

Neith - er tri - als lay me low; For when sa - tan
As we hold com - mun - ion sweet; If I tried I
What a false friend he would be; If he nev - er.

tempt me, To the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter, What he says when thus we meet.
told me Of the sins which he must see.

comes to tempt me, To the se - cret place I go.
could not ut - ter What he says when thus we meet.
nev - er told me Of the sins which he must see.

CHORUS.

In the se - cret of his pres - ence, When you're en - tered at the door,

Then secure you'll rest in Je - sus, There is joy for - ev - er - more.

No. 311. Marching On.

CHAS. GABRIEL. E. C. NEWBURY.

1. We are march-ing on in the ar-my of the Lord, We are true and we are faith-ful to our Cap-tain's word, With our flag un-furled we are press-ing to the fray, Prais-ing
2. He will nev-er leave us, He nev-er will for-sake What tho' le-gions may op-pose. temp-ta-tions o-ver-take, With our trust in him we shall nev-er, nev-er fall! Let us
3. Come and join our throng, we will take you by the hand, Let us jour-ney on to-geth-er to the bet-ter land With our saints at last we shall wear the vic-tor's crown, And for-

CHORUS.

Je-sus as we march a-way. We're marching on - - - ward to our ral-ly at the Cap-tain's call.
ev-er lay our ar-mor down.

Marching a-long;

Marching On—Concluded.

home, No more to weep, no more to roam, With songs of
Heavenly home; never to weep; nev-er to roam;

joy.....and hearts a-glow,..... In heav'nly love..... we onward
Songs full of joy; hearts all a-glow; heavenly love;

go,
onward we go; Hear his sweet voice; calling a-bove;
His voice is call - - ing from a - bove,..... In ten-der

ten-der-est tones; ten-der-est love cheering us on;
tones, in ten-der love,..... He cheers us on,..... the heav'nly

rit.

heav-en-ly way, leading to-day, beau-ti-ful day.
way, That leads to ev - - - er-last-ing day.

No. 312. The Old and New Home.

Arr. by F. L. B. Arr. by F. L, Bristow.

1. O the old house at home where my fore-fa-thers dwelt; Where a
2. It was not for its splen-dor that dwell-ing was dear; It was
3. But the old house no more is a dwell-ing for me; The
4. There's the "New House" for me that is not made with hands; 'Tis a

child at the feet of my moth-er I knelt; Where she taught me the
not that the gay and the no-ble were near; O'er the porch the wild
home of the stran-ger henceforth it must be; And I nev-er shall
man-sion in heav-en, e-ter-nal it stands, By the riv-er of

pray'r, where she read me the page, Which in in-fan-cy lisps Is the
rose and the i-vy en-twined, And the jes-sa-mine fra-grantly
room in its rooms as a guest, Nev-er roam thro' the fields that my
life, where the streets are of gold, And the gates are of pearl, It can

sol-ace of age, My heart 'mid all chan-ges, wher-e'er I may
waved in the wind, But dear-er to me than proud tur-ret or
fa-ther pos-sessed, But still in my dreams wher-e'er I may
nev-er be sold, And soon I shall go to the land of the

roam, Never los-es its love for the old house at home; For 'twas
dome, Is the home of my fa-ther, the old house at home; For 'twas
roam, Sweet vis-ions will come of the old house at home; For 'twas
blest, To meet with moth-er and the loved ones at rest; And 'tis

there at the feet of my mother I knelt, In the old house at
there at the feet of my mother I knelt, In the old house at
there at the feet of my mother I knelt, In the old house at
there 'round a throne pearly white we shall sing, In that "New House at

CHORUS.

home where my fore - fathers dwelt. O the old house at home, O the
home where my fore - fathers dwelt.
home where my fore - fathers dwelt.
"Home," 'tis the home of a King! O the new house at home, O the

old house at home, My heart nev er changes for the old house at
(Last v.) new house at home, My soul now is long-ing for the new house at

home; O the old house at home, O the old house at home, My
home; O the new house at home, O the new house at home, My

heart nev - er chan - ges for the old house at home.
soul now is long - ing for the new house at home.

No. 313. The Sweetest Voice.

Rev. P. Stryker, D. D. M. H. Evans.

DUET.

1. I heard a voice,.....the sweet-est voice..... That mortal
2. I saw his face,..... the fair-est face..... That mortal
3. I felt his love,..... the strongest love..... That mortal

QUARTET.

I heard a voice, the sweetest voice
I saw his face, the fair-est face
I felt his love, the strongest love

ev - - er heard;..... Oh! how it made ..... my heart re-
ev - - er saw;..... I longed the Sav - ior to em-
ev - - er felt;..... Oh! how it drew ..... my soul a-

That mor-tal ev-er heard; yes, ev-er heard; Oh! how it made
That mor-tal ev-er saw; yes, ev-er saw; I longed the Savior
That mor-tal ev-er felt; yes, ev-er felt. Oh! how it drew

joice,..... And ev-'ry feel - - ing stirr'd!
brace,..... From him new life..... .... .. to draw.
bove,..... And made my hard..... heart melt!

my heart re-joice, And ev-'ry feel-ing stirr'd!
to em-brace, From him new life to draw.
my soul a-bove, And made my hard heart melt!

'Twas Je - sus spoke..... to me so mild,..... He
"Come un - to me,"..... he kind-ly said,..... "And
My bur - den at..... his feet I laid,..... And

'Twas Je - sus spoke To me so mild,
"Come un - to me," he kind - ly said,
My bur - den at his feet I laid,

call'd..... me to his side,..... ... And said al-though.....
I..... will give thee rest:..... Thy ran-som price.....
knew..... the joy of heav'n..... As to my heart

He call'd me to his side,..... And said although
yes, to His side,
And I will give thee rest:..... Thy ransom price
will give thee rest,
And knew the joy of heav'n ..... As to my heart
the joy of heav'n

with heart defiled,..... I might in him..... con - fide.....
I ful - ly paid..... Repent? believe!..... be blest."......
He sweetly spoke..... The blessed word,..... "For-giv'n!".....

with heart defiled, I might in him, in him confide.
I ful - ly paid, Repent! believe! believe! be blest!"
He sweetly spoke The blessed word, blest word "Forgiv'n!"

No. 314. O, Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS — E. O. EXCELL.

1. When I sur-vey..... the wondrous cross..... On which the Prince.....
When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the

2. For-bid it, Lord!..... that I should boast..... Save in the death.....
For-bid it, Lord! that I should boast Save in the

3. See from his head,..... his hands, his feet..... Sorrow and love.....
See from his head, his hands, his feet Sor-row and

4. Were the whole realm..... of nature mine..... That were a gift.....
Were the whole realm of na-tur emine, That were a

..... of glo-ry died..... My rich-est gain..... I count but
Prince of glo - ry died, My rich-est gain

..... of Christ, my God,..... All the vain things..... that charm me
death of Christ, my God, All the vain things

..... flow ming-led down..... Did e'er such love..... and sor - row
love flow mingled down, Did e'er such love

..... far, far too small..... Love so com - plete..... love so di-
gift far, far too small Love so complete,

loss..... And pour con - tempt..... on all my pride.....
I count but loss And pour contempt on all my pride.

most..... I sac - ri-fice..... them to his blood..... .....
that charm me most I sac - ri-fice them to his blood.

meet..... Or thorns com-pose..... so rich a crown?.....
and sorrow meet Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

vine..... Demands my soul,..... my life, my all.....
love so di-vine Demands my soul, my life, my all.

O, Wondrous Cross—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O won-drous cross..... O bless-ed cross.....
O won-drous cross, O bless-ed cross,

The cross on which..... my Sav-ior died,.....
The cross on which my Sav - ior died,

O wond'rous cross..... O bless-ed cross.....
O wond'rous cross O bless-ed cross,

With-in its shad - - - ow I will hide.....
With-in its shad - ows I will hide, I will hide.

No. 315. To-day the Savior Calls.

THOMAS HASTINGS. LOWELL MASON.

1. To-day the Savior calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Savior calls: O hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. The Spirit calls today: Yield to his power; O grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 316. That Beautiful Stream.

E. Torbey. E. O. Excell.

1. I'll sing of a stream, ... of a beau - ti - ful
2. I'll sing of a stream, ... of a beau - ti - ful
3. I'll sing of a stream, ... of a beau - ti - ful
4. I'll sing of a stream, ... of a beau - ti - ful

stream, ... 'Tis flow-ing, to - day ..... thro' the
stream, ... Which gladdens the hearts ..... in the
stream, ... That fountain of God, ... which was
stream, ... That fountain that now ..... and for-

sweet Ca - naan Land ..... Its wa - ters gleam
cit - y of God ..... It flows from a-
o - pened for sin, ... That stream from his
ev - er is free; ..... I'll sing of that

bright ..... in their heav-en - ly light .....
bove ..... thro' God's in-fi - nite love .....
side ..... who for sin-ners once died, ...
flood ..... which is crimsoned with blood .....

The Beautiful Stream—Concluded.

CHORUS.

And spark - les o'er sil - ver - y sand. Go wash, Go wash in that
And sparkles, sparkles, o'er sil - ver - y sand.
And spreads its sweet wa-ters a-broad. Go wash,
And spreads its waters, sweet wa-ters a - broad.
He's healed who but plunges with - in. Go wash, Go wash, go wash in that
He's healed who plunges, who plunges with - in.
From sin, it has cleansed even me. Go wash,
From sin, from sin it has c leansed e-ven me.

beau-ti-ful stream,..... Go wash..... in that beautiful
beau - ti - ful stream, in that beau-ti-ful stream, Go wash, go wash in that beau-ti-ful

stream..... Go wash..... in that beau-ti-ful
stream, in that beau-ti-ful stream, Go wash, go wash in that beau - ti - ful

stream,..... ..... 'Tis flow-ing at the cross for you.
stream, in that beau - ti - ful stream, 'Tis flow - ing at the cross for you.

No. 317

Haven of Life.

Theme from Meyer Helmund. Arr. by Frank L. Bristow.

Solo Alto or Baritone.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly; While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and comfort me.

Cho. Hide..... me All..... my Hide me, o my Sav - ior! All my trust on thee, on

Oh!..... my Sav - - ior, hide..... trust..... on thee..... is stayed,.....

O my Sav-ior hide me! thee my trust is stayed!

Hide me, O my Sav - ior! All my trust on thee, on

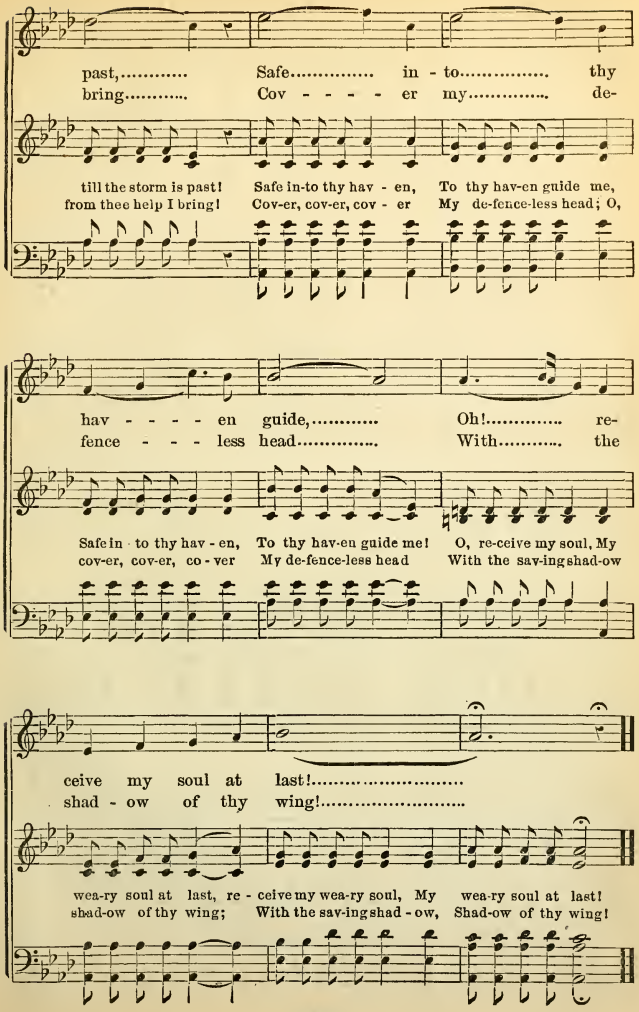
O my Sav-ior, hide me! thee my trust is stayed!

Till..... the storm..... of life is All..... my help..... from thee I

Till the storm of life is past All my help from thee I bring,

Till the storm is past, From thee help I bring,

Yes till the storm is past, Yes Yes from thee help I bring, Yes


past,..... Safe..... in - to..... thy
bring..... Cov - - - - er my..... de-
till the storm is past! Safe in-to thy hav - en, To thy hav-en guide me,
from thee help I bring! Cov-er, cov-er, cov - er My de-fence-less head; O,
hav - - - - en guide,..... Oh!..... re-
fence - - - less head..... With..... the
Safe in - to thy hav - en, To thy hav-en guide me! O, re-ceive my soul, My
cov-er, cov-er, co - ver My de-fence-less head With the sav-ing shad-ow
ceive my soul at last!.....
shad - ow of thy wing!.....
wea-ry soul at last, re - ceive my wea-ry soul, My wea-ry soul at last!
shad-ow of thy wing; With the sav-ing shad - ow, Shad-ow of thy wing!

No. 318. If I Were a Voice

I. B. Woodbury.

1. If I were a voice, a per-sua-sive voice, That could trav-el the wide world
2. If I were a voice, a con-sol - ing voice, I'd fly on the wings of the
3. If I were a voice, an im - mor-tal voice, I would fly the earth a-

Piano or Organ.

through, I would fly on the beams of the morn - ing light, And
air; The homes of sor - row and guilt I'd seek, And
round, And wher-ev - er man to his i - dols bow'd, I'd

speak to men with a gen - tle might, And tell them to be
calm and truth - ful words I'd speak, To save them from de-
pub - lish in notes both long and loud, The Gos - pel's joy - ful

true, I would fly, I would fly o - ver land and sea, Wher-
spair, I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town, And
sound, I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day, Pro-

By permission.

ev-er a hu - man heart might be, Tell-ing a tale or
drop, like the hap - py sun-light, down In - to the hearts of
claiming peace on my world-wide way, Bidding the sad-den'd

singing a song In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong, I would
suffering men, And teach them to look up a - gain; I would
earth re-joice,— If I were a voice, an im - mor-tal voice, I would

fly, I would fly, I would fly, ...
fly, I would fly, I would fly, ...
fly, I would fly, I would fly, ...

I would fly, I would fly o - ver land and sea.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowd - ed town.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day.

By permission.

No. 319. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Just as I am..... with-out one plea,.....
Just as I am with-out one plea
2. Just as I am..... and wait-ing not,.....
Just as I am and wait-ing not,
3. Just as I am..... thou wilt re - ceive.....
Just as I am thou wilt re-ceive,
4. Just as I am..... thy love un - known.....
Just as I am thy love un-known,

But that thy blood..... was shed for me,.....
But that thy blood was shed for me,
To rid my soul..... of one dark blot.....
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
Wilt wel-come cleanse..... par-don, re - lieve.....
Wilt wel-come cleanse par-don, re-lieve,
Has brok-en all..... my bar-riers down,.....
Has brok-en all my barriers down,

And that thou bidd'st..... me come to thee.....
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
To thee whose blood..... can cleanse each spot,.....
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Be-cause thy word..... I do be - lieve,.....
Be-cause thy word I do be-lieve,
Now to be thine,..... yes, thine a - lone.....
Now to be thine, yes,thine a-lone,

O Lamb of God..... I come, I come.....
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

CHORUS.

I come to thee..... Lord, hear my plea.....
I come to thee, Lord hear my plea,

And make my heart..... a home for thee,.....
And make my heart a home for thee,

I come to thee,..... Lord, hear my plea,.....
I come to thee, Lord, hear my plea,

And make me as ..... I ought to be.....
And make me as I ought to be.

No. 320. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His temp-ter was watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song,

2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempt-er, come on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp QUARTET.

1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,

2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high,

SOLO.

ORGAN.

Oh, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

By per. Will Thompson & Co.

Sav-ior, he dwells in that song, O Lord can it be that a

sin-ner like me, May find a sweet refuge by com-ing to thee?

pp QUARTET.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And

pp QUARTET.

O, re - ceive my soul at last.....

No. 321. Make a Friend of Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Broth-er, make a friend of Je - sus! Who so kind and true,
2. Broth-er, make a friend of Je - sus! Trust him ev - 'ry day,
3. Broth-er, make a friend of Je - sus! His af - fec-tion pure,

And as full of rich com - pas - sion As the Lord to you?
And you will be safe - ly guid - ed, In the nar-row way.
Rich with ten-der peace and com - fort, Ev - er will en - dure.

He is the friend of sin - ners; Free - ly he will for - give;
He is so kind and gra - cious, He will his own de - fend;
O what a prec - ious Sav - ior! O what a friend is he!

Broth - er, give your heart to Je - sus And his grace re - ceive.
Broth - er, if you need a Sav - ior, Make the Lord your friend.
Trust him and his love will bless thee Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

Make him your friend and he will de-
Make the Lord your friend! Make the Lord your friend! And he will defend!

fend! Trust him and his love will bless thee Thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
you he will defend!

No. 322. Tell It all to Jesus.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. When the heart grows faint and wea-ry, Tell it all to Je - sus;
2. If thy life is filled with sor-row, Tell it all to Je - sus;
3. If some se - cret sin op-press thee, Tell it all to Je - sus;

When the way seems long and drear - y Tell it all to Je - sus.
If there dawns no bright to - mor - row, Tell it all to Je - sus.
If some fleet-ing joys dis-tress thee, Tell it all to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Tell it all to Je - sus, Tell it all to Je - sus;

Let what-e'er be your com-plaint, Tell it all to Je - sus.

No. 323. Draw the Line of Battle.

Rev. Jno. McPhail. J. M. Dungan.

1. Draw the line of bat - tle, Press up - on the foe, Wave the flag of
2. Draw the line of bat - tle, Read - y for the fight, Je - sus gives the
3. Draw the line of bat - tle, Vic - to - ry is near, Cheer up! wea - ry

vic - t'ry, Ev - 'ry-where you go, Break the ranks of Sa - tan,
or - ders,, Stand up in his might; Cour - age! do not fal - ter,
sol - dier, Nev - er, nev - er fear; Je - sus is a pres - ent

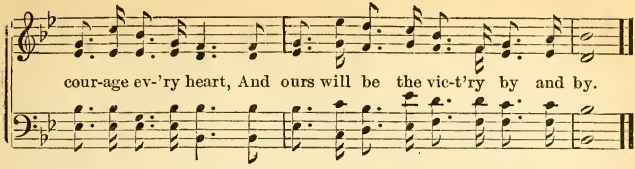
Scat-ter all his host, Give no time to ral - ly, Or the bat-tle's lost.
Bold, he-ro - ic stand, Hear the voice of Je-sus, Forward his com-mand.
Help in time of need, He will in the bat - tle On to con-quest lead.

Chorus.

Fall in - to line, my broth-er, Fall in - to line, The con - quest is

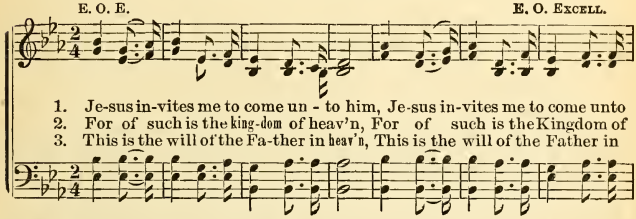
great and needs your help, Draw the line of bat - tle

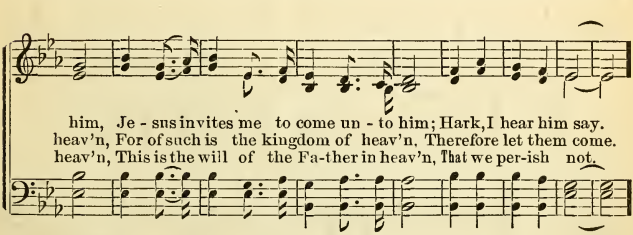
needs your help,



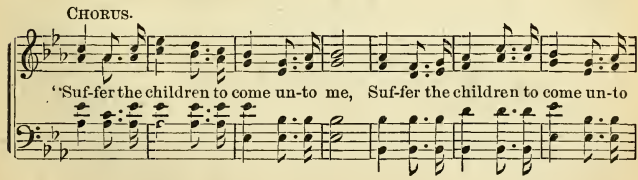
No. 324. Suffer the Children to Come.

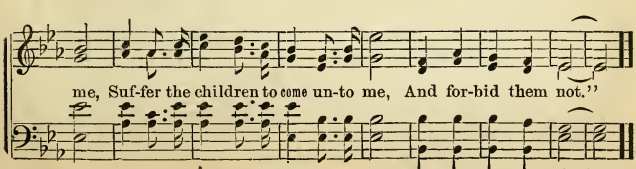
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.





Chorus.





No. 325. Save the Boy.

L. F. C. Rev. L. F. Cole.

1. Once he sat up-on my knee, Looked from sweet eyes in-to mine,
2. Once his laugh with merry ring Filled our house with music rare,
3. Midst the glit - ter and the glare, Of the room where death is dealt,
4. Oh, this curse that spoiled my boy! Led him down and down to death;

Questioned me so won-drous-ly, Of the mys - ter-ies di - vine:
And his lov - ing hands would bring Wreathes of blos - soms for my hair;
Scarce you'd know him, but he's there, He who once so rev-'rent knelt,
Robbed me of my rar - est joy, Made a pang of ev - 'ry breath;

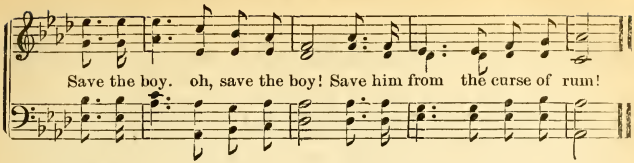
Once he fond - ly clasped my neck; Press'd my cheek with kiss-es sweet;
Oh, the mer - ry, hap - py sprite, Con-stant, ceaseless source of joy;
At my knee, and soft - ly spoke Words in - to the ear of God;
Moth-ers, fa - thers, hear my plea! Let your plead-ings pierce the sky,

O my heart! we lit - tle reck, Where may rove the pre-cious feet.
But to-night, O God, to-night, Where, oh, where's my wand'ring boy!
O my heart, 'tis smit-ten, broke, Crush'd, I bend be-neath the rod.
Pray and work more ear-nest-ly, Let us save our boys or die!

Chorus.

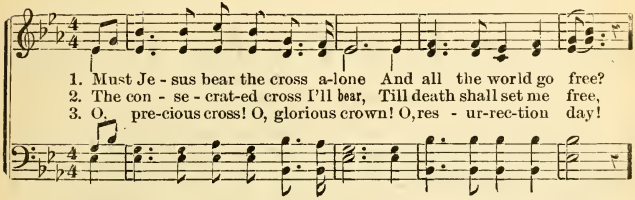
Save the boy, oh, save the boy! To the res - cue swift-ly come;

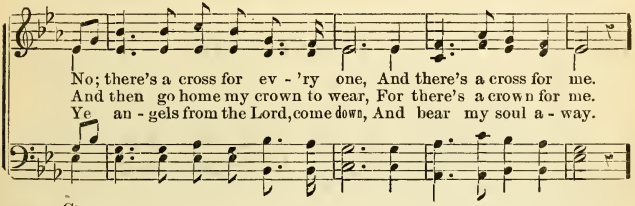
From "Good Will," by per.



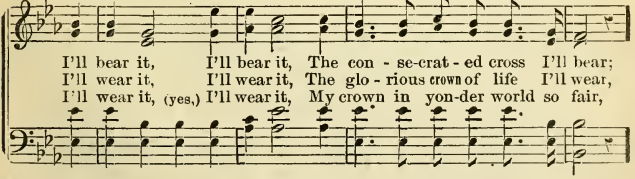
No. 326. I'll Bear the Cross.

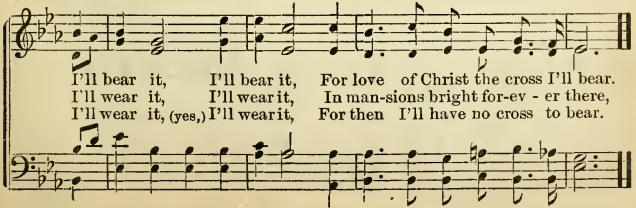
W. A. Ogden.





Chorus.





No. 327. Do What is Next to Thee.

CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Do what is next to thee; Love doth not measure, If not thy pleasure,
2. Do it for Je - sus' sake, Tho' it be try-ing, Sweet the de - nying,
3. Do then with pray'rful heart, Always re-joic-ing, Let thy sweet voicing

Still thine the peace will be, Do it with all thy might; Brief is the
His love can ev - er make, Do it with all thy strength; Be not de-
Some good to all im - part, Do what is right and meet, Wait not to-

liv - ing, Bless those in giv - ing, As in God's ho - ly sight.
lay - ing, But swift o - bey - ing, For right will come at length.
mor-row, So shall not sor - row, Bur-den loves will - ing feet.

CHORUS.

Do ..... with thy might..... what thy hand.....
Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do, Do with thy

..... finds to do,..... Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do,
might what thy hand finds to do.

Do What is Next to Thee—Concluded.

Do..... with thy might..... what thy hand.....
Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do, Do with thy

..... finds to do,..... Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do.
might what thy hand finds to do.

No. 328. Jesus' Little Lamb.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle Lamb, Hap-py all day long I am;
2. By his staff I'm led a - long, Guarded by his arm so strong;
3. Then I nev - er will re - pine, While around his glo - ries shine;

Cho. *I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, Hap-py all day long I am;*

He will keep me safe from harm, For I'm his lamb.
I'm so hap - py all day long, For I'm his lamb.
I am his and he is mine, Oh, I'm his lamb.

C 22 *He will keep me safe I know, For I'm his lamb.*

From "New Silver Song," by per.

No. 329. There's Room for You.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

Tenderly.

1. There's room for you to an - chor, With-in the port of rest,
2. There's room for you to an - chor; The ship is wait - ing now,—
3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we had loved be - low;
4. O heav - ing, swell-ing bil - lows, Bear on-ward to my home!

cres. *dim.*

Where tem-pests all are o - ver, And storms no more mo - lest;
The ship of God's pre - par - ing, Oh! ask not Why nor How.
The same sweet voic-es greet us, As in the long a - go.
Be - yond these drear-y head - lands I see its shin - ing dome.

p

How sweet to wea - ry voya - gers, This prec-ious prom-ise giv'n:
His boundless love and mer - cy, No tongue can ev - er tell;
Then hush! ye murmuring wa - ters, Ye tem-pests, cease to blow!
There, there my faint - ing spir - it, No more for rest shall sigh;

There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n.
If you but trust his prom - ise, All is well.
I al - most hear the mu - sic Soft and low.
'Tis there I hope to an - chor By and by.

Refrain.

m *mf*

There's room (for you,) there's room (for you;) There's room (for you,) there's

There's Room for You—Concluded.

f *dim.* *p*

room (for you,) There'e room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n.

No. 330. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav - ior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care.
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare:
2. We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;

Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray,

Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will:
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 331. While the Years are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on,
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are rolling on;
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are rolling on:
4. Friends we love are quick-ly flying, While the years are rolling on;

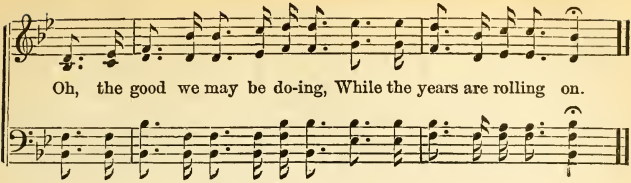
Christian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on.
Time is fly - ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.
Seek to raise a fall - en brother, While the years are rolling on.
No more part - ing, no more dying, While the years are rolling on.

While our jour - ney we pur - sue, With the harvest still in view,
Lov - ing words a soul may win, From the wretched paths of sin;
This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, thro'-out cre - a - tion's land,
In the world be-yond the tomb Sor - row nev-er more can come,

There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years are rolling on.
Ar - mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are rolling on.
When we meet in that blest home, While the years are rolling on.

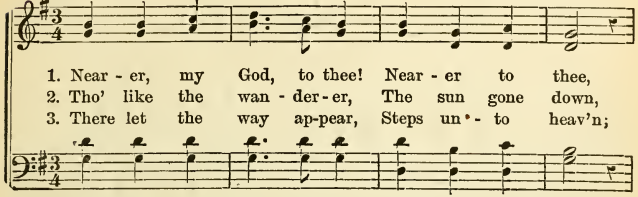
CHORUS.

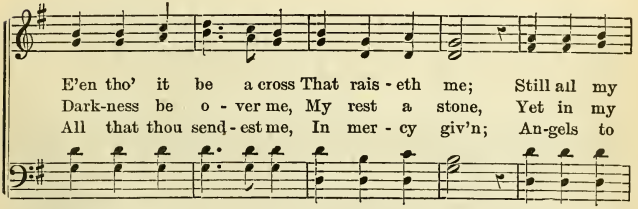
Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on,
Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on,

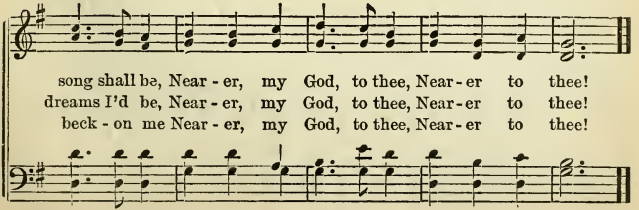


No. 332. Nearer My God, to Thee.

SARAH ADAMS. REV. Z. W. FAGAN.







No. 333. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gent-ly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gent-ly home, In life's darkest

end - ed, And part - ing days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

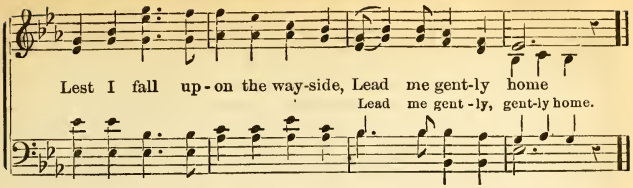
rit. *p*

Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'll only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

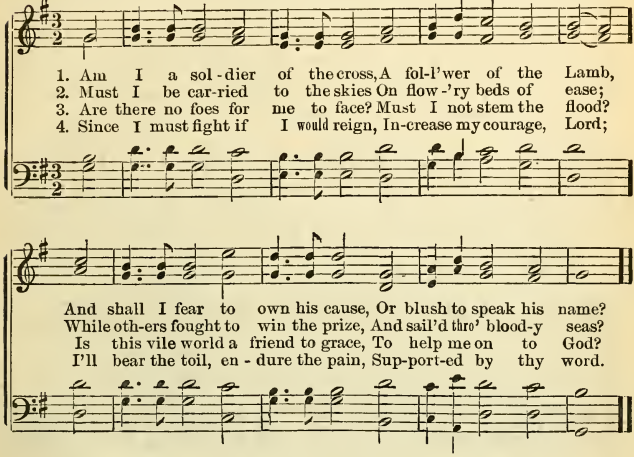
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, lead me gen-tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther,

Lead Me Gently Home, Father,—Concluded.



No. 334. Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS. ARLINGTON. C. M. THOS. A. ARNE.



No. 335. O Jesus, Sweet.

REV. RAY PALMER. Tune—ARLINGTON. C. M.

1 O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'er flows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand; [eye,
What love speaks from thy dying
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on thee.

5 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, forever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay; [spare,
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt
On thy great judgment day.

No. 336. Linger with Me, Precious Savior.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Linger with me, pre-cious Sav-ior, Earthly joys are fad-ing fast;
2. Linger with me, pre-cious Sav-ior, Let the west-ern sun-sets glow,
3. Linger with me, pre-cious Sav-ior, Let thine arms a-round me fold;

Lending, Lord, thy grace and fa - vor Till this fleet - ing life has passed.
Rays of bright and shining brilliance O'er my hap - py spir - it throw.
When the Jordan's wave I en - ter Do not then release thy hold.

Dearest friends a - round me gather, Tho' o'er some the grave has closed;
Light-er, light-er be the evening, When the day of life is done;
When the bright e - ter-nal morning Shall my glad free spir - it wake,

Heeding not the i - cy fin - ger, Calm their souls on thee re-posed.
Dear-er, dear - er be thy presence, With me at the set of sun.
Still be with me, O my Sav - ior, And my soul to glo - ry take.

Chorus.

Lin - ger with me, pre-cious Sav - ior, Close-ly
Lin - ger with me pre - cious Sav - ior,

hold in thine my hand; Lin - ger with me, yes, still
Close-ly hold in thine my hand; Lin-ger with me

ling - ger, Till with - in..... Im - man-uel's land.
Till with - in

No. 337. There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged be-neath that flood, (*Omit*)

D. C. *And sin-ners plunged be - neath that flood,* (*Omit.*)

Fine. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,

Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

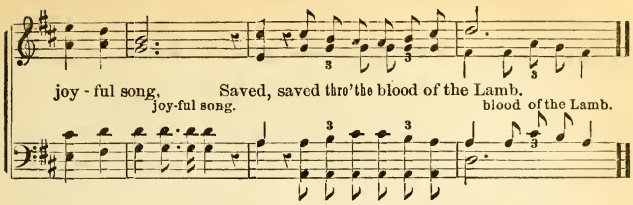
No. 338. That Joyful Song.

HARRIETT E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I love to think of the ran-som'd throng, I love to think of the joy-ful song; The song of praise in the courts a-bove, The
2. I love to think of the mar-tyrs grand Who pass'd thro' life to the prom-ised land, Now chanting praise to their Sav-ior King; O
3. I love to think of the robe and crown, Of those at home with the cross laid down Be-fore the throne of the great I Am, With
4. I love to think of that won-drous clime, I love to think of the scene sub-lime, Where thro' the Lamb I may join that throng And won-drous song of re-deem-ing love. Saved..... thro' the sweet in-deed is the song they sing. Saved thro' the blood of the Lamb, songs of praise to the bless-ed Lamb. sing with them that tri-umph-ant song.

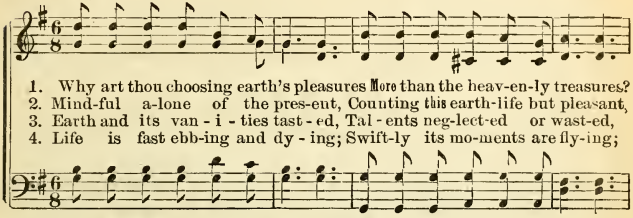
CHORUS.

blood of the Lamb, Saved..... thro' the
Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb, Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb,
blood of the Lamb. I love to think of the
Sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb.

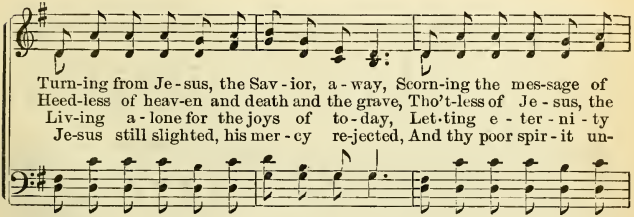


No. 339. What will the Ending Be?

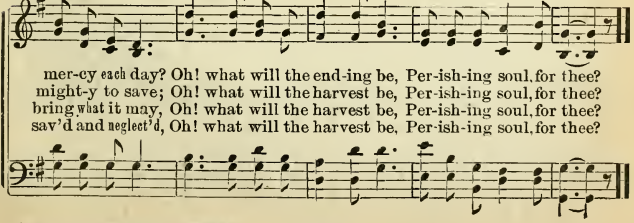
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



1. Why art thou choosing earth's pleasures More than the heav-en-ly treasures?
2. Mind-ful a-lone of the pres-ent, Counting this earth-life but pleasant,
3. Earth and its van - i - ties tast - ed, Tal - ents neg-lect-ed or wast-ed,
4. Life is fast ebb-ing and dy - ing; Swift-ly its mo-ments are fly-ing;



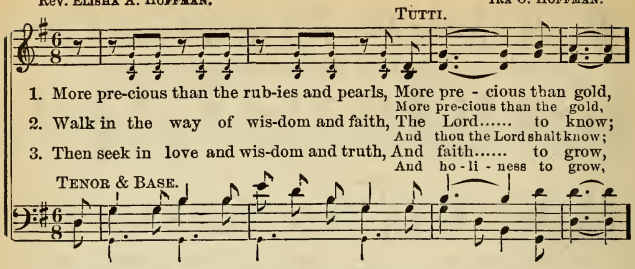
Turn-ing from Je - sus, the Sav - ior, a - way, Scorn-ing the mes-sage of
Heed-less of heav-en and death and the grave, Tho't-less of Je - sus, the
Liv-ing a - lone for the joys of to - day, Let-ting e - ter - ni - ty
Je-sus still slighted, his mer - cy re-jected, And thy poor spir - it un-

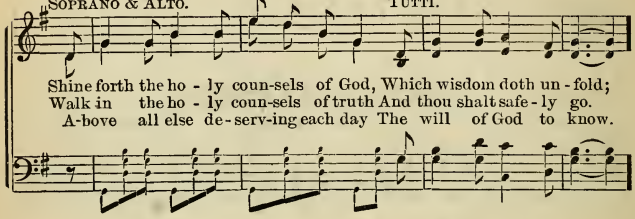


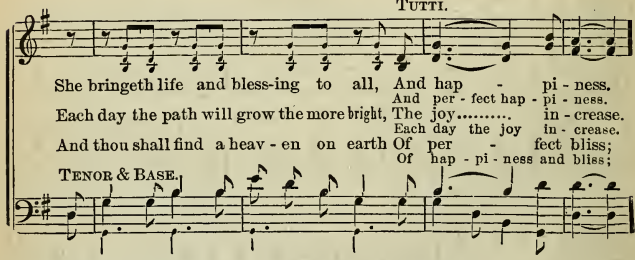
mer-cy each day? Oh! what will the end-ing be, Per-ish-ing soul, for thee?
might-y to save; Oh! what will the harvest be, Per-ish-ing soul, for thee?
bring what it may, Oh! what will the harvest be, Per-ish-ing soul, for thee?
sav'd and neglect'd, Oh! what will the harvest be, Per-ish-ing soul, for thee?

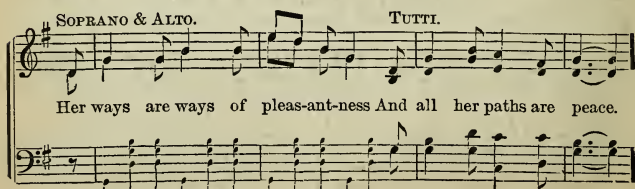
No. 340. Ways of Pleasantness.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Ira O. Hoffman.









Ways of Pleasantness—Concluded.

CHORUS.

A - lone in paths of wis - dom Are hap - pi - ness and bliss;
per - fect hap - pi - ness and bliss;

Her ways are ways of pleas - ant-ness, And all her paths are peace

No. 341. Oh, Could I Speak.

S. MEDLEY. ARIEL. C. P. M. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the

glories forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, { I'd soar, and touch the
And vie with Ga-briel

heav'n-ly strings, }
while he sings, { In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heavenly dress
‖: My soul shall ever shine :‖

Well—the delightful day will come.
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
‖: Triumphant in his grace. :‖

No. 342. Jesus, Redeemer.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

1. Je-sus, Re-deem-er, com-ing from glo-ry, Down to this
2. Je-sus, Re-deem-er, when I be-hold thee, Dy-ing in
3. Je-sus, Re-deem-er, I would a-dore thee; I would lift
4. Je-sus, Re-deem-er, man-sions pre-par-ing; Soon he will

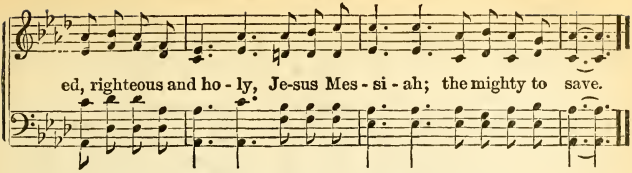
earth to seek out the lost, Shedding his blood to pur-chase our
an-guish there on the tree, Then is my heart so touched with e-
up my voice in thy name, I would pro-claim with joy the glad
come in glo-ry a-gain; When he shall take us with him to-

Chorus.

par-don; O what a pur-chase! great was the cost! Je-sus, Re-
mo-tion While I re-mem-ber, this was for me!
ti-dings, Her-ald-ing forth his hon-or and fame.
heav-en, There in his king-dom ev-er to reign.

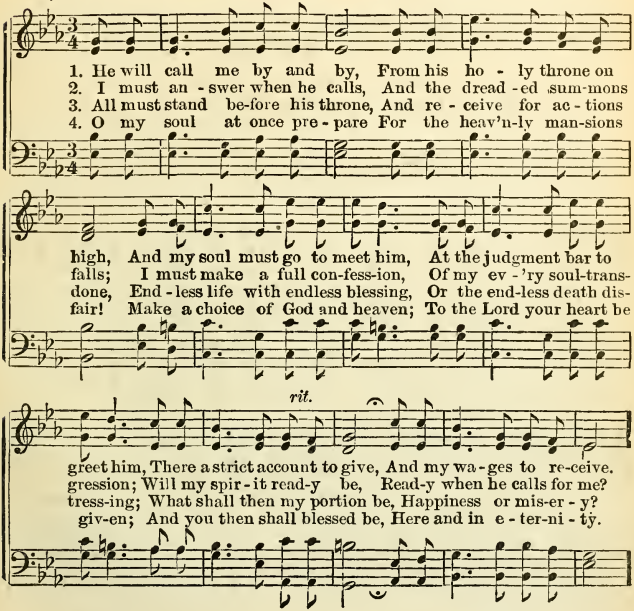
deem - - - - er, Je-sus, a-noint-ed; He hath re-
Je-sus, Re-deem-er,

deemed..... my soul from the grave,..... Je-sus ex-alt-
He hath re-deemed from the grave,

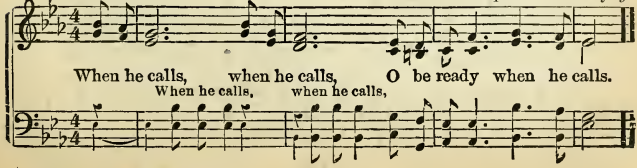


No. 343, Be Ready when He Calls.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



Chorus. *Repeat Chorus softly.*



No. 344. We'll be Right, Instead of Wrong.

F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

Moderato.

1. *Boys.* We are Chris-tian Sol-dier Boys, Do-ing what we can!
2. *Girls.* We are Chris-tian Pil-grim Girls, Hap-py Pil-grims bright,
3. *Boys.* S-O-L-D-I-E-R, Sol-dier, spells, you know,
4. *All.* Lit-tle Chris-tian girls and boys, * No *Hum-bugs* are we;

For the right we'll make a noise! Each may be a *man*!
Like the pret-ty dew-drop pearls Fall-ing in the night,
Girls. P-I-L-G-R-I-M, Pil-grim, ain't that so?
For the right we'll make a noise, Clap-ping hands with glee!

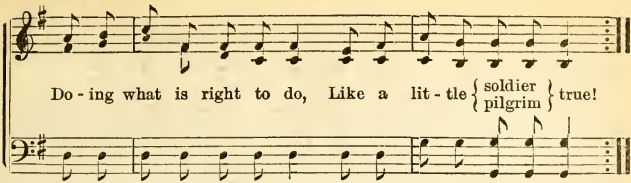
Ev-'ry heart is hap-py now, We'll be *right* in-stead of *wrong*,
We won't wear a "Dunc's cap," We'll be *right* in-stead of *wrong*,
All. We'll re-peat it o'er a-gain, We'll be *right* in-stead of *wrong*,
God will bless us ev-'ry one, If we're *right* in-stead of *wrong*,

* So we make a greet-ing *bow* While we sing our song!
* Hear our hands go *clap, clap, clap,* As we sing our song!
* See us make the *sign for rain* As we sing our song!
For the sake of His dear Son, Let us sing our song!

CHORUS. *In marching time.*

Let us march, march a-long, Up the bright and shin-ing way,

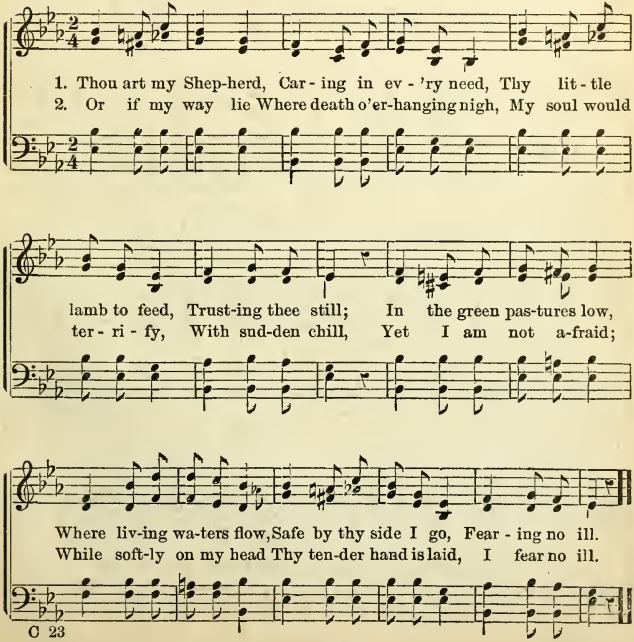
We'll be Right, Instead of Wrong—Concluded.



* 1. All bow at the same time at the word "*bow*."
2. All clap hands *three* times in exact time to the music for the words "*clap, clap, clap*!"
3. To make the deaf mute sign for "*rain*," raise both hands to a level with the top of the head, then bring them slowly down to the sides of the body, working the fingers of each hand rapidly.
4. To make sign for "*Humbug*," place the palm of the right hand upon the back of the left, the fingers, interlaced, and then hands directly in front of the body, working the thumbs up and down.

No. 345. Thou art my Shepherd.

Miss M. E. Thalheimer. E. O, Excell.



C 23

No. 346. Pressing On.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am press - ing on to the prize that hangs in view, That
2. I am press - ing on to the things which lie be - fore, The
3. I am press - ing on to the com - ing bright-er day, When

nev - er will cor-rupt, nor ev - er fade a - way. I will
Mas-ter's work to do, with will - ing heart and mind, Walk - ing
from my la - bors here I'll en - ter bliss a - bove, For the

do the work of his call - ing from a - bove, And
in the way that is pleas - ing in his sight, That
prize is sure to the faith - ful un - to death, The

in his lov - ing ser - vice I nev - er will dis-may.
oth - ers I may guide to that bet - ter, bright - er land.
prize of life e - ter - nal, and ev - er - last - ing love.

CHORUS.

Press-ing on..... press-ing on..... To the prize that hangs in view
pressing on, pressing on,

Press-ing on,..... Press - ing on,..... press - ing
press-ing on, pressing on,

on..... To the work I have to do, pressing on .....
press-ing on, press-ing on.

No. 347. Lord, I hear of Show'rs.

Mrs. E. Codner. William B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;
Showr's the thirsty soul re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me,

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou migh'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Savior,
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me,

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.
Even me,

No. 348. Dreams of Glory-Land.

C. W. Ray. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. I have had the sweetest dreams Of the brightest crys-tal streams,
2. There sweet groves and fragrant flow'rs Bloom around in state-ly tow'rs,
3. While I dreamed I seemed to hear Kindred foot-steps draw-ing near,
4. There on my en-rap-tured sight, In their robes of snow-y white,

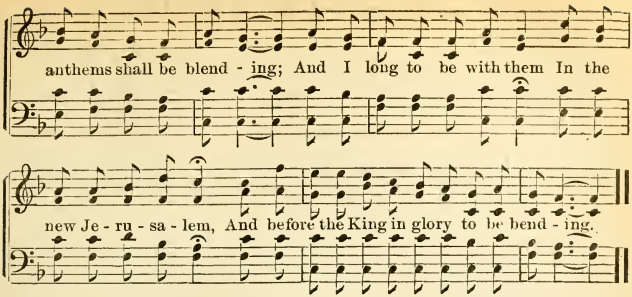
Where the soft-est spi-cy breez-es ev-er blow-ing, Gen-tly
There the tree of life for-ev-er-more is grow-ing; Un-der
And their feet the sil-v'ry waves seemed over-flow-ing; As I
Each on me a smile of ten-der-ness be-stow-ing, Seemed to

sweep the golden strand Of the changeless glo-ry land: There I
neath its cloudless skies, Countless pal-a-ces a-rise; There I
looked a-cross the sea, Hap-py spir-its beckoned me; There I
call me o'er the tide, And my long de-lay to chide, There I

Chorus.

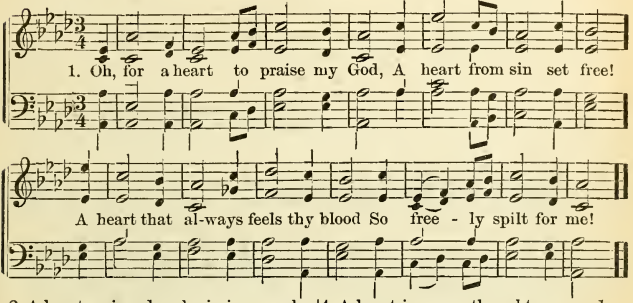
glad-ly with the an-gels would be go-ing. Oh! that world so

won-drous fair, I shall soon be o-ver there, And my voice in ho-ly



No. 349. Oh, for a Heart to Praise My God.

CHARLES WESLEY. AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 350. Oh, for a Closer Walk with God.

WM. COWPER. Tune—AVON. C. M.

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest,
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 351. We praise Thee, O God.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son thou hast giv-en, We praise thee, O
2. We praise thee, O God, for the kind in-ter-ced-ing, Of Je-sus our
3. We praise thee, O God, for the dear Ho-ly Spir-it, We praise thee, O

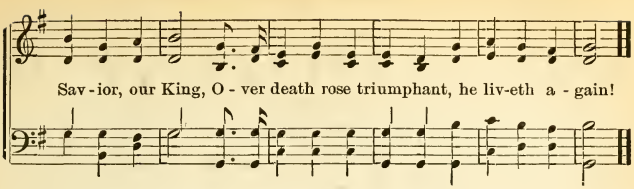
God, for the word which he gave; We praise thee, O God, for the
Lord, at the throne of thy love; We praise thee, O God, for our
God, for the life-giv-ing pow'r; We praise thee, O God, that our

glad hope of heav-en, Thro' Je-sus who died and a-rose from the grave.
souls thou art feeding, With manna of grace from thy kingdom a-bove.
souls may in-her-it The Kingdom a-bove and the life ev-er-more.

Chorus.

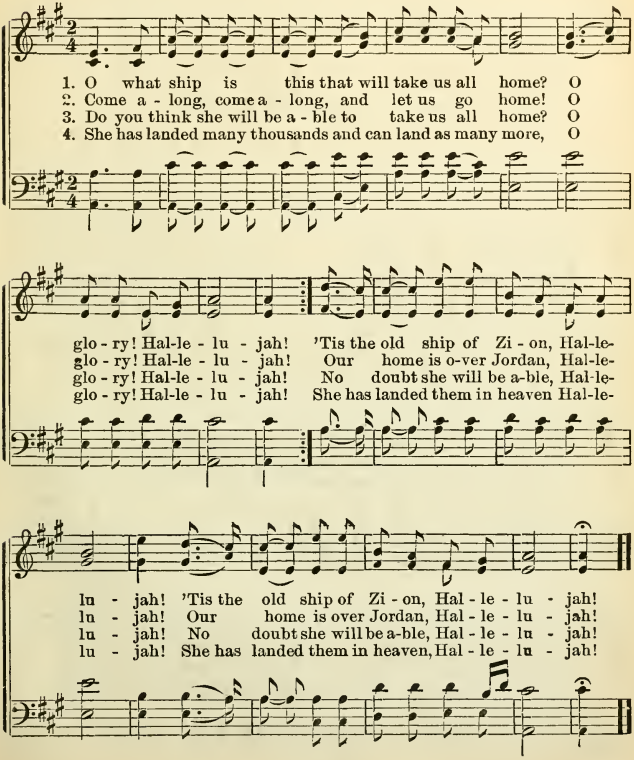
Hal-le-lu-jah! we sing un-to Jesus our King; Who came down from

heav-en sal-va-tion to bring; Hal-le-lu-jah! we sing, For the



No. 352. The Old Ship of Zion.

Anon.



No. 353. Waiting for You and Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O say do you know there's a mansion in heav'n, Waiting for you,
2. O say have you friends who have gone on before, Waiting for you,
3. The Sav - ior has mer-cies and bless-ings for all, Waiting for you,

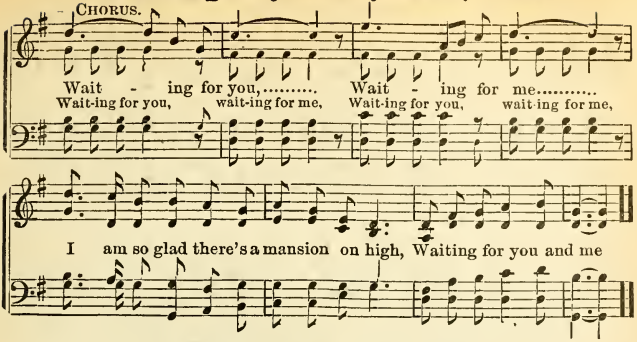
wait-ing for me, That Je - sus my Sav-ior the prom-ise has giv'n,
wait-ing for me, Who lov - ing-ly watch from the beau-ti - ful shore,
wait-ing for me, Oh why not ac - cept him and ans-wer the call,

Wait-ing for you and me, A beau - ti-ful crown of e-
Wait-ing for you and me, Their song is an in - fi - nite
Wait-ing for you and me, The mo - ments are fly-ing, the

ter - nal rest, A robe of re - joic-ing with all the blest, A
song of love, As there with the glo - ri - fied throng a-bove, The
days go by, To - mor - row it may be to late to cry, Oh,

home where no sorrow can ev-er mo-lest, Wait-ing for you and me.
promise of Jesus to sinners they prove. Wait-ing for you and me.
tar - ry no longer for Je-sus is nigh, Wait-ing for you and me.

Waiting for You and Me—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

No. 354. PSALM LI: 1—7.

LEADER.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

SCHOOL.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

LEADER.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

SCHOOL.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

LEADER.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

SCHOOL.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

LEADER.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 275.)

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want thee forever to live in my soul.
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 355.

LEADER.

The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.

SCHOOL.

We will bless the Lord, from this time forth, and for evermore, praise the Lord.

LEADER.

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

SCHOOL.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place?

LEADER.

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

ALL SING. (See music No. 38.)

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls, for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 356. Ring the Bells, the Christmas Bells.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

M. L. McPhail.

Lively.

1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto-ry;
2. Wise men hastened from the East To bring their choicest treas-ure,
3 Earth-ly crowns were not for him; He came God's love re - veal-ing;

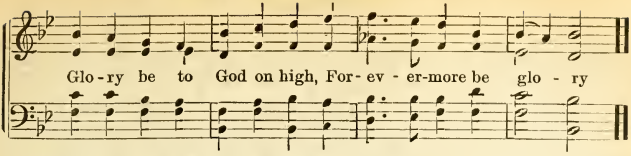
First in song on An-gels' tongues, It came from realms of glo - ry;
Gold and myrrh and frank-in-cense, And jew - els with-out meas - ure,
On the cross he died for us, His blood for-give-ness seal - ing,

Peace on earth, good will to men, An - gel - ic voi - ces ring - ing,
Him they sought, al-tho' a King, They found in birth-place low - ly,
'Tis the Sav - ior prom-ised long, Ring out your wildest prais - es:

Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo - rious message bring - ing.
There with-in a man-ger lay The babe so pure and ho - ly,
Ev - 'ry heart this hap - py day, Its grate - ful an-thems rais - es.

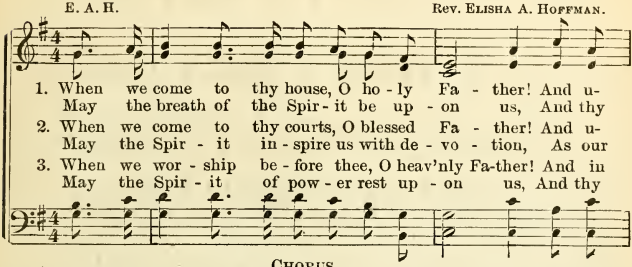
CHORUS.

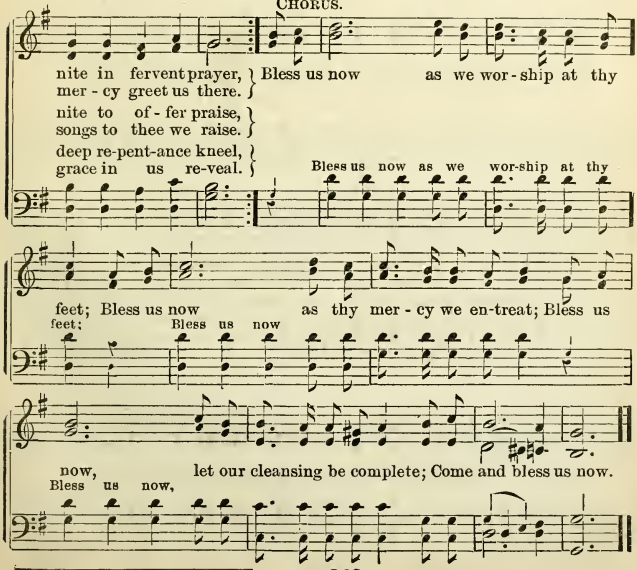
Ring the mer - ry Christmas bells, Chime out the wondrous sto - ry;



No. 357. Father, Bless Us as We Worship.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.





No. 358. Stand by the Home.

(MALE VOICES.)

Rev. Jno. McPhail. J. M. Dungan.

1. Let us do what we can for our beau-ti - ful homes, And re-
2. Yes, the le - gal - ized foe, is the foe that we dread, There's none
3. The Po-lit - i - cal par - ties fall down in dis - grace, And then

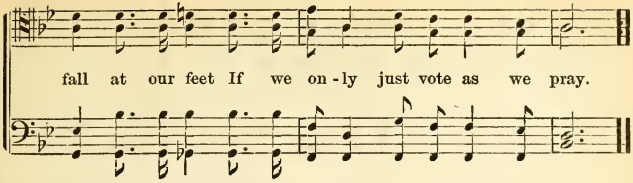
mem-ber all hope cen-ters there; Let the vile de - mon drink nev - er
oth - er so vi-cious and strong; 'Tis a foe long sup-port-ed, pro-
wor - ship this hid-e - ous foe, And they pray that this bless-ing may

en-ter with - in, To de-spoil what is no - ble and fair.
tected and cheered, 'Tis the de - mon-ized foe of our homes.
rest on their heads, And they trem-ble lest he should say no.

Chorus.

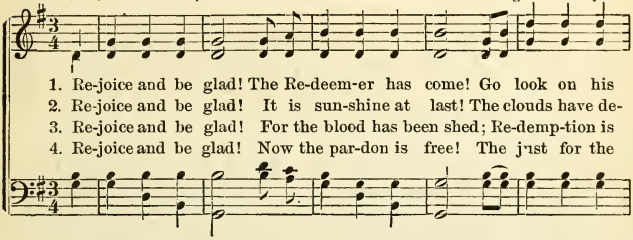
Let us stand, stand, stand by the home, With this
with the bal-lot in hand,

God giv-en pow'r, rise and slay, And the great gi-ant e - vil will
rise and slay,

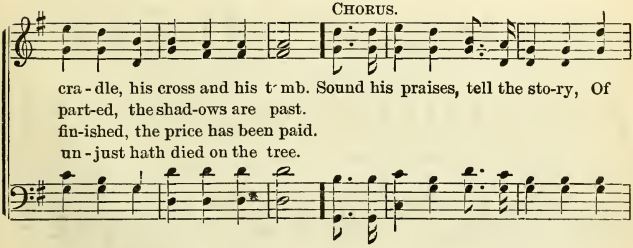


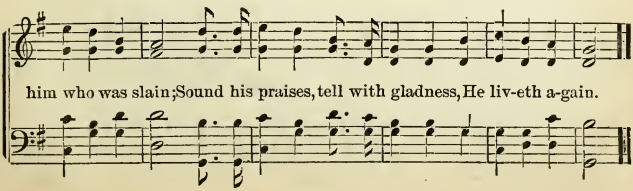
No. 359. Rejoice and be Glad.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, English Melody.



Chorus.





No. 360. Jesus the Truth to Light my Way.

F. L. B. *Moderato.* FRANK L. BRISTOW.

Imitation bells.

1. Sing the tune-ful lay,
   I can nev-er stray
2. In the days of youth,
   By the wa-ters sheen,
3. In the shades of night,
   Then when 'peeps o' day',

Je - sus is the way To the gold - en strand
From that pleas - ant way, While I faith - ful stand,
Je - sus is my truth! Foll'wing by his side,
In - to pas - tures green, Man - na un - for - seen,
He will be my light, He will vig - il keep
Rounding pil - lows play, Ev - er will I pray,

1 2

UNISON.

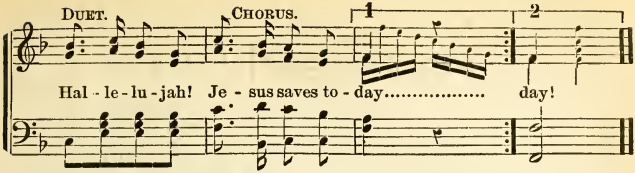
Of the hap-py land.
Holding to his hand.
He shall be my guide,
Dai - ly he'll pro - vide.
O'er me when a - sleep,
Truth to Light my Way!

Hal - le-lu - jah!

DUET. CHORUS. UNISON.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I am in the way, Hal - le - lu-jah!

Jesus the Truth to Light—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

No. 361.

PSALM XIX. 7—14.

LEADER.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

SCHOOL.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

LEADER.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

SCHOOL.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

LEADER.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

SCHOOL.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

LEADER.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins: let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

SCHOOL.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 46.)

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

No. 362.

PSALM XLVI. 1—7.

LEADER.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

SCHOOL.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

LEADER.

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

SCHOOL.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

LEADER.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

SCHOOL.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

LEADER.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 109.)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

No. 363. The Good Old Way.

Anon. H. A. Lewis.

1. In-quir-ing souls, ... who long to find, ... Pardon of
In-quiring souls, who long to find,
2. The righteous-ness, ... th'a-ton-ing blood ..... Of Je-sus,
The righteousness, th'a ton-ing blood

sin ..... and peace of mind, ... At-tend the
Par-don of sin and peace of mind
is ..... the way to God, ... Oh, may you
Of Je - sus, is the way to God,

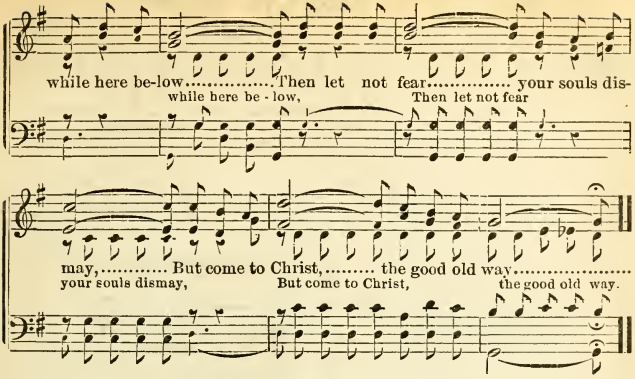
voice ..... of God to - day, ... Who bids you
At - tend the voice of God to - day
then ..... no lon - ger stray ..... But walk in
Oh, may you then no lon - ger stray

Chorus.

seek ..... the good old way ..... The proph-ets
Who bids you seek the good old way.
Christ ..... the good old way .....
But walk in Christ the good old way.

and ..... th'a-postles too, ... Pursued this way .....
the prophets and th'a-postles too, Pursued this way

The Good Old Way—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

No. 364. PSALM CXVI

LEADER.

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

SCHOOL.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

LEADER.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

SCHOOL.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

LEADER.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

SCHOOL.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

LEADER.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 301,

Blessed assurance Jesus is mine,
O what a foretaste of glory divine,
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of the Spirit, washed in the blood.

Cho.—‖:This is my story this is my song.
Praising my Savior all the day long.:‖

No. 365. PSALM CXXI.

LEADER.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

SCHOOL.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

LEADER.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

SCHOOL.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

LEADER.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

SCHOOL.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

LEADER.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

SCHOOL.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore.

ALL SING. See music, No. 13.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

No. 366. Christ the Friend of Sinners.

Rev. Chas. Wesley. Rev. J. M. Driver.

1. Where shall my wond'ring soul be - gin? How shall I all to heav'n as - pire? A slave re-deemed from death and sin, A brand plucked from e - ter - nal fire, How shall I e - qual triumphs raise, And sing my great De-liv-'rer's praise. O come to Je - sus now! O come to Je - sus now? O come to Je - sus now!

2. O how shall I the good - ness tell, Fa - ther, which thou to me hast showed? That I, a child of wrath and hell, I should be called a Child of God, Should know, should feel my sins for-giv'n, Blest with this an - te - past of heav'n

3. Out-casts of men, to you I call, Har - lots and pub - li- cans and thieves; He spreads his arms t'em-brace you all, Sin- ners a-lone his grace re - ceive; No need of him the right-eous have; He came the lost to seek and save.

4. Come, all ye Mag - da - lens in lust, Ye ruf - fians fell in mur - ders old; Re - pent, and live; de - spair and trust! Je- sus for you to death was sold Tho' hell pro - test and earth re-pine, He died for crimes like yours, and mine.

rit.

Chorus.

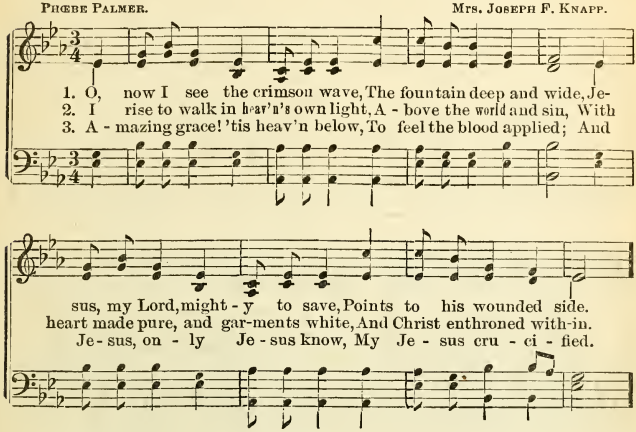
Just now, Just now, O come,

5 Come, O my guilty brother, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin,
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in,
He calls you now, invites you home—
Come, O my guilty brother, come.

6 For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languishes for you th'eternal God;
For you the Prince of Glory died,
Believe, and all your guilt's forgiven
Only believe—and yours is heaven.

No. 367. O, now I see the Crimson Wave.

PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



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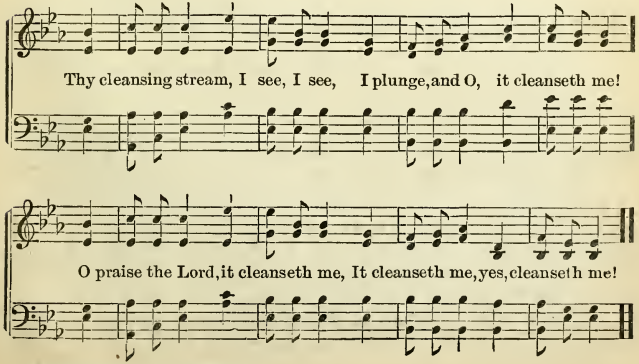


No. 368. On the Way

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Treading the way the feet of the Mas-ter have trod be-fore,
2. What tho' the path be rough, and temptations a-round us fall,
3. When at the brink of Jordan's cold bil-lows my feet shall stand,

Un-der the cross we'll jour-ney and not de-spair,
Sweetly he smiles and beck-ons me from a-bove;
He will sus-tain and com-fort 'till life is past;

Eas-y the yoke, so eas-y, and light is the bur-den too,
He is my guide, and safe in the shad-ow of his dear wing,
Safe in his love I'll en-ter the val-ley of shad-ows dark,

Bright is the crown e-ter-nal the ransom'd wear.
Glad is my soul to tell of his wondrous love.
Reach-ing my home, my beau-ti-ful home, at last.

CHORUS.

Wear-ing a beau-ti-ful crown, a
Wear-ing a crown,.....of e-ter-nal, e-

On the Way—Concluded.

crown of e - ter - nal love, We'll stand at the feet of the King,
ter - - nal love; We'll stand..... at the

the feet of the heav'n - ly King,
feet of the King, Join-ing the

Join-ing the glo - ri-fied song, the beau-ti - ful song a-bove,
song of the glo - ri-fied saints a - bove.

For - ev - er his praises to sing, For - - ev-er his praises to sing.
For ev - - - - er his praises to sing.

No. 369. Now the Day is Over.

S. B. Gould. E. O. E.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
Shadows of the eve - 'ning Steal a - cross the (*omit*) sky.
2. Je - sus give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
With thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids (*omit*) close.

3 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

No. 370. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

Written expressly for E. O. Excell.

F. L. B. — Frnk L. Bristow.

1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's remotest
2. Wan-derer, far a-way from love to-day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy-ful-ly an-gels bring the Sig-net ring, Of a Father's pard'ning
4. Heavenly home! Sweet home! We soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty

bound, "Salvation's come, The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found,"
low, A call from home now bids "you come," Arise and say "I'll go,"
grace, And roy-al fare, they now prepare, Before his smiling face,
rare, With an-gel throng, Join in a song Of joy beyond compare.

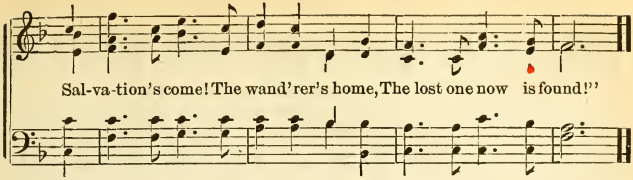
Re-joice! Rejoice! with heart and voice; Repeat the welcome sound!
Your va-cant chair is wait-ing there, And raiment white as snow!
A-way with fears! a-way with tears! Re-ceive his fond em-brace!
"Re-deem-er!" "King!" forever sing The loved ones gathered there!

Chorus. *With earnestness and precision.*

With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the welcome sound,

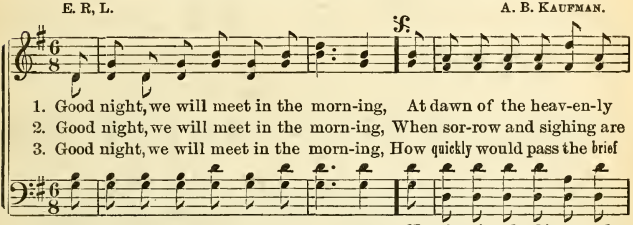
"Salvation's come! The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!"

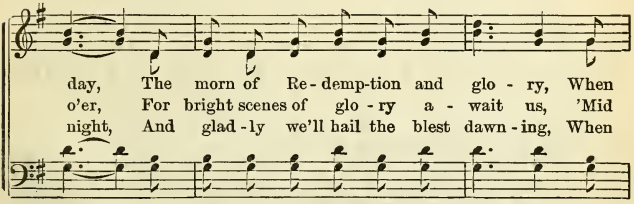
Rejoice! the Lost is Found—Concluded.

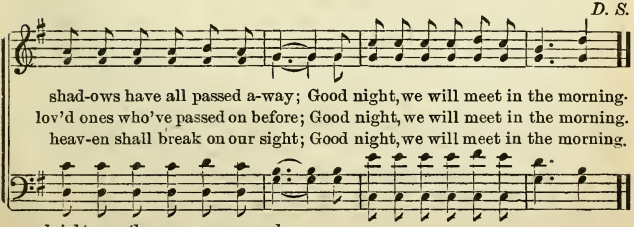


No. 371. We'll Meet in the Morning.

E. R. L. A. B. KAUFMAN.







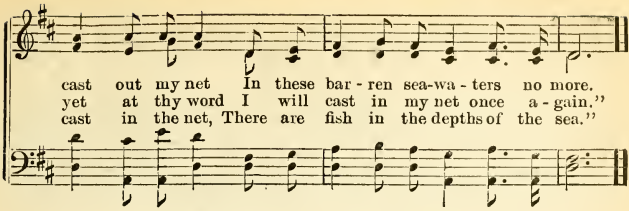
No. 372. Just for His Sake.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. M. H. Evans.

1. I have toiled all night and for ma - ny a day; They say there are fish in the sea, Yet I've caught nothing, my la - bor is vain, There com - eth no in - crease to me.
2. And he bent o'er the la - bor of wash - ing his net, While Je - sus walked down to the sea, And en - tered the ship at the moor - ing and said, "Thrust the boat out a lit - tle for me.
3. And how it was done the Lord on - ly knows, But the net was so filled that it brake; For they launched out the ship and they cast in the net, At the Mas - ter's word, just for his sake.

I will wash out my net, I will hang it a-way, And my fish - ing boat draw to the shore, It is use - less to me, I will
Launch out in - to the deep, and let down the net," And the fish - er-man answer'd, "In vain We have la - bored all night, and
And so, tho' thy la - bor is vain un - til now, Lo, Je - sus is say - ing to thee: "Launch out in-to the deep now and

Just for His Sake—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

No. 373.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LEADER.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

O give thanks unto the God of gods:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

To him who alone doeth great wonders:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

To him that made great lights.

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

The sun to rule by day:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

The moon and stars to rule by night:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

(See music, No. 215.)

ALL SING.

We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above!
CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory revive us again.

No. 374.

LEADER.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge.

SCHOOL.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

LEADER.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.

SCHOOL.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage. Govern them and lift them up forever.

LEADER.

Day by day we magnify thee: and we worship thy name ever, world without end.

SCHOOL.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

LEADER.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.

SCHOOL.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us as our trust is in thee.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 472)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

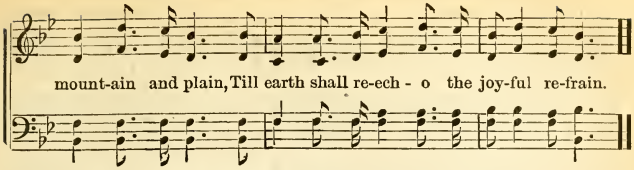
No. 375. The Grand Jubilee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. O strike the loud cym-bals and shout the re-frain, The cap-tives in bon-dage no lon-ger re-main; The morn of re-demption has dawned on our race, The dark-ness of midnight no more shall we trace.
2. Sound forth the high prais-es of Je-sus our King, Till earth with the ech-o of mu-sic shall ring; Oh, let all the na-tions with joy-ful ac-claim Give hon-or and might to Im-man-u-el's name.
3. The poor and op-prest hath the Sav-ior re-lieved, The burdened and wretched in him have be-lieved; Sal-va-tion and vic-t'ry are wrought by his pow'r And kingdoms in darkness shall hail this glad hour.
4. His name and his fame o'er the isles spread a-broad, With blood he hath purchased re-demp-tion to God; Ex-ult-ant with tri-umph we'll sing the sweet song, And an-thems of glo-ry to Je-sus pro-long.

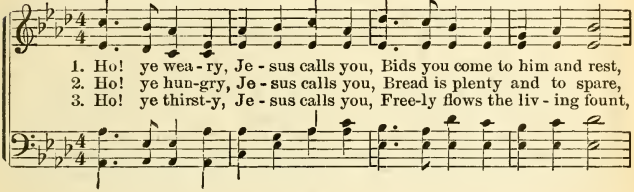
Chorus.

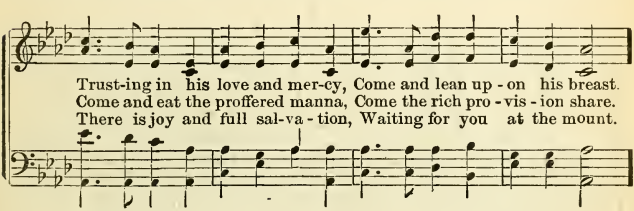
Go spread the glad ti-dings, the cap-tives are free; Pro-claim to all na-tions the grand ju-bi-lee; O waft it ye breezes, o'er



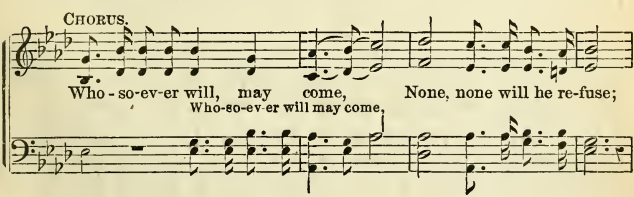
No. 376. Whosoever Will may Come.

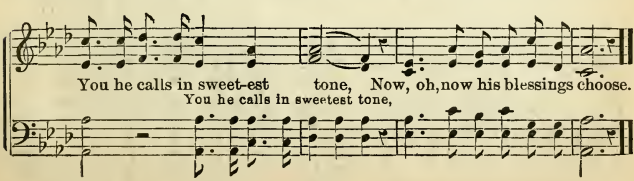
Mrs. E. W, Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.





Chorus.





No. 377. How Happy the Children.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. How hap - py the children who trust in the Lord, Re-ceiv - ing with
2. How hap - py the children who hon-or his laws, Who live for his
3. How hap - py the children who dwell in his love, And fol - low the

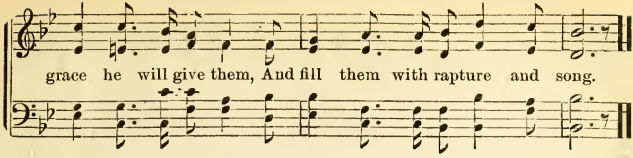
meek - ness the truth of his Word; Who tell of a Sav-ior wher-
glo - ry and work for his cause; His hand will pro-tect them what
wis - dom that comes from a - bove; To them is the prom-ise when

ev - er they go, And try to bring oth - ers his good-ness to know.
ev - er be - tide, The lamp of his mer-cy their foot-steps will guide.
la - bor is o'er, Of treas-ures un - fad - ing and life ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

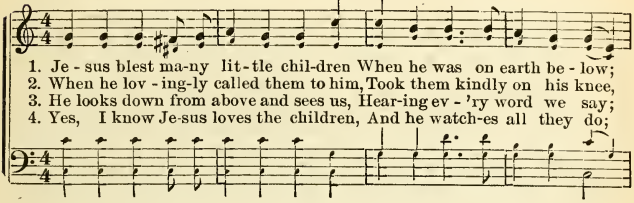
Their path will grow brighter, their hearts will grow light-er, As

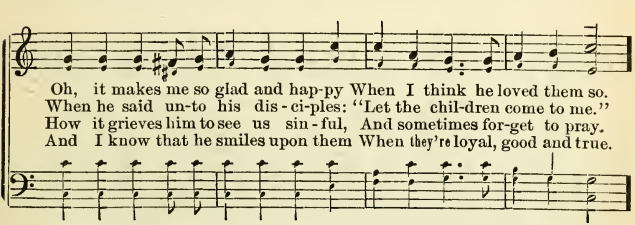
on - ward they journey a - long; The Lord will be with them, His

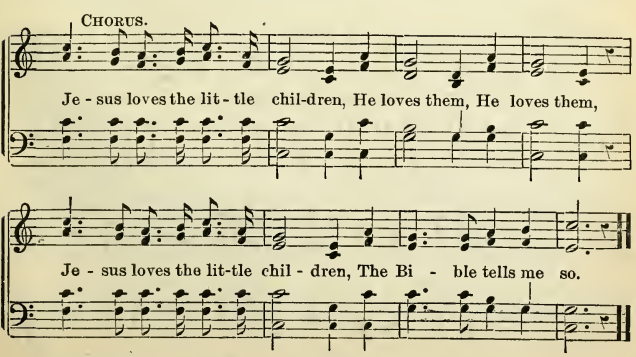


No. 378. He Loves Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.







No. 379. God help us at Once to say No!

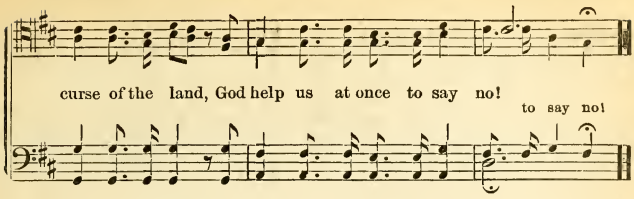
Rev. Jno. McPhail. J. M. Dungan.

1. Shall we li - cense the sale of the poi - son - ous drink, Shall we le - gal-ize sin, crime and woe? Shall we vote to con-tin - ue the
2. Shall we o - pen the door of the gild - ed sa-loon, Shall we li-cense the traf-fic so low, Shall we give it our sanction in
3. Shall we vote with the par-ties that dare not a-vow, This vile in - sti - tu - tion must go, Shall we suf - fer and wait, for the
4. Shall we vote and op-pose the new par - ty that stands Ful-ly pledged the sa - loon to o'er throw, Shall we stand in the way of its curse of the land? God help us at once to say no!
thought, word, or deed? God help us at once to say no!
old par-ties' sake? God help us at once to say no!
tri - umph complete? God help us at once to say no!

Chorus.

God help us at once to say no, God help us at once to say no, Shall we vote to con-tin - ue the

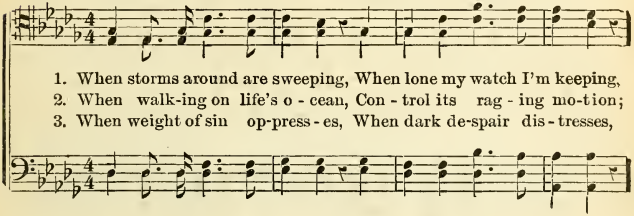
God help us at Once to say No—Concluded.

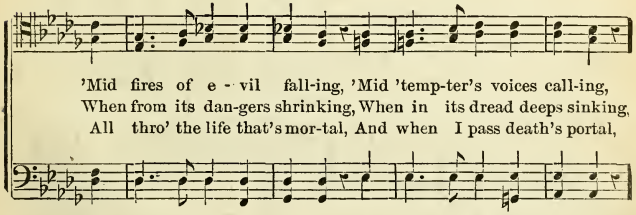


No. 380. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

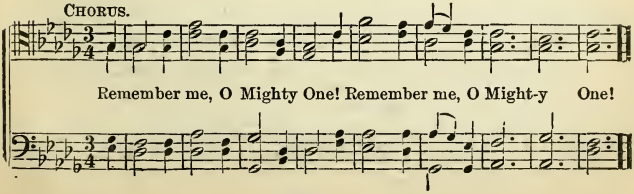
(MALE VOICES.)

Anon. JOANNA KINKEL, arr.





CHORUS.



By permission.

No. 381. Let the Merry Church Bells Ring.

H. W. Fairbank.

1. Let the mer-ry church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh-ing,
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain From their leaf-y chap - el,
3. Now the night of grief is past, Joy the morning giv - eth;

Frost and cold hath fled from spring, Life hath conquered dy - ing;
Prais - ing him, with whom in vain, Death has sought to grap - ple;
Christ the Lord was slain for us, But to-day he liv - eth;

p.

Flow'r's are smiling, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath - er,
Sounds of joy rise loud and clear, As the breezes flut - ter;
Ev - 'ry heart is glad and gay, Sor - row from us driv - en;

With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er,
"Christ is ris - en, he's not here," Is the strain they ut - ter,
This the joy of Eas-ter day, Christ the Lord is ris - en,

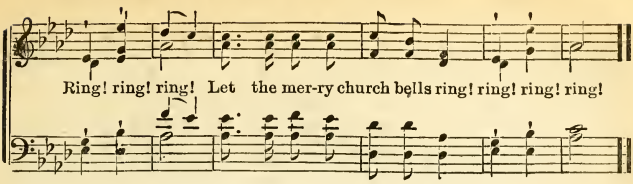
f

Chorus.

All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer-ry church bells ring!
Is the strain they ut - ter.
Christ the Lord is ris - en.

rit.

Let the Merry Church Bells Ring—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

No. 382.

PSALM CL.

LEADER.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

SCHOOL.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

LEADER.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

SCHOOL.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs

LEADER.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

SCHOOL.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

(See music, No. 470,)

ALL SING.

Praise God, from whom all blessings [flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 383.

PSALM C.

LEADER.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

SCHOOL.

Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing.

LEADER.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

SCHOOL.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

LEADER.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 78.)

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 384.

PSALM CIII.

LEADER.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

SCHOOL.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

LEADER.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases;

SCHOOL.

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies:

LEADER.

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

SCHOOL.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

LEADER.

He hath made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 112.)

Down at the cross where my Savior [cried,
died,
Down where for cleansing for sin I
There to my heart was the blood [applied.
Glory to his name,
Glory to his name, etc

No. 385. Press me Closer.

M. and D. J. M. DUNGAN.

Dim.

1. Press me closer to thy heart (thy heart;) Send re-spons-ive thrills thro'
2. Press me closer still each day, (each day,) Keep temptations from my
3. Press me closer when I'm sad, (I'm sad,) When thro' sorrow I am
4. Press me closer in thy love, (thy love,) As in death my eyes shall

Dim

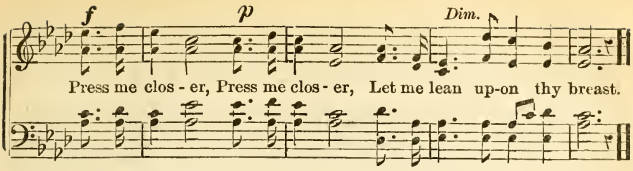
mine, thro' mine, Give to me the bet - ter part (bet - ter part) Whisper
heart, my heart; Let me nev - er go as-tray, (go a - stray) From thy
led, am led May thy presence make me glad; (make me glad) Show'ring
close, shall close, Take me to thy home above, (home above,) On thy

Dim e rit. CHORUS.

gen - tly I am thine. Press me clos - er, press me
pre - cepts ne'er de - part.
bless - ings on my head.
bo - som to re - pose. Press me clos - er,

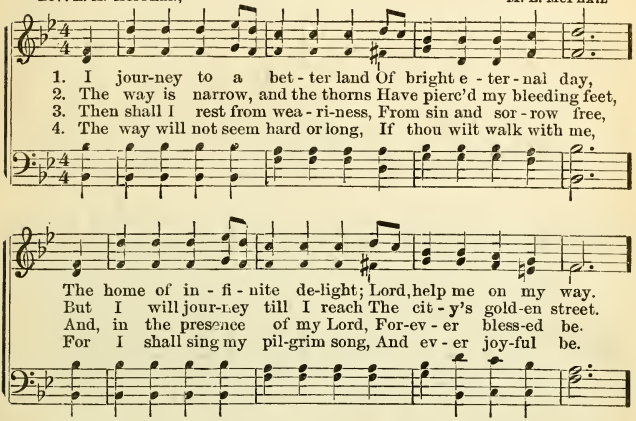
clos - er on thy bo - som let me rest;
press me clos - er On thy bo - som let me rest;

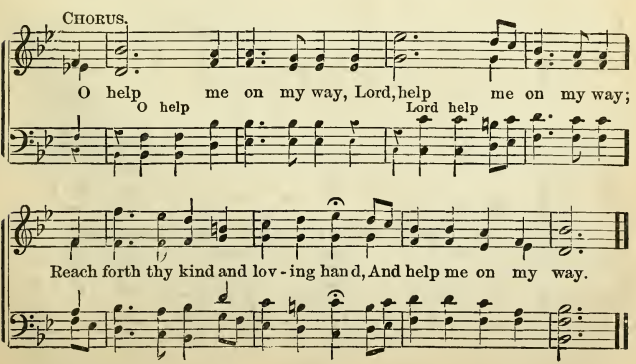
Press Me Closer—Concluded.



No. 386. O Help me on my Way.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman, M. L. McPhail





No. 387. All is Well.

MARY BOWLY. CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Thro' the love of God our Sav - ior, All will be well;
2. Tho' we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, All will be well;
3. We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row, All will be well;

Free and changeless is this fa - vor, All, all is well!
Ours is such a full sal - va - tion, All, all is well!
Faith can sing thro' days of sor - row, All, all is well!

Pre-cious is the blood that healed us, Per-fect is the grace that sealed us,
Hap - py still to God con - fid - ing, Fruit-ful if in Christ a - bid-ing,
On our Father's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev-'ry need sup-ply-ing,

Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us; All must be well!
Ho - ly thro' the Spir - it's guid-ing; All must be well!
Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well!

CHORUS.

All is well, All is well; Though we pass thro'
All, all is well, Yes. All, all is well, Yes,

trib - u - la - tion, All, all is well! All is well,
All, all is well, yes.

All is well! Ours is such a full sal-va-tion, All, all is well!
All, all is well, Yes,

No. 388. Home, Home, Home!

G. R. Prynne, M. A. M. L. McPhail.

1. Home, home, home! Who does not long for home? Tho' we may stay
2. Home, home, home! Vis - ion of peace, sweet home! Midst toil and strife
3. Home, home, home! Our childhood's happy home! O vis-ion bright
4. Home, home, home! Our fu-ture hap-py home! Oh, guide us right.

Far, far a - way, We ev - er long for home.
Of dai - ly life, Our dream of rest is home.
Of joy and light, Our dear de - part - ed home!
Thou one true light, To our e - ter - nal home!

No. 389. Wonderful Story of Love.

Rev. J. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver.

1. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Tell it to me a-gain;
2. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Tho' you are far a-way;
3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Je-sus provides a rest;

Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Wake the im-mor-tal strain!
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Still he doth call to-day;
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; For all the pure and blest,

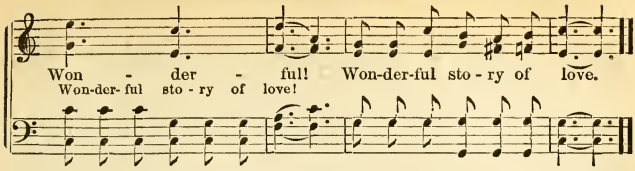
An-gels with rapture announce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it;
Call-ing from Calvary's mount-ain, Down from the crystal bright fountain,
Rest in those mansions above us, With those who've gone on be-fore us,

Sinner, Oh! wont you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
E'en from the dawn of Cre-a-tion, Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
Sing-ing the rap-tur-ous cho-rus, Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.

Chorus.

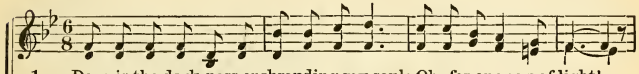
Won-der-ful! Won-der-ful!
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love! Won-der-ful sto-ry of love!

By permission.

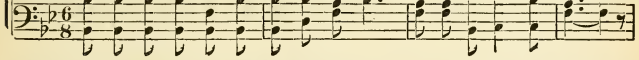


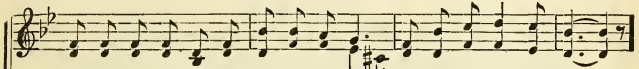
No. 390. I Must Find Christ To-night.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

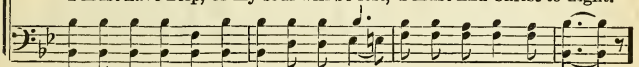


1. Deep is the dark-ness enshrouding my soul; Oh, for one ray of light!
2. Long have I known the hard bondage of sin, Long felt its with'ring blight;
3. Wrecked on life's sea, by the wild billows toss'd, Trembling and sick with fright,

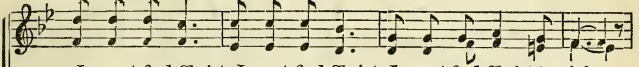




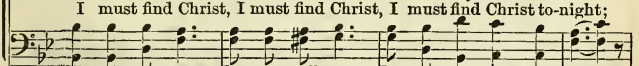
Lead me to Je-sus, I long to be whole, I must find Christ to-night.
Now I re-solve a new life to be-gin; I must find Christ to-night.
I must have help, or my soul will be lost, I must find Christ to-night.

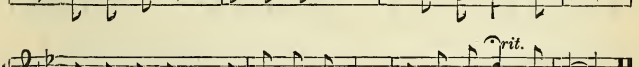


Chorus.

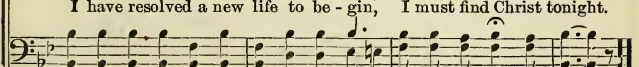


I must find Christ, I must find Christ, I must find Christ to-night;





I have resolved a new life to be - gin, I must find Christ tonight.



No. 391. "I will not Forget Thee."

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Sweet is the prom - ise "I will not forget thee." Nothing can mo-
2. Trust - ing the prom - ise "I will not forget thee," On-ward will I
3. When at the gold - en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib - u-

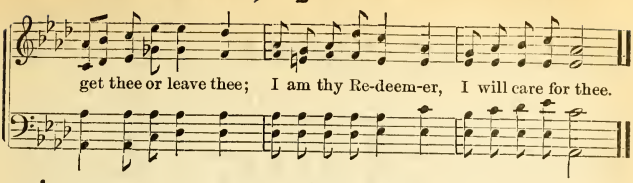
lest or turn my soul a - way; E'en tho' the night be
go with songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me,
la - tions, all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the

dark within the val-ley, Just beyond is shin - ing an e - ter-nal day.
tho' my friends for-sake me, I shall be re-mem-bered in my home above.
blessed proc-la-ma - tion "Enter, faith-ful ser - vant, wel-come home at last."

CHORUS.

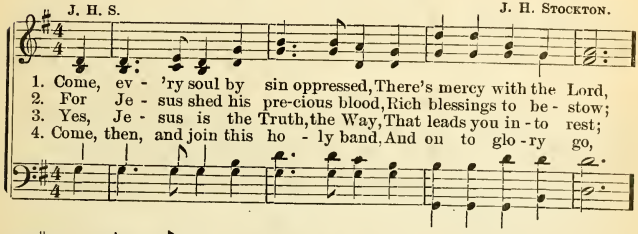
I..... will not for - get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll
I will not for-get thee; I will nev - er leave thee,

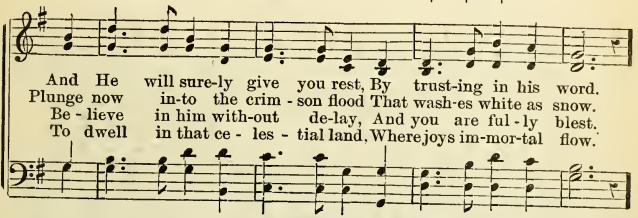
hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee I..... will not for
I will not for - get thee;



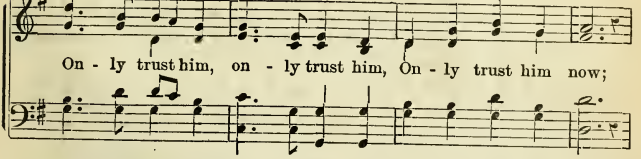
No. 392. Only Trust Him.

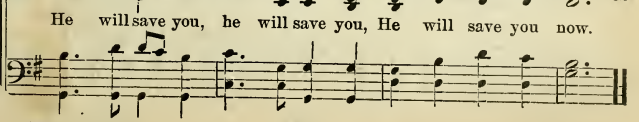
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.





Chorus.





By permission.

No. 393. Homeward Bound.

R. E. H. Arr. by R. E. Hudson.

1. We are out up-on the o-cean, bound for home, Where the
And my soul is filled with rap-ture on the way, For we
2. He has land-ed ma-ny pil-grims safe-ly home, Where no
There we'll meet with all our loved ones gone be-fore, And we'll
3. Come and go with us to-day, we'll soon be home; While the
Je-sus waits to save you now from all your sin, Will you

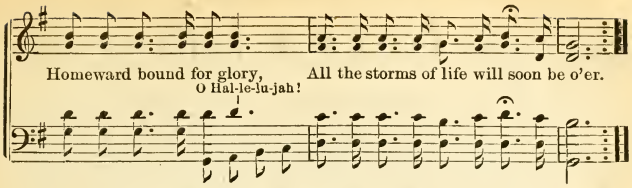
Chorus.

winds and waves of sor-row nev-er come; soon shall reach the land of end-less day. } We are homeward bound for
sin with all its sor-rows ne'er can come; tell his wondrous love for ev-er-more.
Spir-it now invites you, sin-ner, come; o-pen now your heart and let him in?

glo-ry, Homeward bound for glo-ry! There we'll meet with
Yes we're homeward bound for glory, There we'll meet with all our

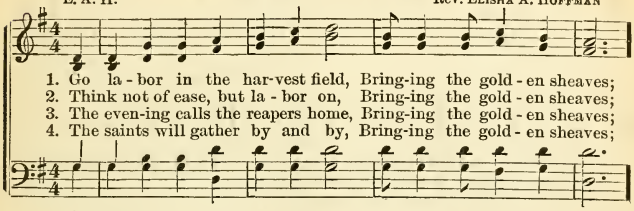
loved ones gone be-fore; We are homeward bound for glory, (yes we're

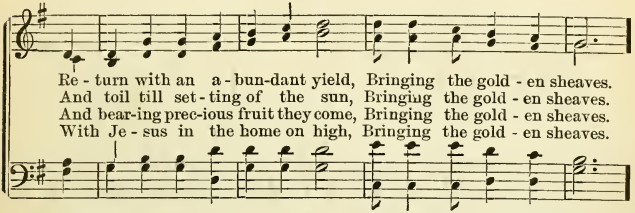
By permission.



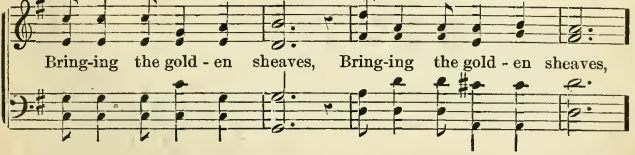
No. 394. Bringing the Golden Sheaves.

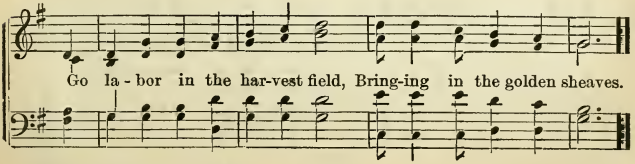
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman





Chorus.





No. 395. He is Risen!

C. H. G. CHAS, H. GABRIEL.

1. "He is ris - en!" cried the an - gel at the door - way,
2. "He is ris - en!" now O grave where is thy vic - t'ry?
3. "He is ris - en!" spread the news to ev - 'ry na - tion,

When they found the emp - ty tomb where he had lain, He had
Death, so full of ter - rors, now where is thy sting? Je - sus
On the cross he suf - fered for the sons of men; But he

rent the migh-ty bars of death a-sun-der, And in triumph rose for
spread a shin-ing light within the val-ley, Glo - ry to his name, let
rose! he rose! my Sav-ior, my Re-deem-er, Shout the blessed tidings,

CHORUS.

ev - er-more to reign. He rose,..... he rose,.....
men and an - gels sing!
Je - sus lives a-gain. Je-sus rose, my Savior a - rose,

He rose and blest the bed,..... He rose,.....
the si - lent bed, Je - sus rose,

He rose,..... Tri - ump-hant from the dead!.....
my Sav-ior a-rose, from the dead!

No. 396. Silent Night.

Anon, CHRISTMAS SONG. IRA O. HOFFMAN.

Expressive. *cres.*

pp

1. Si - lent night! shad - ow - y night! Pur - ple dome,
2. Si - lent night! mys - tic - al night! Kings and seers
3. Ho - ly night! her - ald-ing dawn! Far and near

f

star - ry light! Pour - ing splen - dor of cen - tu - ries down,
sought thy light, Where the watch of the shep-herds is kept,
breaks the morn! Breaks the day when the Sav - ior of men,

Gold and pur - ple, a glo - ri-ous crown, Where the man-ger, so
Heav-enly hosts thro' the stillness have swept, Clear, pro - claim-ing a
Bring-ing par - don and heal - ing a - gain, "Ho - ly, harm-less and

dim.

rude and wild, Cra - dles a child, a sleep - ing child.
Sav - ior born! Sing - ing the morn, the Christ-mas morn.
un - de - filed," Com - eth a child, a lit - tle child.

No. 397. "Overcomers"

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

QUESTION.

1 John v. 5, 4. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that
Rev. iii. 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that
Rev. ii. 7: 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that
Rev. iii. 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that

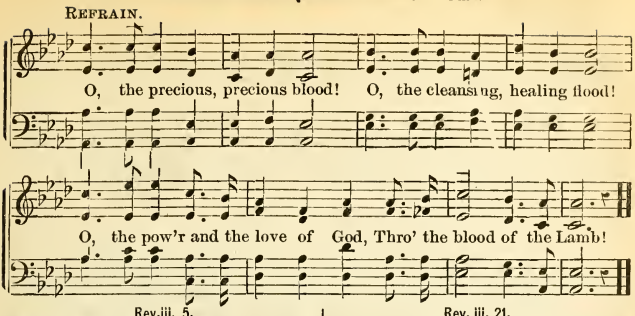
RESPONSE.

o-ver-com-eth By the blood of the Lamb? He that believeth and is
o-ver-com-eth By the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
o-ver-com-eth By the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
o-ver-com-eth By the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be - liev-eth and is born of God,
rai - ment white, He shall be clothed in raiment white,
tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
temple of God, He shall be a pil - lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.
He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood
He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

REFRAIN.



Rev. iii. 5.

5 ‖: What shall he hear?:‖ that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: He shall hear his name confessed in heaven, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. xxi. 7.

6 ‖: What shall he have?:‖ that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: God will give him all things, and make him his son, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. iii. 21.

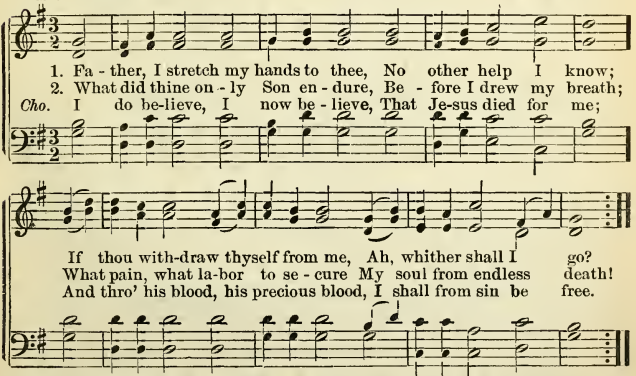
7 ‖: Where shall he sit? :‖ that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: He shall sit with Jesus, on his throne, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

1, John, v. 4.

8 ‖: What is the victory? :‖ that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: Faith is the victory that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb.

No. 398. I do Believe. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.



3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power; [lieve,
And all my wants thou wouldst re-
In this accepted hour. *Cho.*

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies. *Cho.*

No. 399. Bound for the Mansions of Glory.

J. W. Smith. H. A. Lewis.

Duet

1. 'Tis sweet in the tri - als and con - flict of sin, Temp-
2. 'Tis sweet in the gloom of earth's sor - row or fears My
3. I ask not to has - ten from du - ty or care, The

ta-tion with - out and temp-ta - tion with - in, To know thro' the
eyes o - ver - flow-ing with pen - i - tent tears, To know, thro' the
troubles of life let me pa - tient - ly bear, If on - ly I

jour-ney of life as I roam, I am bound for the man-sions of
bil-lows a - round me may foam, I am bound for the man-sions of
know as I look thro' the gloom, I am bound for the man-sions of

Chorus.

glo - ry at home. Of glo - - ry at home..... of
Of glo - ry, of glo - ry at home, at home, of

glo - - ry at home..... I am bound for the
glo - ry, of glo - ry at home at home, I am bound for the

man-sions of glo - ry, The mansions of glo-ry at home.
man-sions, the man-sions of glory,

No. 400. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin - ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
3. There's the cit - y to which I jour - ney; My Re-deem-er, my Re-

D. C. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can

Fine.

tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and
deem-er is its light; There is no sor - row nor an - y

tar - ry but a night.

D. C.

go - ing To where the fount - ains are ev - er flow-ing.
drear - y, I long have wan - dered for - lorn and wea - ry.
sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor any - y dy - ing.

No. 401. My Prayer.

Andante. Slow and Prayerfully. Arr. from Boito by F. L. Bristow.

Sop. Solo.

1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-reign will de - nies,
Fa - - ther,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-'ry mur-mur free,
Give.....me
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at - tend,
Let.....the

Lto.

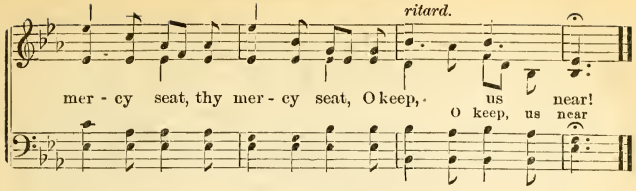
Fa - ther,
Fa-ther, what e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
Give.....me
Give me a pure a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free,
Let.....the
Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death at - tend,

Sop.

Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
Fa - - ther,
The blessings of thy grace im - part And make me live to thee.
Give.....me
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.
Let.....the

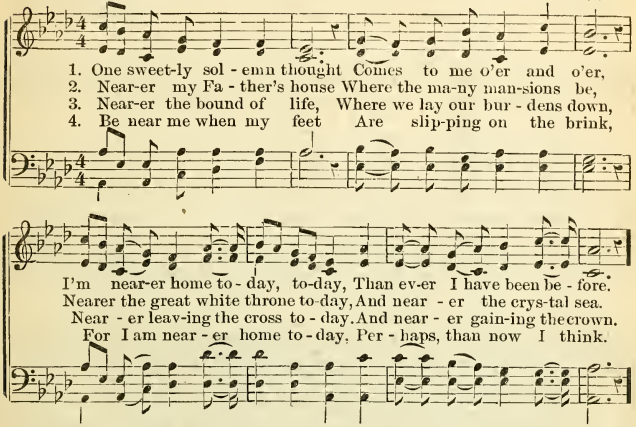
Chorus.

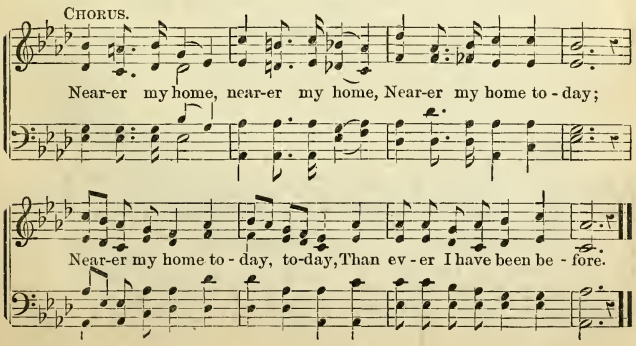
O Fa-ther, hear!..... O Fa-ther, hear!..... And to thy
Fa - ther! Fa - ther!



No. 402. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHŒBE CAREY. CHAS. EDW PRIOR.





No. 403. Will it Pay?

Anon. (To my friend, C. E. Lanc.) E. O. Excell.

1. There's a ques-tion that comes to us all, With a - larm, ma-ny times in a day;
It seems like a kind an-gel's call, And asks those who sin, will it pay?
2. Should a com-rade in-vite you to drink, Or en - gage for a wag - er to play,
Be care - ful, my friend, stop and think; Con - sid - er the cost, will it pay?
3. Or per-haps you have learned to profane, One who bless - es and loves you each day,
And oft take his great name in vain; My broth-er, will such fol-ly pay?
4 Oh, con - sid - er the words of the Lord, For they teach us a far bet-ter way;
His coun-sels true pleas-ure af-ford, And serv - ing him sure-ly will pay;

ORGAN.

Will it pay to make pleasure the goal, And
Will it pay, for the charm of the cup, To
Will it pay you to for - feit your right To the
It is bet - ter to turn from all sin, And

tri - fle our brief lives a - way, At the price of the blood-redeemed soul? Do you think, at such cost, it will pay?
fill life with woe and dis-may? O the fol - ly of sin, give it up! Do you think, at such cost, it will pay?
beau - ti - ful man-sions a - bove, And be ban-ished in darkness and night, Far a - way from his boun-ti - ful love? (Will it pay?)....
love the Re-deem - er and pray, Than to for - feit the blood-redeemed soul, And be cast from his pres-ence a - way.

CHORUS.

Will it Pay?—Concluded.

Will it pay? (Will it pay?) Will it pay? (Will it pay?) Do you think af-ter

all it will pay? (Will it pay?) Will it think af-ter all it will pay?

No. 404. Home, Home, Sweet Home.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com-mun-ion (*omit.*) } with saints!
2. An al-ien from God, and a stran-ger to grace,
I wan-dered thro' earth, its gay pleas-ures (*omit.*) } to trace;
3. The pleas-ures of earth I have seen fade a-way;
They bloom for a sea-son, but soon they (*omit.*) } de-cay;

f.

To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the
In the path-way of sin I con-tin-ued to roam, Un-mind-ful, a-
But pleas-ures more last-ing in Je-sus are given, Sal-va-tion on

D. S. *Pre-pare me, dear*

Fine. *D. S.*

pres-ence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
las! that it led me from home.
earth, and a man-sion in heaven.

Sav-ior, for glo-ry, my home.

No. 405. Go and Find the Wand'rer.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Go and find the wan-d'rer, Straying from the Father, Go and search the
2. Go and find the wan-d'rer, Go and plead the sto - ry, Of the lov-ing
3. Go and find the wan-d'rer, On the highway roaming, Far a-way from

paths where the weak and err-ing stray, Bring him back to Je - sus,
Sav - ior who died for sin-ful men, Go in faith be-liev - ing
God, and from home, and friends a - way, Bring him back to Je - sus,

To the dear Re-deem-er, Who will take his sins, all his sins a - way.
In the name of Je - sus, Go, and tell the sto-ry of Christ a - gain.
To the lov-ing Sav - ior, Bring him back to God while 'tis called to - day.

Chorus.

Go and bring him back, Bring the wand'rer back, To the fold of God,
Go .....and bring the wand - 'rer, To.....the dear Re-

To the fold of God, Tell him of the Lamb; Of the bleed-ing Lamb;
deem - er, Tell..... .....him of the Lamb..... of

Go and Find the Wand'rer—Concluded.

rit.

Lamb of God who takes the sins of men a-way.
God who take - - - - eth sin a-way.

No. 406. Song of the Cross.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, of the cross, of the cross,
And shall I fear to own his cause, to own his cause, to own his cause,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies, to the skies, to the skies,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, to win the prize, to win the prize,
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign, if I would reign, if I would reign,
I'll bear the toil en-dure the pain, en-dure the pain, en-dure the pain,

Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by thy word.

CHORUS.

Give me cour-age, Lord, Grace for ev - 'ry day;
Give me cour-age, cour-age, Lord, O give me grace for ev - 'ry day;

Show thy smil - ing face; And help me on my way.
Show thy bless - ed

No. 407. Red White and Blue.

Maestoso.

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la-tion, And threatened the
3. The Un - ion, the Un - ion for - ev - er, Our glo - ri - ous

brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A
land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-
na-tion's sweet hymn, May the wreaths it has won nev-er wither, Nor the

world of-fers homage to thee. Thy man-dates make he-roes as-
lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm, With her gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-
star of its glo - ry grow dim, May the ser-vice u - nit - ed ne'er

semble, When Liberty's form stands in view, Thy banners make tyranny round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly floating be-
sev-er, But they to their colors prove true! The Army and Navy for

Fine.

tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

FULL CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the

D. S.

red, white and blue, Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny
red, white and blue, With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-
red, white and blue, The Ar - my and Na - vy for-

No. 408. Keep in de Middle ob de Road.

W. S. H. WILL S. HAYS.

SOLO. UNISON.

1. I hear dem an - gels a call-in' loud, Keep in de middle ob de
2. I ain't got time fo' to stop an' talk, Keep in de middle ob de
3. ♈ Come an' jine in de wea-ry ban', Keep in de middle ob de
4. Dis world am full ob sin-ful things, Keep in de middle ob de

SOLO. UNISON.

road. Dey's a wait - in' dar in a great big crowd, Keep in de
road. Kase de road am rough, an' it's hard to walk, Keep in de
road. Kase we bound fo' home in de hap - py land, Keep in de
road. When de feet gets tir - ed, put on de wings, Keep in de

SOLO.

middle ob de road. I see dem stand roun' de big white gate, We must
middle ob de road. I'll fix my eyes on de gold-en stair, An I'll
middle ob de road. ♈ Turn your back on dis world ob sin, Knock
middle ob de road. Ef you lay down on de road to die, An'

trabble a-long 'fore we git to late, Fo' t'aint no use fo' to
keep on agwine till I git dar, Kase my head am bound fo' de
at de door an' dey'll let you in, Kase you'll neb-ber git such
you watch dem an-gels in de sky, You kin put on wings an' git

sit down and wait, Keep in de mid-dle ob de road.
crown to w'ar, Keep in de mid-dle ob de road.
a chance a-g'in, Keep in de mid-dle ob de road.
up and fly, Keep in de mid-dle ob de road.

ff

CHORUS.

Den, chil'ren, keep in de middle ob de road, Den, chil'ren, keep in de middle ob de road,

Don't you look to de right, don't you look to de left, But keep in de middle ob de road,

No. 409. Follow All the Way.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, As he jour-neyed to and fro,
1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, And his prais - es I would tell,
3. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, As he walked upon the wave,

O'er the bar - ren hills of Ju - dah, In the a - ges long a - go,
How he gave the liv - ing wa - ter To the wom-an at the well,
How the el - e-ments o-beyed him, When the mighty word he gave,

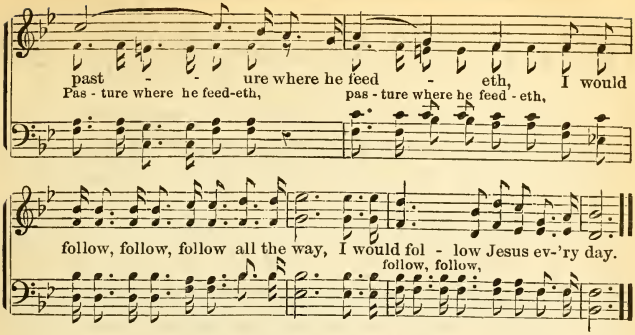
How he healed the wayside beggar, How he made the lep - er whole,
How he filled the emp-ty ves-sels, At the mar-riage feast that day,
Speak the word now to my spir-it, Lord, thy bless - ed peace, be still;

How in love he lit the al - tar, On the sin pol - lu - ted soul.
How he spake the word of comfort To the poor who thronged this way.
I would fol - low where thou leadest, I would mag-ni-fy thy will.

Chorus.

I would fol - low where he lead - eth, I would
I would fol - low where he leadeth; fol - low where he lead-eth.

Follow all the Way—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"Follow all the Way."

No. 410.

LEADER.

And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee.

SCHOOL.

And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off·

LEADER.

And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

SCHOOL.

And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass that, as they went, they were cleansed.

LEADER.

And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God.

SCHOOL.

And fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.

LEADER.

And he said unto him: Arise, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole.

Sing No. 409, "Oh I love to think of Jesus," etc.

No. 411.

LEADER.

Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

SCHOOL.

Now Jacob's well was there, Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus upon the well: and it was about the sixth hour.

LEADER.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her: Give me to drink.

(For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.)

SCHOOL.

Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou being a Jew, asketh drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

LEADER.

Jesus answered and said unto her; If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

SCHOOL.

The woman saith unto him: Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.

Sing 2d and 3d verses, No. 409, "Oh I love to think of Jesus," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 412. Open the Door for the Children.

E. O. Excell.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten - der-ly gath-er them in;
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,

In from the highway and hedg - es, In from the pla-ces of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs,
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Canaan's fair land,

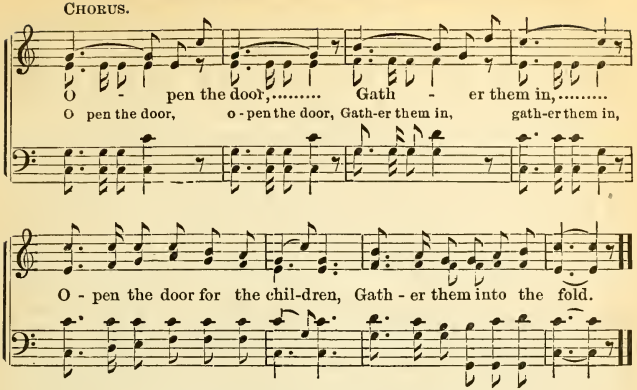
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;

Fine.

O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
D. S. *O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.*

Open the Door—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Responsive Services.

"Open the Door for the Children."

No. 413.

LEADER.

Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many.

SCHOOL.

And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.

LEADER.

And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 412, "Open the Door," etc.

LEADER.

And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.

SCHOOL.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

LEADER.

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.

Sing 2d verse, "Open the Door," etc.

No. 414.

LEADER.

Verily _ say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

SCHOOL.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

LEADER.

My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother:

*Sing 1st verse, No. 412, "Open the Door," etc.

LEADER.

Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.

SCHOOL.

When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee.

LEADER.

For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.

* Sing 2d verse, "Open the Door," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to song.

No. 415. O Come to the Feast.

Rev. John McPhail. MAY BE SUNG AS A DUET. M. L. McPhail.

Not too fast.

1. A great feast is read - y pre - pared now for thee, And
2. Why hun - ger and per - ish? why starve, while you may Sit
3. For you I have fur-nished this end - less re - past, For
4. Then come. do not tar - ry, there's room yet for thee, Ac-

Je - sus is call-ing, O come un - to me, Par-take of my
down at my ta - ble, and feast there to - day, And find in a-
you all this full-ness for - ev - er shall last; To you it is
cept this sal - va - tion so full and so free; O kind in - vi

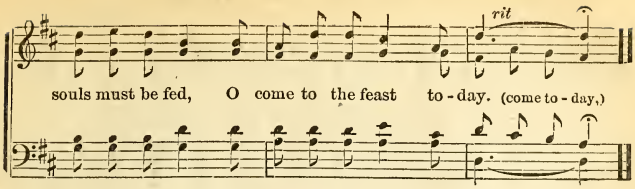
boun-ty a rich, am - ple store, The sweet bread of heav-en, and
bundance a roy - al sup - ply, A king - ly re-cep-tion. a
free - ly and cordially giv - en, This boundless pro-vis-ion, this
ta - tion from Je - sus to - day Comes to you, my broth-er, O

Chorus.

hun-ger no more. O come to the feast, my broth-er, O
king-dom on high.
full-ness of heav'n.
come while you may.

come to the feast to - day, The ta - ble is spread, And your

O Come to the Feast—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"O Come to the Feast."

No. 416.

LEADER.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

SCHOOL.

I am that bread of life.

LEADER.

Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.

*Sing 1st verse No. 415, "A great feast is ready," etc.

LEADER.

This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.

SCHOOL.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever:

LEADER.

And the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

*Sing 3d verse, "Why hunger," etc.

No. 417.

LEADER.

Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat.

SCHOOL.

Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.

*Sing 1st verse No. 415, "A great feast," etc.

LEADER.

For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

SCHOOL.

Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.

LEADER.

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

*Sing 3d and 4th verses, No. 415.

No. 418.

LEADER.

Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.

SCHOOL.

Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

LEADER.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

SCHOOL.

He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.

LEADER.

As the living Father has sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.

SCHOOL.

This is the bread which came down from heaven.

LEADER.

Not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever.

*Sing all or part of No. 415, "A great feast," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 419. Star of the East.

BISHOP HEBER. H. P. DANKS.

mf Flowing.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our
2. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de-vo - tion, O - dors of

dark-ness, And lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
E - dom, And of-f'rings di-vine? Gems of the mountain, and

ri - zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where the infant Re - deem-er is laid:
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine;

Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies his
Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob-la - tion, Vain - ly with

head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a-dore him, in
gold, would his fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far, is the

Star of the East—Concluded.

slumber re-clin-ing, Mak - er and Mon-arch, and Sav-ior of all.
hearts ad - o - ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

CHORUS.

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing; Dawn on our

dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East; the ho-

ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

Responsive Service.

No 420. "Star of the East."

LEADER.

When Herod the King, had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

SCHOOL.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

LEADER.

And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet.

SCHOOL.

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

*Sing 1st verse No. 419, "Brightest and best," etc.

LEADER.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

SCHOOL.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said: Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

Sing 2d verse, No. 419, "Say, shall we yield," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to s g.

No. 421. They are Coming.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. They are com-ing, they are com-ing, The way the Father's trod, From
2. They are com-ing, they are coming, From ev-'ry clime and land, From
3. They are com-ing, they are com-ing, 'Till all are gathered in, For-

bat-tle and the tem-pest To glo-ry and to God: They are
camps up-on the mountain, And ships a-long the sand; They are
got-ten ev-'ry sor-row, For-giv-en ev-'ry sin They are

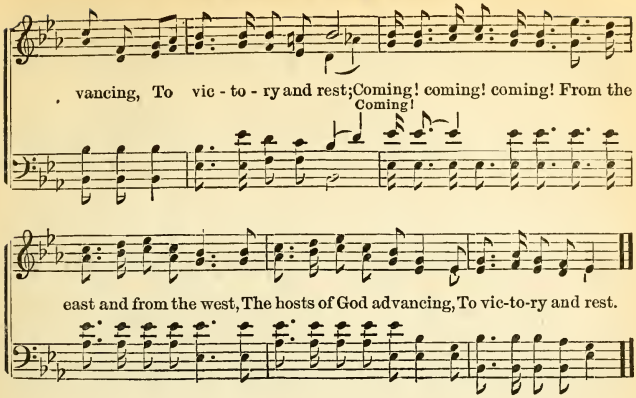
com-ing, they are com-ing, Their lead-er is the Lord, The
com-ing, they are com-ing, The rich, the poor, the great, The
com-ing, they are com-ing, Say, com-rades in the throng, We'll

sol-diers of sal-va-tion, With hel-met, shield, and sword.
cross is on their ban-ner, They march to heav-en's gate.
wave the palms of vic-t'ry, And sing the vic-tor's song.

CHORUS.

Coming! coming! coming! From the east and from the west, The host of God ad-
Com-ing!

They are Coming—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"They are Coming."

No. 422.

LEADER.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy:

SCHOOL.

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

SCHOOL.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 421, "They are coming," etc.

LEADER.

But let all those that put their trust in thee, rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

SCHOOL.

For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

LEADER.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Sing 2d and 3d verses.

No. 423.

LEADER.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will be withhold from them that walk uprightly.

SCHOOL.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

LEADER.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

*Sing 1st. verse, No. 421, "They are coming," etc.

LEADER.

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

SCHOOL.

O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

LEADER.

Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

Sing 2d and 3d verses.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to song.

No. 424. Saints in Glory!

C. Bissett. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Thy saints all stand in glo - ry Be - fore thy throne, O God, And
2. All clothed in robes of white-ness, They worship and a - dore, And
3. Je - sus, my Lord and Sav - ior, Who bled and died for me, Who

sing un - to their Sav - ior, Who bo't them with his blood, And
fall be - fore their Sav - ior, And praise him ev - er - more; There
bore my sins and sor - rows On the ac-curs-ed tree; I,

there in heav - en's glo - ry From sin and sor-row free, They
lift - ing up their voic - es With one ac - cord, they raise Un-
too, shall stand in glo - ry, And sing of thy great love; And

reign with God, their Fa - ther, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
to the Lamb that liv - eth, An ev - er - last - ing praise.
at thy feet a - dore them With all thy saints a - bove.

Chorus.

There is joy..... a-mong the ransomed o - ver there, There is
there is joy,

Saints in Gory.—Concluded.

joy..... o - ver there,..... There is joy..... a-
there is joy o - ver there There is joy

mong the ransom'd o - ver there, There is joy for - ev - er o - ver there.

Responsive Services.

"Saints in Glory."

No. 425.

LEADER.

I will extol Thee, O Lord: for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

SCHOOL.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

LEADER.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

*Sing 1st verse No. 424, "Thy Saints all stand," etc.

LEADER.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

SCHOOL.

For his angei endureth but a moment; in his favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

LEADER.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

Sing 2d and 3d verses.

No. 426.

LEADER.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

SCHOOL.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

LEADER.

I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 424, "Thy saints all stand," etc.

LEADER.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

SCHOOL.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

LEADER.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

Sing 2d and 3d verses.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 427. Come, 'tis your Savior Calling.

F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. Come to Je-sus, sin-ner, come! Come to Je-sus, sin-ner, come!
2. Come to Je-sus, wand'rer, come! Come to Je-sus, wand'rer, come
3. Come to Je-sus, broth-er, come! Come to Je-sus, brother, come!
4. Come! a fa-ther's in that home! Come! a mother's in that home!

come home! come home!

Come to Je-sus, sin-ner, come! The sands of life are falling, falling;
Come to Je-sus, wand'rer come! The sands of life are falling, falling;
Come to Je-sus, broth-er, come! The sands of life are falling, falling;
Come! a loved one's in that home! The sands of life are falling, falling;

Come, re-ceive a heav'nly home! Come, receive a heav'nly home!
Come, from love no lon-ger roam, Come, from love no longer roam,
Come, be-neath the sheltered dome, Come, beneath the sheltered dome,
Come, a fa-ther's pleading, come! Come, a mother's pleading come!

come home! come home!

Come, re-ceive a heavenly home! For 'tis your Sav-ior call - ing!
Come, from love no lon-ger roam! For 'tis your Sav-ior call - ing!
Come, beneath the sheltered dome, For 'tis your Sav-ior call - ing!
Come! a lov'd one's pleading, come! Oh heed your Sav-ior's call - ing!

CHORUS.

By and by we'll reach that home, By and by we'll reach that home,

"Come! 'Tis Your Savior!—Concluded.

By and by we'll reach that home! The sands of life are fall-ing, fall-ing!

Wea - ry wand'rer, will you come? Wea-ry wand'rer, will you come?

Wea - ry wand'rer, will you come? 'Tis your Sav-ior call - ing!

Responsive Services.

"Come! 'Tis Your Savior Calling."

No. 428.

LEADER.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

SCHOOL.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

LEADER.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

*Sing 1st verse, No 427, "Come to Jesus, sinner," etc.

LEADER.

And the Spirit and the bride say come.

SCHOOL.

And let him that heareth say come.

LEADER.

And let him that is athirst, come.

SCHOOL.

And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Sing 2d verse, "Come to Jesus, wand'rer, come," etc.

No. 429.

LEADER.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

SCHOOL.

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

LEADER.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

*Sing 3d verse, No. 427, "Come to Jesus; brother," etc.

LEADER.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

SCHOOL.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though you sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.

LEADER.

Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,

Sing 4th verse, "Come, a father," etc.

The organist should be prompt in giving the key to song.

No. 430. Lend a Hand.

JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT. CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world!
2. Lend a hand! do not think that be - cause yours is small,
3. There are eyes that are weep - ing where none wipe the tear;
4. There are lips that are burn - ing where none hold the cup;
5. Lend a hand! lend a hand! there is com - ing a day

Place these words in your ban - ner, ne'er let it be furled
Or be - cause from its fin - gers no rich - es may fall;
There are hearts that are break - ing for tid - ings of cheer;
There are chil - dren who starve for a bite and a sup;
When he who shall weigh us, to each one will say,

While sin, pain and sad - ness holds sway in the world,
It was meant you should ren - der no suc - cor at all,
There are sin - ners would turn from their sins were you near,
There are forms that are sink - ing, your hand might hold up,
"Didst thou help ev - 'ry broth - er thou couldst in the way?"

Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world!

Lend a Hand—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lend a hand! Lend a hand! Lend a hand in the work for the world!

hand in the work for the world! (Lend a hand!) Lend a hand! (Lend a hand!)

Lend a hand! (Lend a hand!) Lend a hand in the work for the world!

Responsive Services.

"Lend a Hand."

No. 431.

LEADER.

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

SCHOOL.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

LEADER.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

SCHOOL.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him.

LEADER.

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

Sing 1st verse, No. 430, "Lend a Hand," etc.*

No. 432.

LEADER.

And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

SCHOOL.

And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

LEADER.

And he answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

SCHOOL.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

Sing 2nd verse, No. 430, "Lend a Hand," etc.*

*The organist should be prompt in giving key to song.

No. 433. We'll be Gathered Home.

Rev. Jno. McPhail. J. M. Dungan.

1. Bless the name of Christ the Lord For his soul re-viv - ing word, We'll
2. Life, e-ter - nal life is sure, If we faith-ful - ly en-dure. We'll
3. We have ma - ny tri - als here, But the Lord will soon ap-pear, We'll
4. We will trust and nev-er fear For the triumph's drawing near, We'll

be gath-ered home to Je - sus by and by, Hap - py
be gath-ered home to Je - sus by and by, We can
be gath-ered home to Je - sus by and by, He will
be gath-ered home to Je - sus by and by, (by and by,) If we

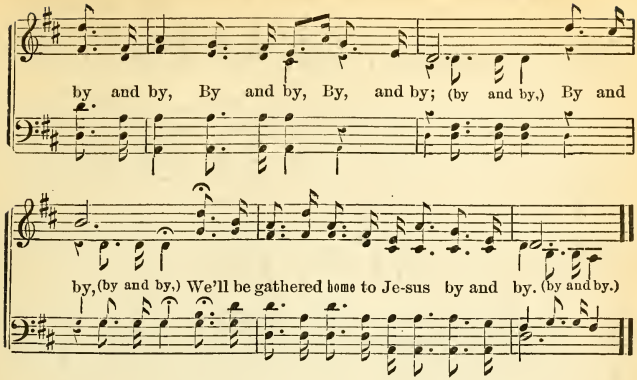
tho't that fills the soul As we jour - ney to the goal, We'll be
stem the ris - ing tide With the Sav - ior by our side, We'll be
bear us in his love To his per - fect rest a-bove, We'll be
on - ly toil and wait Soon be-yond the gold - en gate, We'll be

Chorus.

gath-ered home to Je-sus by and by. By and by, (by and by,)

By and by, (by and by,) We'll be gath - ered home to Je - sus

We'll be Gathered Home—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"We'll be Gathered Home."

No. 434.

LEADER.

The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one.

SCHOOL.

The enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

LEADER.

As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 433, "Bless the Name of Christ," etc.

LEADER.

The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity.

SCHOOL.

And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

LEADER.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

*Sing 2d verse, "Life Eternal," etc.

No. 435.

LEADER.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

SCHOOL.

And before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats;

LEADER.

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 433, "Bless the Lord," etc.

LEADER.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

SCHOOL.

For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

LEADER.

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Sing 2d, 3d and 4th verses.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 436. "Volunteers are Wanted"

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Vol - un-teers are want-ed for the ar - my of the Lord,
2. Vol - un-teers are want-ed for the ar - my of the Lord,
3. Vol - un-teers are want-ed for the ar - my of the Lord,

Sol - diers who will keep the field and wield a faith - ful sword,
Men whose cour-age will not fail at sight of flame or sword,
Men whose hearts will cling in faith to God's un-fail - ing Word.

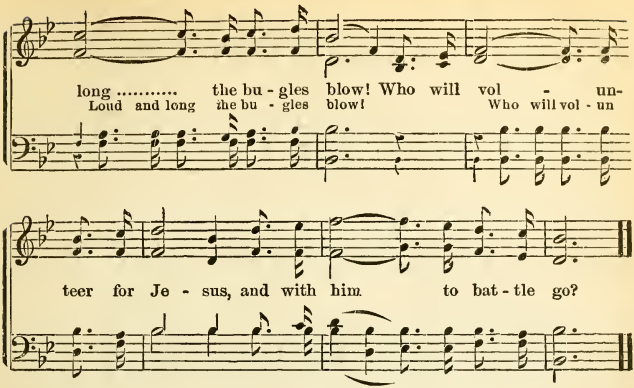
Men who will not re-creant be, nor from the foe - man run,
Men who fear not can - non peal, nor shrink from shot and shell,
Men whose hands will wield the blade the ear - nest strug - gle through,

Such as can be count - ed on till vic - to - ry is won.
Such as can be count - ed on to do their du - ty well.
Such as can be count - ed on to faith - ful be and true.

Chorus.

Hark! the clar - - ion call is sound - ing! Loud and
Hark! the clar - ion call is sound - ing!

"Volunteers are Wanted"—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"Volunteers are Wanted."

No. 437.

LEADER.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

SCHOOL.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

LEADER.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 436, "Volunteers are Wanted," etc.

LEADER.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

SCHOOL.

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

LEADER.

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

SCHOOL.

And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses.

No. 438.

LEADER.

By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

SCHOOL.

For this is the love of God that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

LEADER.

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

SCHOOL.

Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

*Sing No. 436, "Volunteers are Wanted," etc.

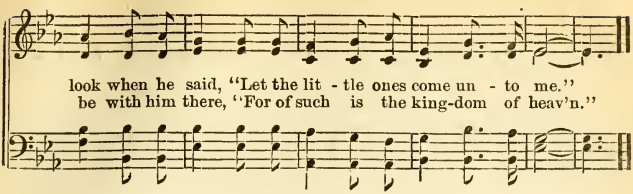
*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 439. Let the Little Ones Come.

JEMIMA LUKE. H. P. DANKS.

1. I think when I read the sweet sto - ry of old, When Je-sus was here a - mong men,..... How he called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then, I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown a-round me,..... And that I might have seen his kind

2. Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love,..... And if I thus ear - nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a-bove, In that beau - ti - ful place he has gone to pre-pare, For all who are wash'd and for - giv'n;..... And ma - ny dear chil-dren shall



Responsive Services.

"Let the Little Ones Come."

No. 440.

LEADER.

Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

SCHOOL.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

LEADER.

And he laid his hands on them.

*Sing 1st verse, 439, "I think when I read," etc.

LEADER.

And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them; but when his disciples saw it they rebuked them.

SCHOOL.

But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

LEADER.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

Sing 2d verse, "Yet still to his footstool," etc.

No. 441.

LEADER.

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

SCHOOL.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

LEADER.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Sing 1st verse, 439, "I think when I read," etc.

LEADER.

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

SCHOOL.

And Jesus called a child unto him, and set him in the midst of them.

LEADER.

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

*Sing 2d. verse, "Yet still to his footsool," etc.

No. 442.

*Sing 1st verse. No. 439, then repeat together he following prayer.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.

Amen.

Sing 2d verse, "Yet still to his footstool," etc.

The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 443. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay,
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare,

Hear, O hear him call-ing, call-ing now for thee..... ...
Hear, O hear him call-ing, call-ing now for thee.....
Hear, O hear him call-ing, call-ing now for thee.....
For thee.

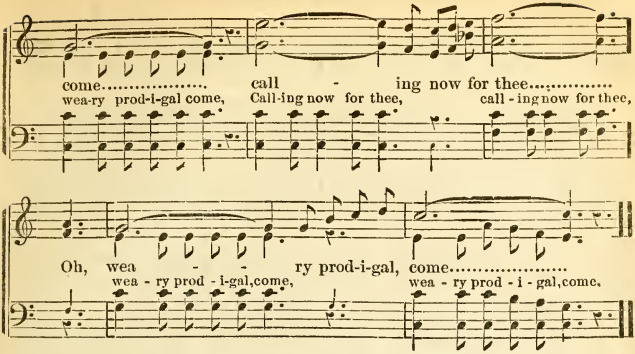
Though you've wander'd so far from his pres-ence, come to-day,
Oh! re-turn while the spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes,
Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there,

CHORUS.

Hear his lov-ing voice calling still..... Call-ing now for
call-ing still, Call-ing now for thee,

thee,..... Oh! wea-ry prod-i-gal,
Call-ing now for thee, wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

Calling the Prodigal—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"Calling the Prodigal."

No. 444.

LEADER.

And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples.

SCHOOL.

And when the Pharisees saw it, they said, unto his disciples, Why eateth thou with publicans and sinners?

LEADER.

But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 443, "God is Calling," etc.

LEADER.

But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

SCHOOL.

For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.

LEADER.

How think ye? if a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?

Sing 2d verse, "Patient and loving," etc.

No. 445,

LEADER.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

SCHOOL.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

LEADER.

Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

*Sing 1st verse, No 443, "God is Calling," etc.

LEADER.

When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

SCHOOL.

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

LEADER.

But when thou maketh a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind:

Sing 3d verse, "Come there's bread," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 446. Tell it Out.

HAVERGAL. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Tell it out a-mong the peo - ple that the Lord is King, Tell it
2. Tell it out a-mong the peo - ple that the Sav - ior reigns, Tell it
3. Tell it out a-mong the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it

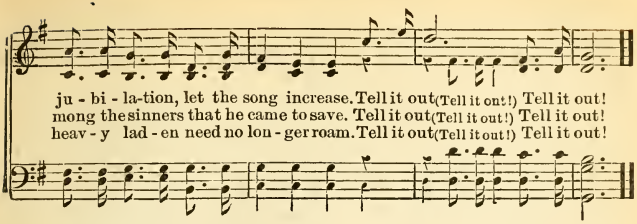
out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the
out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the
out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a-mong the

na-tions, bid them shout and sing, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it
hea-then, bid them break their chains, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it
hea-then, that his reign is love, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it

out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that he shall in-crease, That the
out! Tell it out a-mong the weeping ones that Je-sus lives, Tell it
out! Tell it out a-mong the high-ways and the lanes at home, Let it

might - y King of glo - ry is the King of peace. Tell it out with
out a-mong the wea - ry ones the rest he gives. Tell it out a-
ring a-cross the mountains and the o - cean's foam, That the wea - ry,

Tell it Out—Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"Tell it out."

No. 447.

LEADER.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

SCHOOL.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 446, "Tell it out," etc.

LEADER.

And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

SCHOOL.

They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses.

No. 448.

LEADER.

Assemble yourselves and come; draw near together, ye that are escaped of the nations: they have no knowledge that set up the wood of their graven image, and pray unto a god that cannot save.

SCHOOL.

Tell ye, and bring them near; yea, let them take counsel together; who hath declared this from ancient time? who hath told it from that time? have not I, the Lord? and there is no God else beside me; a just God and a Savior; there is none beside me.

LEADER.

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.

SCHOOL.

I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return. That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.

*Sing No. 446, "Tell it out." etc.

No. 449.

LEADER.

How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him.

SCHOOL.

And we are witnesses of all things which he did both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom they slew and hanged on a tree:

LEADER.

Him God raised up the third day, and shewed him openly;

*Sing 1st verse, No. 446, "Tell it out," etc.

LEADER.

Not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead.

SCHOOL.

And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of the quick and the dead.

LEADER.

To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.

Sing 2d and 3d verses.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 450. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. 8s, 7s, D. C. C. Converse. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car-ry
D. S. All because we do not car-ry

Fine. *D. S.*

Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we often for-feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 451. Responsive Service. Prayer.

Leader.

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin.

School.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

* Sing 1st verse No. 304, "What a friend," etc.

Leader.

In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

School.

The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

* Sing 2d verse. "Have we trials," etc.

Leader.

Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

School.

The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is his delight.

* Sing 3d verse, "Are we weak," etc.

Supt.—After this manner therefore pray ye:

All.—Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive us our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen. Matt. vi. 9—13.

No. 452. Lord, Dismiss Us.

WALTER SHIRLEY. GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4. ROUSSEAU.

Fine.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D. C. O re-fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro this wil-der-ness,
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra-tion, For the gos-pel's joy - ful sound;
D. C. May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
3. So, whene'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
D. C. May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end-less day.

D. C.

Let us each thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of thy sal - va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.
Borne on an-gels' wings to heav'n, God the summons to o - bey.

Closing Services.

"Lord, Dismiss Us."

No. 453.

LEADER.

And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

SCHOOL.

Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

LEADER.

Brethern, pray for us. Greet all thy brethren with a holy kiss.

SCHOOL

I charge you by the Lord, that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren.

LEADER.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

No. 454.

LEADER.

Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.

SCHOOL.

Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

LEADER.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

SCHOOL.

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.

LEADER

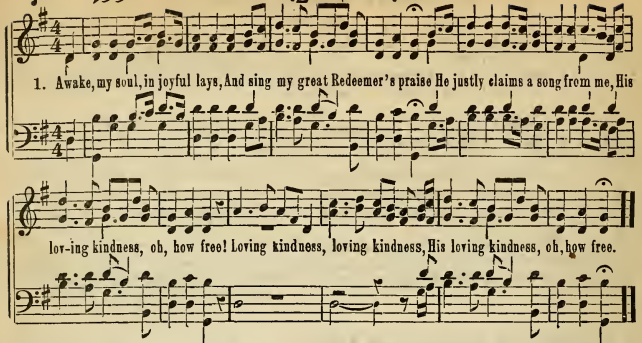
Grace be with you all. Amen.

*Sing 1st verse No. 452, "Lord, dismiss us," etc.

*Sing 2d verse, No. 452. "Thanks we give,"

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No 455. Loving Kindness.



He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
Loving kindness, oh, how great.

Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along.
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong.

Responsive Services.

No. 456.

LEADER.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High.

SCHOOL.

To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

*Sing 1st verse, 455, "Awake my soul," etc.

LEADER.

How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

SCHOOL.

Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee

Sing 2d verse "He saw me ruined" etc.

LEADER.

The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.

SCHOOL.

And with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.

Sing 3d verse, "Tho' num'rous hosts," etc,

No. 457. PSALM LXVI.

LEADER. [*lands.*

Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye

SCHOOL.

Sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.

LEADER.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

SCHOOL.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name. Selah.

LEADER.

Come and see the works of God; he is terrible in his doing toward the children

SCHOOL. [*of men.*

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

LEADER.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations; let not the rebellious exalt themselves. Selah.

ALL SING. (See Music, No. 78.)

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 458. Concert Reading, No. 1.

Psa. 23.

All read.—1. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runeth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

*See No. 330, for music.

All sing.

Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care,
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are

No. 459. Concert Reading, No. 2.

Psa. 122.

All read.—1. I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.

2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

4. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say, peace be within thee.

9. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.

See No. 74, for music.

All sing.

I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

No. 460. Concert Reading, No. 3.

Psa. 1.

All read.

1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. But in his delight is the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

See No. 179, for music.

All sing.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

No. 461. The Ten Commandments

Exodus xx. 1—17.

God spake all these words, saying:

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.

For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me: and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

No. 462. The Lord's Prayer.

Matthew, vi 9—13.

Our Father who art in heaven; Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

No. 463. The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

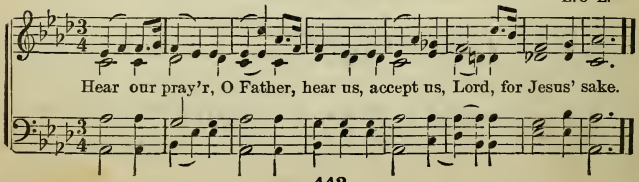
And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

No. 464. First Response.

To be sung after prayer, at opening or closing.

E. O. E.



No. 465. Second Response.

E. O. E.

Hear our pray'r, hear our pray'r And bless us, For Je - sus' sake.

No. 466. Third Response.

E. O. E.

Hear our pray'r, O Father, hear, And bless us, O bless us, for Jesus' sake.

No. 467. Fourth Response.

E. O. E.

Ho - ly one, Ho - ly one, Hear our pray'r.

No. 468. Fifth Response.

M. L. McPhail.

pp

God of mer-cy, God of love, Send thy blessing from a - bove.

No. 469. Sixth Response.

M. L. McPhail.

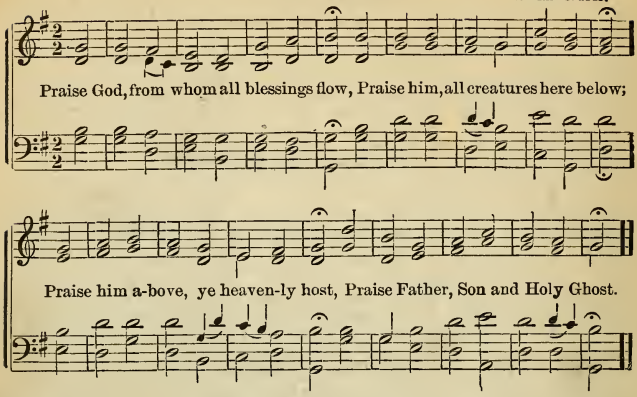
pp

Hear, Father, hear our humble pray'r, And answer us for Jesus' sake.

No. 470. Opening Service No. 1.

OLD HUNDRED.

G. Franc. 1545.



No. 471. Responsive Service.

Rise and sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Teacher.—And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

School.—And he opened his mouth and taught them saying,

T.—Blessed are the poor in spirit:

S.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

T.—Blessed are they that mourn:

S.—For they shall be comforted.

T.—Blessed are the meek:

S.—For they shall inherit the earth.

T.—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:

S.—For they shall be filled.

T.—Blessed are the merciful:

S.—For they shall obtain mercy.

T.—Blessed are the pure in heart:

S.—For they shall see God.

T.—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

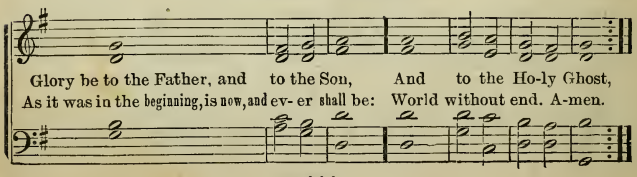
S.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven

T.—Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

S.—Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Rise and sing the Gloria Patri.

No. 472. Gloria Patri.



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